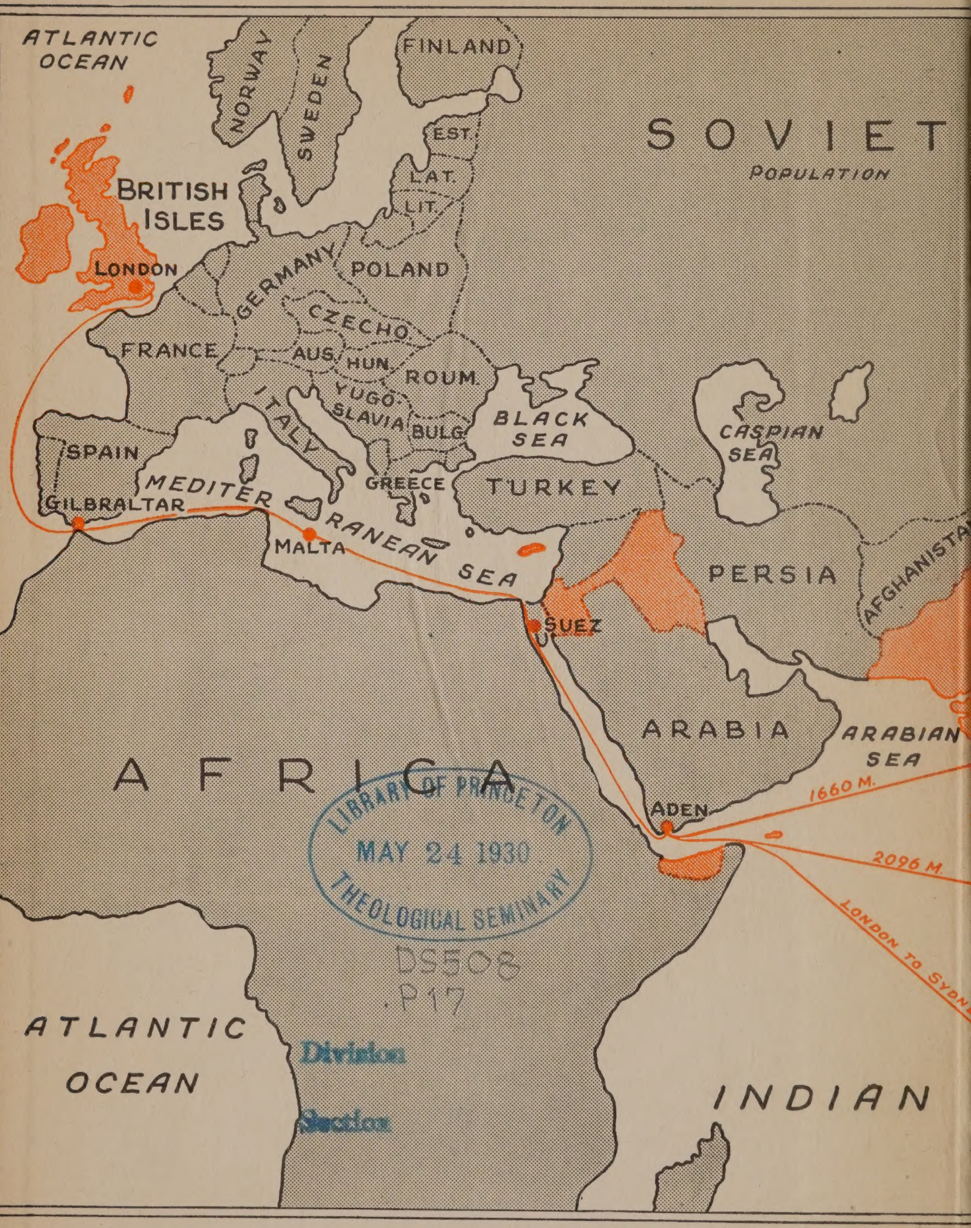
LOOK TO THE EAST

FREDERICK PALMER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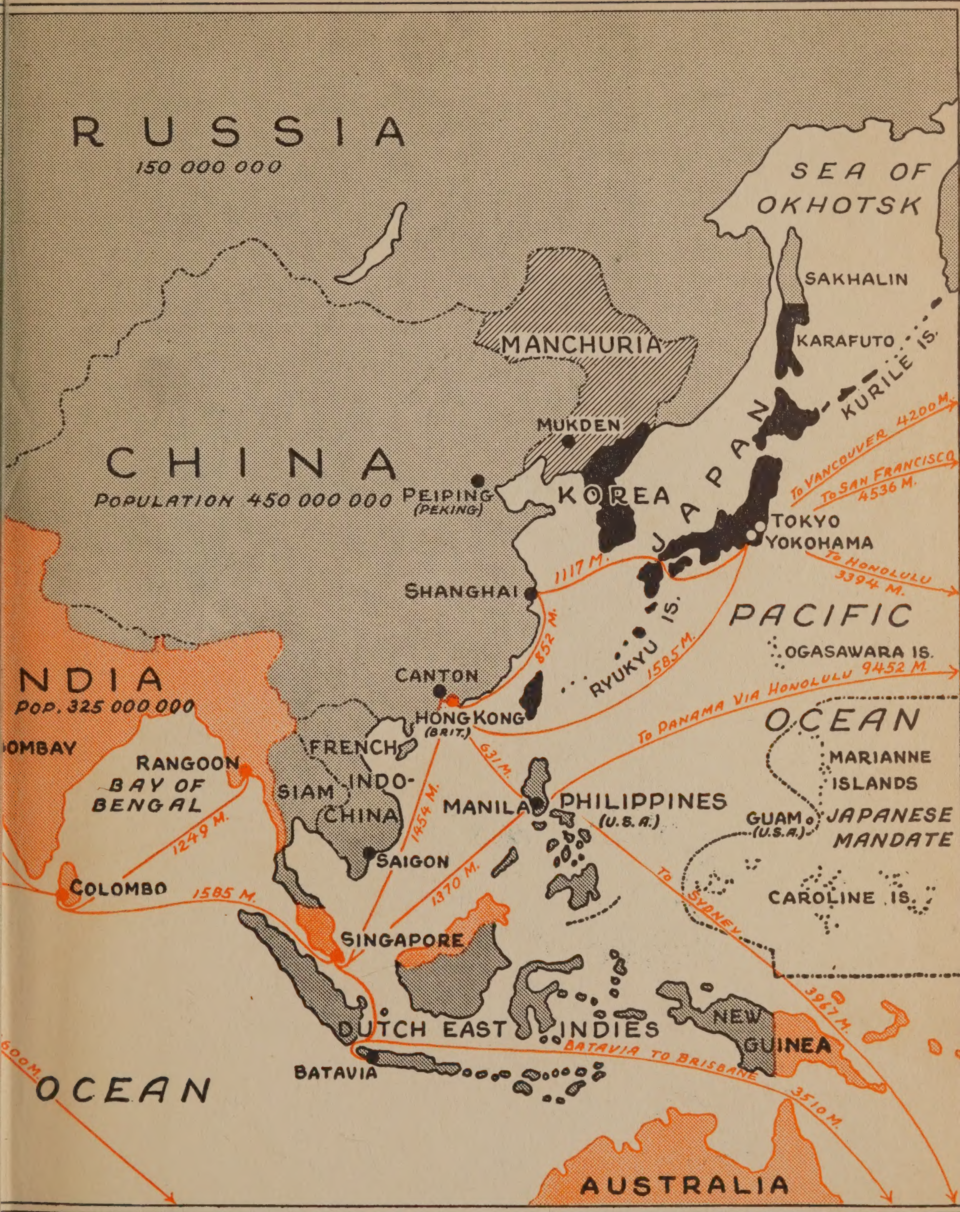
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Japanese Empire in the Far East
ed; Japanese, in black)

LOOK TO THE EAST

By the Same Author

THE LAST SHOT
MY YEAR OF THE WAR
AMERICA IN FRANCE
OUR GREATEST BATTLE
THE FOLLY OF NATIONS
CLARK OF THE OHIO

SUN-YAT-SEN

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Look to the East

BY FREDERICK PALMER

With Illustrations and Maps

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Dodd, Mead and Company
1930

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To

J. M. P.

IN MEMORY OF THE DAYS OF
THE BOXER REBELLION

In making this book the author has expanded a series of articles in "Liberty Weekly," to which he expresses his grateful appreciation for its enterprise in sending him on the journey to the Far East.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I	The Dividing Line	1
II	As They Were Bred	25
III	As They Are Today	62
IV	Through Korea	119
V	The Asiatic Cockpit	143
VI	Across China	173
VII	The Quick and the Dead	191
VIII	The City of All Men	222
IX	Christ and the Soviet	246
X	Creators and Copyists	267
XI	In the Philippines	286
XII	The Great Decision	324

ILLUSTRATIONS

Sun-Yat-sen . . . . *Frontispiece*
FACING PAGE
A street scene in Tokyo as rebuilt after the earthquake and fire 64
A street scene in Seoul (Keijo), Korea. The old man in the foreground is a yang ban . . . 124
The tomb of Sun-Yat-sen at Nanking, the new capital of China 200
Chiang-Kai-shek, the Nationalist Generalissimo . 220
Dr. H. H. Kung, Minister of Industry, B.A. Oberlin, 1906, M.A. Yale, 1907, who belongs to the oldest family in the world, the 75th generation from Confucius 220
Bones of sacred ancestors exhumed from sacred graves by Young China to make room for a new road 260
Hong Kong Island, Britain's Gibraltar of the Far East 288
The Filipino political leaders, Sergio Osmeña and Manuel Quezon 310

MAPS

How the Japanese island chain from arctic to tropic seas controls all the sea passages from eastern Asia to the American coast 16
Map showing possessions of the British Empire and the Japanese Empire in the Far East . . .
(*Inside front cover*)

I

THE DIVIDING LINE

It was twenty-five years since I had been in the Far East. Again I was to see the human pageant in lands which have more than the combined population of Europe and the United States where tiny white spots of alien energy on brown and yellow backgrounds were once so majestic. I was to see an East of challenge, an East whose part in the future of this rapidly changing world may not be denied.

This collection of random re-impressions, which the lapse of time gave the freshness of first impressions, have a standard of comparison out of previous observation. They have the advantage that I was a free traveller who was not in the employ of the Japanese, Chinese or any government, or a member of an officially conducted party, or a delegate to a convention, or seeking a concession or favor of any kind. How much this distinction means will be obvious to westerners who live in the East and will appear, I hope, in the course of my narrative to those who do not live there or have never been there.

However, sources of official information were open to me. I knew my way round well enough to have access to other sources as I met all manner of men of which the Orient has an abounding range, alien as well as native. If a premier, governor or mayor, gave this Rip Van Winkle a kindly welcome, and even laid the red carpet, this did not prevent me from meeting the opposition, of which there is so much, for example, in China. I had had enough experience of life and travel to have advanced, I hope, beyond the stage of faith in professional propaganda—an art in which the East excels—and beyond the second stage of cynical disregard of all professional propaganda to a stage where tolerance, tempered with discrimination, will not overlook the grain of wheat in propaganda's chaff.

I asked frank questions. I repeat the frank answers about *samurai*, coolies, statesmen, missionaries, traders, "old China hands," Chinese intelligentsia and generals, Soviets, and White Russian refugees, and little brown brothers and big white brothers in America's all but forgotten islands of the Philippines.

To my gratification and surprise I was delightfully conscious upon my return that I was neither pro- or anti-Japanese-Chinese-Russian-Filipino-British-French-German, or pro- or anti-anything else. So complete was my detachment, so removed was I from "pets" and "adversions" that I felt that I was almost unique among free travellers in the East. Perhaps Rip Van Winkle was in the same mood as he looked over old haunts after his long reflective absence.

There is a saw that if the traveller sees Fuji from the steamer when he leaves Yokohama harbor he will revisit Japan. That honorable, that sacred mountain had disclosed itself with singular clearness of outline when I bade it *Sayonara!* [Good-bye!] on an autumn day in 1905. It is the one feature of the Japanese landscape which may be called magnificent in the sense of the American Rockies where I was when I received the message which was to send me across the Pacific to say *Ohio!* [Good morning!] again to Fuji.

From a train window at any hour of a day's run in the Rockies, or in the Alps, you may see mountain material enough to make several Fujis. The Alps are as truly expressive of what Europeans mean by great mountains—irregular piles as left by chaos and eroded glacial action—as Fuji of what the Japanese mean by great mountains, one great mountain. Fuji, the world's perfect cone, seems to have been no less than the pyramids, man-made by a race whose idea of the relation of beauty to form and grandeur were as different from ours as that of the ancient Greeks from that of the ancient Egyptians.

The divine architect must have had the coming of the old Japanese civilization in mind or that the people of the islands, under the spell of Fuji, would shape their culture in a form as conventional as that of the perfect cone which a child makes by holding sand in his hand and letting it fall. Anyhow, Fuji looks as a Japanese great mountain, the one Japanese great mountain, ought to look.

I have never heard Kipling's "call of the East" but if I had I am convinced that the introduction to the spell would have been in the varying moods of elusive Fuji, outpost of the elusive East. When the lower air is clear, and an all-day view of Fuji seems assured, she is half hidden in layers of clouds or completely hidden in a mantle which may part in openings to allow fugitive glimpses whose brevity is tantalizing. Again, when mankind is walking in mist at her base, three quarters of the perfect cone may be seen marvellously near and distinct resting on a cloud in supernal Buddhistic serenity.

Such changes are characteristic of all mountains, but none I know, Rocky, Alpine, Andean, or Himalayan, is blessed by such an atmospheric variation of color tones and combinations under the sun's refraction; none is so truly a domesticated old mountain, and yet so self-contained and aloof. I have a sense that a foreigner might climb Fuji fifty times and yet not know Fuji as well as a native laborer in the rice fields who had never been nearer Fuji than his doorstep. Fuji is as bred into the blood of the laborers as into that of the Emperor. One mountain, one people!

"Fuji is never twice alike," say foreigners who have lived long in its shadow. I have heard Japanese say so, too. Yet to me, on the screens and kakemonos, Fuji always looks the same, although it cannot be so to slant eyes—which see things differently than our own—in their interpretation of native pictures. Japanese imagination—when it is said that the Japanese are lacking in imagination—must supply the missing quality.

Western artists, who have given us the atmosphere of the Grand Canyon and the mountain masses in the dry air of Arizona and the Norwegian fjords in sea mist, find that the atmosphere of Fuji quite eludes them. The honorable mountain is so Japanese that only a Japanese can picture her, and he, satisfactorily, only to a Japanese or to a foreigner who has lived so long in Japan that he sees things slant-eyed.

This is only another way of saying that the East is the East and the West is the West when now the twain must now not only meet but live together—where Fuji's summit may be sometimes seen sixty miles away as the sentinel of the Japanese seas. The East begins suddenly, sharply, and not by gradations as in the Mediterranean. Her flawless symmetry is broken by the loss of the point of the cone which was blown off by volcanic action.

"This reminds us," as a Japanese said to me, "that there is no such thing as perfection."

The lava flow has filled the crevices to make the straight slopes. So Fuji, so serene and so cold in her snows and aloof even in summer, knew the fires of passion which helped to complete her conventionalization. Fires of passion helped to mold conventionalism of the Japanese people; and under it smoulder fires of passion as they still smoulder under Fuji. Japan is still the land of earthquakes as well of inscrutable self-control which leads the workman to laugh when a vase on which he has worked for months is broken.

On the second day out the atmosphere on the steamer was already Eastern. Paris, Berlin, London, New York, and San Francisco seemed as far away as if we had already reached the coast of Japan.

Among the faces you pass on Piccadilly or Fifth Avenue are occasional yellow ones in western garb, ambassadors of the East in the West; and unrecognizable among the crowd are men and women who have been in the East not as tourists but as residents, the ambassadors of the West in the East. They form the links of human contact across the Pacific's breadth, a small company, easterners who have heard cathedral bells and westerners who have heard temple bells.

In America the easterners—unless they were in residence before exclusion or have been bootlegged in since—are students, tourists, business men, or on consular or diplomatic assignments, who are permitted in the country temporarily, but may not take up a residence or become citizens. The humblest peasant or poorest Jew, from a remote European farm or Ghetto, may have his place in a quota but not easterners who have won doctorates in American universities, or princes of the blood of Japan, wealthy Chinese merchants or descendants of Confucius. Welcome as they are to dinner parties they may not become members of the American national family.

To let them in would be to let in the swarm—to open the gates for the East to conquer the West by infiltration. In a land with food resources to support five times its present population there are no meal tickets for the Asiatic masses who for ages have not had enough food for all mouths.

To some ways of thinking British Columbia is more hospitable than the United States in that a limited number of male easterners, including East Indians, are allowed admittance; but they must not bring their women to increase the battalions of an alien civilization.

The supreme, revealing and basic contrast between the East and the West is in the spaciousness of the land which you have left, compared to the spacelessness of the land where you arrive. You go from a world where a single man in a canoe, or packing on the trail, may take his morning meal in trout from the stream, to a world where mankind is crowded and cramped all the way from Fuji's slopes to Arabia. There is room in the West and none in the East as the twain meet.

That fact of exclusion, so established in the western mind that we rarely think of it, is never out of the consciousness of the East. It is the subject of smouldering resentment which secretly if not openly beleaguers the western diplomatist and trader in the East who come from "the land of the free," and the missionary who lifts his prayers for converts from the back country of Japan to the borders of Thibet. Ever the inconsistencies which one people accept as a part of their system of life are glaring to another people.

The East and the West met on the steamer close confined in a long voyage. On board I heard from all sides, "You will find many changes in the East." There had been many in the West in the meantime, some influenced by the East, more influenced than we realize. I should see those in the Philippines where I had been in 1899 and the spring of 1900 during the pacification. With our victory over Spain the United States had become recognized as a world power. From the Philippines, in 1900, I went to China—the China which I knew under the Dowager Empress in Mandarin days—and was with the march to the relief of Peking Legations in the Boxer siege.

In 1901 I travelled across Siberia, where the evergreen arches in honor of the recent visit of the Czarevitch, the late Nicholas II, were still standing. Russia's threat to the Dardanelles and to India seemed presently in abeyance as she had found her outlet to the sea at Port Arthur and in the new port of Dalny she was building. Her movement on China then seemed irresistible; her destiny in expansion unconquerable.

In Europe on that same journey I saw the Kaiser reviewing his troops. I saw old Franz Joseph on his afternoon ride in his beloved Vienna, capital of the Austrian empire. Then, in 1904-'05, I was with the Japanese Army in its series of victories over the Russian in Manchuria. Japan was now recognized as a first class power, her threat in the East replacing Russia's.

Her presence and that of the United States among the five Powers at the Paris Peace Conference gave the greatest of European wars the aspect of a world war, which all humanity prays will not one day be known as the first of the world wars. At the Naval Limitations Conference we had the United States and Japan, Pacific Powers, in the place of absent Germany and Russia, whose voices had once been so strong in international councils; and Italy, which, after sufferings in the trenches "to save democracy," was galvanized under the dictatorship of Mussolini, blacksmith's son, who has the resplendent personal rôle in Europe which was once Kaiser William's. America, once a debtor nation, is now a creditor nation by many billions of gold.

The Soviets, fanatics in a new faith that "religion is the opium of the people," rule in the Russia where the Czardom had seemed as firmly based as the Ural Mountains; and the picture of Lenin, agnostic materialist, takes the place of the holy Ikon. China of the Dowager Empress and the Mandarins, after four thousand years of autocracy, has been seeking equilibrium as a republic in a series of upheavals. Italy has turned her back on the principles of Mazzini, and her toilsome march of liberation over bloody fields is now written as a waste effort in pursuit of foolish ideals. Where Russia under a former exile turned against religion, Italy under a former exile turns religious and restores temporal power of the Pope.

Of the great peoples only the Americans, the British, the French, and the Japanese have the same form of government as when the Treaty of Portsmouth concluded the Russo-Japanese War. The changes which Napoleon wrought were in a small theatre compared to that of the changes in the last twenty-five years. Naturally, I was thinking of these things when I crossed the Pacific again. I was looking back on my range of vision in Europe during the World War as very restricted.

I could even share the view of the "old China hand" on board—as he looked at the faces in the streets of London, Paris or New York, or down from the galleries on Congress, Parliament or the Chamber of Deputies—that "they lead a narrow life." To this he added, as became a truly old China hand, "So do I."

The old China hand was the aristocrat among the westerners on board. He had the thirty-third degree of eastern freemasonry, as had the early traders in the China seas who exchanged the high sign when they met in Gravesend or New Bedford, thinking, "You and I have seen things and know things which it would be hopeless to try to explain to the homefolk who see us as such strange birds of passage."

It was a relief to the easterners on board that we were out of the tourist season. They had the ship to themselves. The French and Germans spoke English; for that is the *lingua franca* of the East. There were merchants with old established businesses in Treaty Ports; and salesmen who knew the eastern route of old. Men who were going to Hong Kong and men who were going to Harbin—as far away, in the vast reaches of China, from Hong Kong as Hudson Bay from Galveston—and men who lived in the Treaty Ports between Hong Kong and Harbin, had friends in China and things in common to talk about. They had a store of gossip rich as the politics of any capital. Those from Shanghai appeared to be members of the same secret society.

The passenger who had never been in the East was as much out of it as one who had never ridden or owned a horse, or heard the hounds cry after the fox, at a hunt breakfast. Salesmen who were making their first trip—one was a young American trying to put over the talkies in China—had only to listen in to realize how much they had to learn and how brash was their undertaking. But the seasoned old China hand, thinking he was like them once, himself, viewed them through kindly and wondering eyes. He was in the East when the white man was majestic. His "The East will never be the same again!" is no old-timer's cavilling; and to him the man who has been there only ten years can never know how it feels to be a king.

Of course there were Chinese on board, many more than there would have been on a steamer twenty-five years ago. They were young, youth for revolution and action. A deputation from the Ministry of Commerce and Labor of the Chinese Nationalist Government had included a visit to the League of Nations in a swing through Europe and the United States in search for light on home problems.

Few Under-Secretaries in Europe had so broad a range of culture as the head of the deputation, a Colonel of the Nationalist Army, who had studied on the Continent after graduation from Oxford and spoke French, English and German fluently. His subordinates, with a single exception, were graduates of American colleges and younger than their chief who was only thirty-one. The exception was a man of forty—a plain man of the people—who spoke no foreign language barring a few words of English. He had risen to power as a fighting leader. He was the most popular man on board, the kind that you wave your hand to when you pass for the pleasure of his answering smile.

"He may be Revolutionist, but he belongs to the old style Chinese," said the old China hand. "The Chinese were such good fellows in those days. But the self-sufficient head of the delegation—wait until you see him in Nanking. Maybe he will find he has no job when he returns, and his reports will never be read."

The prospect of the uncertainty ahead of these prodigals may have been another reason to them for making the most of the remaining days of their junket.

Of course, there were also Japanese on board. Rarely has an Atlantic or Pacific passenger-list been without them since the pioneer Japanese study-boys began their tours of the world to learn how to modernize Japan. The Japanese included the head of a big industrial company and other business men.

A young Japanese, who had been a student at Oxford, and his brother who had been to a small Ohio college were sons of a Tokyo banker who intended that his heirs should know both countries. A Japanese merchant captain had been travelling on trans-Atlantic passenger ships to learn the latest wrinkles in their management before he took command of the new thirty thousand ton Japanese liner, the pride of Japanese shipyards, which was to have no rival in luxury on the Pacific.

"Are you learning much on this ship?" I asked him.

"No. She is an old ship—just taking me home," he said.

When I asked our skipper if his company ever sent commanders on study trips with the same object in view, he said:

"Not to my knowledge. Good thing if we did. But we British are supposed to know all there is to know about shipping. The Japanese miss nothing. They are the greatest brain-pickers in the world."

I asked our skipper when the Chinese would be launching a great liner for the Pacific trade from their own shipyards.

"About three thousand A.D.," he said.

"Never!" said the old China hand. But then he added, "I don't know. You can never tell—in China!" which was proof that he was an old China hand emeritus.

The Europeans and Americans mixed with the Chinese and Japanese as well as with one another, and formed groups around the salon and smoking room tables. The surprising thing was that the Japanese and Chinese were not mixing. It seemed to me that they should be brought together. I wanted to hear them talk about the East, the West, porcelains, brocades, Chinese classics, the League of Nations, Prohibition—anything.

The two peoples were of the same cultural origin. They could communicate in the ideographs of the classic tongue as priests of Britain could in Latin with priests from France to Bohemia in the Middle Ages.

Lack of common ground between Chinese passengers in their queues and gowns twenty-five years ago and Japanese study-boys had been understandable. But now China had her own study-boys in cropped hair and western garb who were not easily distinguished from the Japanese by westerners who had not been in the East. The Japanese as an oriental people, already westernized, might have suggestions for the Chinese who were seeking emancipation by the same route.

Aside from all this, an Oxford Chinese and an Oxford Japanese, or a Harvard Japanese and a Harvard Chinese, should have something in common which makes a contact between men of the same university the world over. I found that I could bring a Frenchman and a German, who had faced each other so bitterly in the trenches, together in most amiable prolonged chats which even included war reminiscences. But in a ten day voyage of inclement weather which kept us indoors, when time hanging so heavy makes companionship of widely separated types a virtue of necessity, I could not win the Japanese and Chinese into social fellowship.

Pre-arranged invitations for the grandfather's hour before dinner, or for after-dinner coffee, failed of their strategic object. Either oriental was polite to the other, but not in the least communicative. At the first excuse one or the other would slip away to reappear in a group of his own kind or a group of westerners. In vain, as a final resource, I barred Far-Eastern politics and all serious subjects, but even this was ineffectual. Chinese and Japanese, whom I had marshalled at the same table, could be drawn into no small talk; but with the westerners the Chinese were quite at home in jokes and banter or ready for a hand at bridge.

On the part of the young men with their foreign degrees, so at home and so finished in their western manners, an amused contempt for the other race shone through the aloofness. The attitude of the Japanese industrialist, or the Japanese ship captain, toward the Revolutionary Colonel, a Chinese expert in commerce and labor, was that of a Roman bridge builder to a Greek sophist.

"The Chinese think they know it all," said the Captain, and he seemed content to let it go at that, with a Japanese smile which is a very different smile from a Chinese smile, both being the twinkling surface of deep waters.

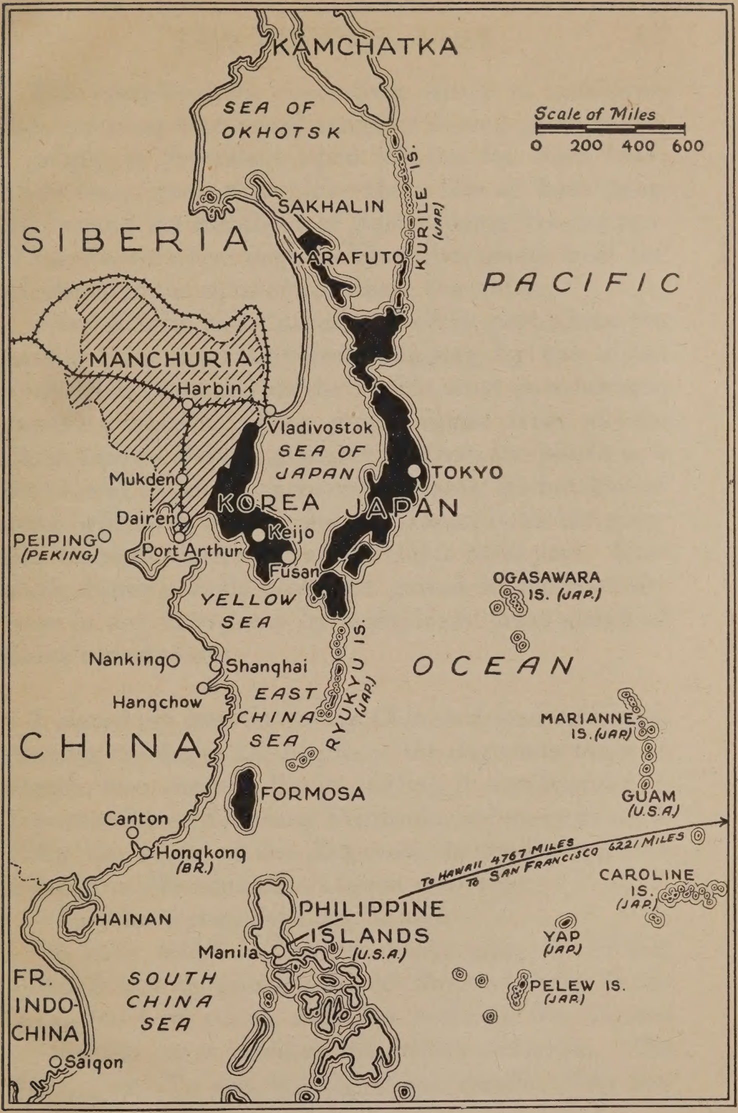
"You will find that the Japanese are not cheering for a westernized China—no more so than the Occident for the Yellow Peril to get under way," said the old China hand. "The Chinese never turn to the Japanese for any hints as to how that rough road to westernization is accomplished. I am under the impression that the practical minded among them think it might have an ulterior motive."

We Americans are fond of maps, charts and graphs, especially when they pertain to our own country. Those of regions beyond our own country may also be quite interesting, the global game as fascinating as the continental. A map of the Far East, which might explain some of the aloofness when I tried to bring Chinese and Japanese together, showed the coast of Asia stretching from the harbor of Vladivostok, ice-bound in winter, to Canton on the edge of the tropics.

Opposite the middle of the China coast where the great Yangtze river drains central China, is Nippon, the largest of the four Japanese islands. South of it is the little island of Shikoku, and the island of Kiushiu whose southern part has the warmth of Savannah. North of Nippon is Hokkaido whose climate is that of Maine. Between Nippon, Shikoku and Kiushiu is the Inland Sea, the Japanese Mediterranean with its many little islands and narrow exits and entrances. It is not so strange that a people who had such a sea all their own should be unconcerned with the endless expanse of water beyond Fuji's cone when so many little bays in their long coast line were harbors for their fishing boats.

The four islands are as integral a group as the British Isles. They formed the Japan whose exclusion was broken in 1854. Since then Japan, the island power, has been gathering in more islands. In the war with China in 1895 she took the tropical island of Formosa south of Kiushiu and finally assured her dominion over the connecting chain of the Luchu between Formosa and Kiushiu. Her victory over Russia, in 1904-'05, made her a continental as well as an island power. She annexed the peninsula of Korea on the Asiatic mainland. This gave her the position of England when England held northeastern France. But Russia also had a long narrow island, Sakhalin (Karafuto), subarctic, north of Hokkaido opposite Vladivostok, Siberia's only port. Japan received half of that as part of her indemnity.

As Britain's ally in the World War, Japan sent an army to co-operate with the British in the capture of Tsingtao, Germany's stronghold in China. The Kaiser's aggressive colonial policy, missing no crumbs when Germany had come so late into the race for colonies in the nineties, had secured the Marianne and Caroline groups still farther south between the Philippines and Hawaii. Japan received the mandate for these as her share of the spoils distributed by the Paris Peace Conference.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KARAFUTO
PACIFIC
MANCHURIA
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TOKYO
Mukden
KOREA
JAPAN
Dairen
PEIPING (PEKING)
Keijo
Port Arthur
Fusan
OGASAWARA IS. (JAP.)
YELLOW SEA
RYUKYU IS. (JAP.)
Nanking
Shanghai
OCEAN
Hangchow
EAST CHINA SEA
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To San Francisco 6221 Miles
CAROLINE IS. (JAP.)
HAINAN
PHILIPPINE ISLANDS (U.S.A.)
YAP (JAP.)
Manila
FR. INDO-CHINA
SOUTH CHINA SEA
PELEW IS. (JAP.)
Saigon

HOW THE JAPANESE ISLAND CHAIN FROM ARCTIC TO TROPIC SEAS CONTROLS ALL THE SEA PASSAGES FROM EASTERN ASIA TO THE AMERICAN COAST

This completed the chain from Arctic to equatorial seas, ensuring that broad range of fishing grounds for a people so dependent upon the sea for their food. They mean more than this—these bits of land flung out beyond the mainland of Asia—facing the expanse of the Pacific where only the Hawaiian group from the Aleutians to the equator rise above the water.

From Manila and Canton and every port along the Asiatic coast to Vladivostok shipping by the direct route from China across the Pacific must pass between Japanese islands. They guard egress from all the China seas as Britain guards that from the North and Baltic and by much narrower channels, all but two of which will carry floating mines. Japan holds the gateway through which the trade of China must pass. This much Japan's study-boys had gained in national defense in any emergency by being sixty years ahead of China's study-boys.

I placed my map before my Chinese friend on board, running my finger the length of the Japanese chain of islands, then through Korea, halting it significantly on Japanese leased Liaotung Peninsula, before running it along the route of the Japanese South Manchurian railroad in Manchuria, a Chinese province.

"They have you sewed up," I said.

"A little late," he replied, "but, time—" Which sounded four thousand years of China's history as the background of young ambition realizing the Chinese continental mass against the island outposts. The "But, time—"; and the old China hand's "You can never tell!" envisioned the mightiest change that can come in this changing world, the possibility of the four hundred and fifty million Chinese becoming as powerfully westernized as the sixty-five million Japanese.

It was clear why an Oxford Chinese, in the dawn of Chinese nationalism, should have little more in common with an Oxford Japanese than one of Joan of Arc's captains with an English captain. China was asking place, too, in the exclusive circle of world powers of which Japan had the only oriental membership.

When I showed the map to the Japanese they smiled and said, "Aw! *Sodeska?*" [Is it so?] in a "please excuse" politeness. But one, a business man, was more candid.

"Japan must live. Who will protect Japan if Japan does not protect herself?"

"And what about the United States of Asia?" I asked him.

"About the same time as the United States of Europe," he replied.

Venturing coals to New Castle I showed the map to the old China hand. I was becoming very fond of him. This thirty-third degree old-timer was so much less sure of himself than the tenth and twentieth degree old-timers, while surest of all of themselves were some of the first to fifth degree members who had been in the East for from one to five years.

The shorter a westerner's residence in one port the more insistent he is that he is an expert in all. Once he is an expert he becomes complex; or if he does not he must express himself in expert terms as a matter of form. If outsiders understand him caste is sacrificed.

But, after many years' residence, as he passes through a series of Buddhist planes to what should be the expert's nirvana, he finds himself, when he was so sure in the early planes that he knew the truth, back to the old question of "What is truth?" which is nowhere so significant as in the East. This truly qualifies him as an "old China hand" without affectation.

"Of course, I had the sense of Japan's stranglehold," said the old China hand on board, "but I never had it put to me quite so clearly and nakedly. It has been many years since I studied a map of the China seas. I had almost forgotten the existence of the chain of islands, the Pescadores, which link the main Japanese islands to Formosa. I live too close to things. I always like to talk with anyone who runs over the whole of China with a fresh eye."

This was encouraging, as I knew all the other old-timers on board were saying that here was another traveller who was going to tell the world about something that he knew nothing about.

The old-timers of the lesser degrees foresaw that I would be explaining in the book how it was that we lost a Wednesday on the voyage; I would not fail to make a lot of the crossing of the 180th Meridian, which is such an old business to those who have crossed it many times. How the old-timers, everywhere under the sun, always weary of the tourist thrills! But I shall always get a thrill out of it, no matter how many times I cross the 180th or the equator.

People in New York were just having their breakfast as we were dressing for dinner the evening before Meridian Day. We went to bed on Tuesday night and awoke on Thursday morning because it takes the earth twenty-four hours for its rotation. Westward bound across the Pacific, following the sunset, and gaining on it, you skip a day; and eastward bound, with the sunset gaining on you, there is an added day, which means you have two Wednesdays or two of some other day.

Old sailing skippers, before the era of steam, used to enjoy telling home folks in Old England or New England, how anyone born on Meridian Day had either no birthday or two birthdays.

"I get foolish about it, too," said the old China hand, "and I have crossed the Meridian forty times. But we must appear bored before the old-timers who have crossed only five or six times, or they will be asking us if we have ever been in the East before."

The old China hand had known Sir Robert Hart whom I had known. Having known him qualifies you for the thirty-third degree if you have been in China all the while since the end of his day. Sir Robert, founder of the Chinese Customs Service, was dean of the old China hands twenty-five years ago, a charming Victorian with side whiskers, nabob of his world, who hobnobbed with venerable mandarins on friendlier terms than any other westerner. He said, in his old age, that he had lived long enough in China to know that he knew nothing about China. He, too—and not ironically, he insisted—welcomed the neophyte where the Sinalogues feared to tread by advising me to write a book.

There was also an old Japanese hand on board, that is, a long-time foreign resident of Japan. He had known Japan when Lafcadio Hearn's genius found its perfect field; known Japan when westernization was just beginning and the pioneer study-boys went forth with their language books, starched collars cutting throats and leather shoes pinching their feet. It occurred to me that he should be helpful in telling the Chinese how westernization was accomplished from teething to the adult age; but the Chinese did not welcome the suggestion.

"The difference in peoples," he said. A Pole and Italian and an Englishman and a Spaniard were so much more alike than a Chinese and a Japanese. The Chinese thought they knew it all. The Japanese knew too much while pretending they knew so little.

"The East!"—and the old Japanese hand, too, had his "You never can tell!" He had as little in common with the old China hand, although they were of the same race, as the Harvard Japanese and the Harvard Chinese.

There is something of a "Poor fellow! How do you stick it?" attitude on the part of an old Chinese to an old Japanese hand. The white man in China might still cling to a certain majesty while extraterritoriality still holds in the Treaty Ports. In Japan, extraterritoriality has long since been abolished.

Extraterritoriality! This was the unfailing subject of talk among the foreign residents in China who were on board. Any one of them would grow expansive on that to the passenger who had never crossed the Meridian before. It was the issue of personal security, the protecting moat and battlements of tiny garrisons in siege by vast masses of riotous soldiery. It involved each man's fortunes and self-respect. But no foreign resident in China ever mentioned it to a member of the Chinese deputation. I was to hear of it day after day from westerners on my journey. My importance to the old-timers was that I might help to convince the home government of the need of a strong hand in China.

The longer they had been in the East the more often my fellow passengers said to me that I would see many changes. Twenty-five years! The old China hand sank deep in his chair lost in recollections of the old days and what life was then on the China coast. He was reliving the stages of progress toward the contrast which would be mine.

He asked if I saw any changes on board the steamer, except that it was a larger steamer than in the old days. As I have already mentioned, the atmosphere was that of the East as soon as we left the American shore. Then as now the call in the dining room or from the cabin was not for a steward but for a "boy." The crew, too, was Chinese, the steerage occupied by Chinese passengers. The China boys were not so decorous, so neatly groomed, so noiseless in service, so unctuously subservient as when they wore queues and the Manchus were still on the Peacock Throne. There was a touch of sullenness in their attitude.

"Strikes and sabotage," said a ship's officer. "They have the manners of the new China which is going to emancipate itself from western 'Imperialism.' "

"Why not Japanese in their place?" I asked.

The answer was the same as in the old days.

"Impossible!"

It is appropriate that Meridian Day should be on the Pacific rather than the Atlantic. It signifies a dividing line which does not exist between Europe and America. Once across it you feel you are definitely out of the West into the East.

By the northern route from Seattle, or Vancouver, to Yokohama the crossing is in chill mist in summer when you need a heavy overcoat, and in icy mist in winter, when no overcoat is heavy enough. At the time the circle's swing is nearly farthest north you may sight a rocky lump which is one of the chain of Aleutian Islands stretched out, in barren and uninhabited grey desolation, from the coast of Alaska. The Aleutians all but form a series of stepping stones from northern Asia to northern America.

The two hemispheres are as two giant figures leaning toward each other in northern latitudes until their outstretched fingers all but touch at the Behring Straits. The space between the leaning shoulders spreads where the temperate zone begins in the broad reaches of the Pacific north of the equator to the still broader reaches below the equator where the two hemispheres taper to a point.

But the straits and the stepping stones were in regions which offered no succor to domesticated man. If the American aborigines sprang from Asiatic stock it was in no calculated movement but in the drift of primitive flesh-eaters for better hunting grounds or by a storm blown junk to another land from which the family on board did not dare return. Those who crossed probably knew as little of the rich soil and warm rains in southern Asia as they knew of southern California. No word had reached the masses of Asia, where famine kept down the population, of the virgin soil of America.

Crowded Japan and the crowded mainland of Asia may well say, as the Chinese said on looking at the map, "A little late!" as they look across the Pacific. There was room in Europe, very much room in European Russia, and no room left in Asia when the restless white man spread over the virgin earth of the temperate zone and round the Cape and the Horn, and coming to the lands of the lethargic Asiatic masses spread his colonial rule over them.

Chinese and Japanese intelligentsia sometimes speculate on what would have been the present state of the world if Asiatic pathfinders, who knew the use of the compass, had opened the way for the Asiatic occupation of the western hemisphere in a mass movement before there were white men in California to pass an Exclusion Act. For easterners think of many things that never occur to us westerners.

II

AS THEY WERE BRED

Luck was not with me. The augury of a clear dawn, as our steamer entered Yokohama harbor, hastened me on deck in a dressing gown at the prospect of seeing Fuji under the sunrise. Knowing the honorable mountain of old and how it was there one minute and gone the next I hung about the deck for an hour. The town was quite distinct with the sun in a clear sky; but I did not have one glimpse of even a fragment of Fuji's outline. After I had dressed and returned to the deck, a fellow passenger remarked: "The great lady deigned to appear for a few minutes, and very beautifully, crown and slopes visible in the morning light."

At the moment only the smokestack of a factory showed against the cloud banks that hid Fuji. And all that day, and the next day, straining vision was unrewarded. I had no glimpse of Fuji before I left Japan for China; but on the afternoon that I left Yokohama harbor on my homeward voyage it was to seem as if hitherto I had had only the faintest conception of that honorable mountain's versatility.

I had to take care that my disappointment at not seeing Fuji that first morning did not tinge the customs details with the irritation which Japanese officials are past masters in inciting on the part of visitors not officially conducted. There was something perfectly familiar—twenty-five years ago might have been yesterday—in the group of inspectors of health and passports on the guarded threshold of Asia.

When and where was I born? I should not have been surprised if I had been asked why I was born. What was my occupation and why was I in Japan? Where was I going in Japan, and where and how long was I to stay in each place? Being a writer, what had I written and what was I going to write about in Japan and for whom was I writing it? Should I visit China and should I write about China, too? Was I going to China by the way of Korea and Manchuria?

It was a tonic process to make the American, returning from Europe, feel perfectly at home on a New York pier and to realize how a foreigner feels under the catechism at Ellis Island. The Japanese, having taken careful notes on the ways of other nations in this as in other things, were giving further proof that they were a great power in the family of nations by including all the questions asked at any frontier. The majority of the questions are duplicated at our own entry ports. As a native of the land of the Exclusion Act and the quotas I could not logically complain. No American should unless he disbelieves in both institutions.

And why shouldn't the Japanese ask all about a foreigner's private affairs? It is a Japanese habit grounded in ancient times before any westerner had ever seen Fuji.

"Privacy does not exist," wrote Lafcadio Hearn. "Nothing can be hidden. Everybody's vices or virtues are known to everybody else."

"Now another writer will give us the history of Japan and tell us what a *samurai* was," I hear the old-timers saying. So I shall, as an approach to the answer to the most frequently asked and the most obvious question about the Far East: Why has Japan been so prompt at westernization and China so laggard? Those who already know, or prefer to accept the fact without explanation, may skip this chapter, as they may certain pages when we come to China.

I was re-reading Japanese and Chinese history on the way across the Pacific; and found it worth while throughout my journey to trace its influence in the widely variant responses of the two peoples to western contacts. A brief of American history, and especially of the making of the American Constitution, I have found the best answer to foreigners' questions about the Eighteenth Amendment and the puzzling situation to them that is the result.

"The contact with manners then is education," said Dionysius of Halicarnassus; "and this Thucydides appears to assert when he says history is philosophy learned from examples." And Emerson said, "There is properly no history, only biography."

The two quotations appeal to me as applying when I think back to Prince Ito, who was a living span between old and modern Japan, and whose biography was a history of the westernization of Japan.

To call him the Bismarck of Japan is merely making a phrase. All foreign comparisons fail for Hirobumi Ito as they fail for Japan. To play an Ito part it would not have been enough for Bismarck to have transformed the Germany of the Great Elector's time to the Germany of the eighteen-eighties. He would have had to transform Ancient Egypt or Rome into a modern state in the age of steam and electricity.

I see Ito, so very Japanese in his kimono, at his Japanese country house which modernization had not touched, when, a few days before, I had seen him seeming so completely Europeanized in the frock coat of ceremony. As he told me his story I was glancing from him to the rack that held the sword blades of his samurai ancestors; and I noted that at intervals, although he was the statesman and not the soldier in the remaking of Japan, his eyes rested fondly on the slender naked steel, free of hilts and scabbards, whose sheen ran through his story like fluid light.

Ito was the only man I have ever met who had exchanged couplets with a god. It was like meeting an ancient Greek who had been on Olympus playing games with Zeus. Usually gods are imaginary beings whom popular faith makes divine. The god with whom Ito exchanged couplets was a living being; and sometimes he wore an European uniform on grand occasions just as Ito wore the frock coat.

The Emperor Meiji (Mutsuhito) and his ancestors for two thousand years back to the first one born of the sun-goddess had been divine to all Japanese. Across a lacquer table Ito would pass the Emperor a couplet he had written—couplet-making being an ancient art, passion, and pastime of the Japanese—and the Emperor would pass one back in return.

They composed couplets while they planned railroads, steamers, harbor works, and telegraph lines for Japan. They composed couplets after they heard the news of victories over the Chinese in Japan's first war with modern weapons—a war whose wisdom had been so carefully considered. This war added Formosa to Meiji's island domain; and Meiji raised Ito to the rank of Marquis, and also his generals, Oyama and Yamagata. After the great Russo-Japanese War, which added Korea and Sakhalin, they were made Princes.

For a little exercise, after a bout of couplet composition, in Japanese old style, Ito and Meiji would shoot arrows, Japanese old style, at a target in the imperial gardens, while the march of western progress in modern industry and arms proceeded. And Ito would tell the divine lord what were the conclusions of the inner councils as to which of the latest features in western invention and organization brought home by the study-boys should be adapted for the strengthening of Japan.

Ito and Meiji understood each other—there the comparison is sound—in the friendly mutual reliance of Bismarck and the old Kaiser in their making of the German Empire. The German pair seem to have been the models of the Japanese pair in fashioning a government of strong central authority; but many of the ideas Japan adopted came from the United States which, far from having a god for a king, had not even a constitutional monarch.

All improvements and ideas of use to Japan—primarily in the latest pattern of guns which were the West's samurai blades—the study-boys must master so the inner councils would understand just which to fit into the scheme of Japanese needs. It did not matter whether they came from a land of the gods or of anarchy.

And while Ito and Meiji worshipped their ancestors and cherished their samurai blades as the product of the swordsmith's supreme art, mandarins across the sea in China worshipped their ancestors, cherished their porcelains, jades, and paintings. They had no racks of ancestral blades. They did not revere the swordsmith's art. While in Japan sword-bearing was the privilege of the aristocrats, in China swords belonged to the low fellows you hired as soldiers as you hired coolies to bear your litter.

Sometimes the mandarins would ask how the young people, the upstart people, the monkey people of the islands, who made such poor imitations of Chinese porcelains and brocades, were coming on in trying to imitate the ways of the outer barbarians. And a mandarin would buy a foreign clock and listen to its tick as he fondled a vase or rare bit of jade and worshipped his ancestors by a different cult from those inferior monkey people.

Ito was eight years old when the discovery of gold in California started the Forty-Niners westward; and Meiji was a child in the imperial palace of the old capital at Kyoto. Japan had no connection with the outside world then except through the Dutch who had a monopoly of the faint trickle of foreign trade. The Dutch factors were as closely guarded as prisoners on the little island of Deshima which was only six hundred feet in length by two hundred in breadth.

They might talk only with officials, must never mix with the people except that the officials sent prostitutes to them for their service, which was a concession in keeping with the Japanese attitude toward the social evil. Prostitution was confined to certain districts of Japanese cities and towns as a protection of virtuous women from male passion.

Some three hundred years before Ito was born there had been foreigners in Japan; and the memory of the danger which this had involved was never quite out of the inner councils in the making of modern Japan. Jesuit priests had come with the Portuguese who were the pioneer navigators in the Far East. They secured a foothold at a time when Japan was ruled by many feudal princes who were more loyal to the spiritual than to the temporal authority of the divine Emperor (or Mikado).

The details of the Jesuit's method of proselytization are vague; but it seems to have adapted itself to the national religion of Shintoism, and to the imported Buddhism whose ritual has a certain likeness to that of Catholicism. It was said that there were a million Christians before Nobunaga, first of the great captains, began his rise to power in 1573. He was hardly less ruthless with his own people than with the foreigners. He destroyed a thousand of the "Temples of the Savages" (Jesuit churches) and massacred many priests.

Hydéyoshi, a man of his own kind, succeeded him; and then came Iyéyasu carrying on the programme of reducing the princes to vassalage by wisdom and force of arms. He was the founder of the hereditary line of Shoguns, the Tokugawas, who had the temporal power in the new capital of Tokyo while the descendant of the sun-goddess was kept immured in enervating idleness among panderers and concubines in the palace at Kyoto.

In the period of the first struggling settlements on our Atlantic coast, when the Spaniards were spreading their dominion in America, Iyéyasu was sweeping the last of the Jesuits out of Japan, destroying the last of the savages' temples. What he knew of the foreign world he learned from Will Adams, a captured British sailor. We may see the haughty and mighty Shogun sitting with Will whom he had raised to samurai rank and quizzing Will about the ways of the savages; and the more that Iyéyasu learned the more he was certain that no savages were wanted in his Japan to defile the elaborate and fastidious civilization which he was molding.

The isolation of the islands favored integration. Across a narrow strip of water were the lethargic people of the Korean peninsula; and across the Yellow Sea were the Chinese who were without a sense of nationalization or martial patriotism, and who were so little versed in navigation, if they had not known the hot reception which they would receive from the martial Japanese. It had been Japanese pirates who infested Chinese waters, not Chinese who infested Japanese waters.

But Iyéyasu settled the danger of reprisals molesting Japan's isolation by permitting none of his subjects to sail out of sight of Japanese shores, and no foreigners to land in Japan. The fate of shipwrecked foreign sailors was a warning to all except the Dutch to keep clear of the Japanese coast and for Dutch ships to point their bows in no direction except toward Deshima.

Iyéyasu was the forerunner of the "one-hundred-percenters" in nationalism and bureaucratic efficiency. No latter day imitator has ever approached his achievement. Not even the ancient Incas of Peru were more conventionally molded than the Japanese under the Shogunate. All actions, manners, industry, pleasures, art, dress, every detail of life from cradle to the grave and worship of the dead, were formalized. Even smiles were regulated; but not tears, for none must ever be shed. Every man had his place and his number in the caste to which he was born; and his occupation was that of his father.

The upper classes were the samurai in ascending grades from the lowest rank to the princes. Only the samurai might bear arms. They lost caste if they left their swords at home when they walked abroad. They fenced and wrote poetry; they must keep lean and fit in Spartan duty. To fortify their warrior spirits in youth they ate rice soaked with the blood from a human skull.

A samurai was the law and the judge of the proper respect to be shown him by the lower classes. He might use his sharp sword to cut down any "otherwise-unexpected fellow" who failed to smile and bow in the correct obeisance or absent-mindedly may not have noted that a samurai was passing him in the street. It did not matter that the samurai might be young and brash or have taken too much *saké* or be in an irritable mood after the previous evening's debauch. Other-wise-unexpected fellows must mind their manners. So Iyéyasu had ruled.

But the samurai would give his own life as well as take another's to satisfy caste punctilio. It was a noble thing for a samurai to kill himself in order to follow his lord into the next world and there still to attend upon him. When his lord spoke a harsh word to him for an infraction of etiquette—perhaps for having been intoxicated when he cut down an "other-wise-unexpected fellow"—or he had his samurai honor impugned, it was proper to invite his friends to his atonement by *harakiri*. Atonement was complete, if in drawing the small sword through the abdomen, severing the aorta, the suicide retained consciousness long enough to pass the blade with the correct gesture to his second before he expired.

Below the samurai, in order, were the farmers, then laborers, and then merchants and traders. There was no place for parasitic middlemen in the Shogun's social and economic formula, only for parasitic samurai who were kept very busy living up to the regulations of their caste. Everybody must be kept busy. If there were nothing else to do the retainers of princes must take hours in the ceremony of serving a cup of tea. That shrewd politician, Iyéyasu—and his successors kept faith with his policy—found the preoccupation of increasingly elaborate etiquette useful in preventing court plots and insurgency.

Only one man of business, and he was a banker, the head of the Mitsui family from generation to generation, who looked after the imperial funds, was a gentleman. On Iyéyasu's social register the great captains of industry of this commercial age would have ranked below the pick and shovel man. Anyone who disputed this view would have suffered the fate of an otherwise-unexpected fellow.

The merchants were at least human beings and they were above the *étas* who were half-human beings, though not Japanese, but human beings of some strange alien origin in the peopling of prehistoric Japan. They did the tanning and all manner of menial service as their prerogative. They lived in their own communities which they must not leave; nor might other people, except officials, enter their precincts.

For even étas had their rights. No Japanese must wander about the lot. Everyone must keep in his rut and mind its etiquette—or he might be cast out of all castes. Then he had no country, no race, no resort except to become one of the *hinin*, the wandering pariahs, the "not-human-beings." As exile was against the law, the hinin were exiles within their own land, taking the cuffs of all the castes. They might have forfeited all rights by having gone from one town to another without official permission, or, as we would say today, without having their passports viséd.

But there was a penalty severer than being cast out, which was left to the community to apply. For this, farmers' and mechanics' knives were as legitimate weapons as samurai swords. The culprit was first cut down and then into large pieces and so on into smaller and smaller pieces until everyone had satisfied his zeal as public executioner of an other-wise-unexpected fellow who had shamed his community by a breach of etiquette.

Then the people, blood-lust satisfied, returned to their gardens and mats and their correct smiles for every occasion and their indrawings of breath, when expulsion of the breath would be as insulting as for a westerner to spit in a neighbor's face when he said "Good Morning!"

There was still another class, the Ainus, the aboriginal inhabitants who were in Japan when the conquering race came from overseas, their part there that of the red Indians in the white occupation of America. The Ainus were called the "hairy men"; and their successors see westerners also as hairy in contrast with themselves.

Meanwhile the court of the Shogun at Tokyo—to which all the provincial princes with their long trains of retainers made pilgrimages of state—had more elaborate, if not more sumptuous, ceremonials and entertainments than that of Louis XIV whose court knew nothing of the glory of the court of Tokyo. To either the other belonged in the savage distances. The Tokyo court had no scandal about royal mistresses. The Shogun had ample concubines. This, too, was a feature of regulation.

In the 54th article of his legacy Iyéyasu decreed:

"The position a wife holds towards a concubine is the same as that of a lord to his vassal. The Emperor has twelve imperial concubines. Officers of the highest class may have five mistresses. A samurai may have two handmaids. All below this are ordinary married men."

From Lafcadio Hearn's "Japan, An Interpretation," which is still the invaluable book for any visitor to Japan to read (by courtesy of the Macmillan Co.), I take some quotations. This book was his final contribution out of his long experience as a Japanese subject. He had married a Japanese woman, had withdrawn from foreign contacts and submerged himself among his chosen people. He had reached the state of the old China hand where he knew how little he knew, but he could read and speak the Japanese language for his researches into Japanese history which no one has so clearly expressed.

"After having discovered that I do not know the Japanese at all I feel better qualified to attempt this essay," he wrote in his introduction.

"The mere idea of the right to do as one pleases, within such limits as are imposed upon conduct by English and American societies, for example, could not enter into his mind (that of a Japanese). Such freedom, if explained to him, he would probably consider as a condition morally comparable to birds and beasts."

"Every person, from the youngest child up to the grandfather, was subject to someone else; and every act of domestic life was regulated by traditional custom. . . . In extreme form the paternal power controlled everything,—the right to life and liberty,—the right to marry or to keep the wife or husband already espoused,—the right to one's own children,—the right to hold property,—the right to hold office,—the right to choose or follow an occupation."

"As a child she (a woman) was subject, not only to the elders, but to all the male adults of the household. Adopted into another household as a wife, she merely passed into a similar state of subjection, unalleviated by the affection which paternal and fraternal ties assured her in her ancestral home. Her retention in the family of her husband did not depend upon his affection, but upon the will of the majority and especially of the elders. Divorced she could not claim her children; they belonged to the family of her husband. 'A woman can have no house of her own in the Three Universes' declared an old Japanese proverb."

In relation to incomes and the amount of land owned —both being fixed by law—the wedding clothes and expenses were regulated and the size of house a couple occupied and the manner of their burial. "No one could leave his village for a single night, without permission,—or take service elsewhere, or marry in another province, or settle in another place." No traveller, even though his passport were in order, might lodge for a single night in a house that was not a public inn. "Punishment was severe,—a terrible flogging being the common mode of chastisement by the higher authority."

"When a man's life was legally ordered even to the least particulars,—even to the quality of his foot gear and head gear, the cost of his wife's hairpins, and the price of his child's doll,—one could hardly suppose that freedom of speech would have been tolerated. It did not exist; and the degree to which speech had been regulated can be imagined only by those who studied the spoken speech. . . . Everybody had to learn that only certain verbs and nouns and pronouns were lawful when addressing superiors, and other words permissible only when speaking to equals or inferiors. Even the uneducated were obliged to learn something about this. But education cultivated a system of verbal etiquette so multiform that only the training of years could enable anyone to master it."

Iyéyasu and his successors developed the state religion as an aid to the regulation of social, political and economic life. Buddhism was not proscribed as Christianity had been. It became a philosophy absorbed into native Shintoism which was an ancestral worship that took a patriotic form, an ancestor worship so regulated that it was the basis of all the regulations and of the caste despotism of the Shogunate which never overlooked that the supreme ancestor was the sun-goddess of Japan.

Japan was a land where all the dead were gods; where all were invisibly surviving in the life of their descendants; and the happiness of the living was dependent upon the dead who control all human actions. It was a land where "a man without male issue, not having adopted a son, forfeited his family estate without any regard to his relatives or connections." He had not borne children to honor his ancestors. Purification in duty to the ancestral gods led to the clean mats and to the Japanese habits of daily hot baths—when the unbathed polite world of Europe was disguising body odors with perfumes.

In worshipping at the nearest Shinto temple, a wayside shrine or the home shrine, the thought was that ancestor gods looked down upon you and were pleased or displeased with your conduct. They honored the family for its loyalty to all the regulations, and the son who died in battle for the god who was the god of Japan, the god of patriotism.

"The God of the Living in old Japan was, of course, the Mikado—the deity incarnate, Arahitagami—and his place was the national sanctuary, the Holy of Holies."

"The occupation of the swordsmith was the most sacred of crafts. He worked in priestly garb, and practiced Shinto rites of purification, ate food cooked only with holy fire."

"It [the elaborate code of deportment] required not only that any sense of anger or pain should be denied all outward expression, but that the sufferer's face and manner should indicate the contrary feeling. Sullen submission was an offense; mere impassive obedience inadequate; the proper degree of submission should manifest itself by a pleasant smile, and by a soft and happy tone of voice."

"One had to be careful about the quality of the smile. It was a mortal offense, for example, so to smile in addressing a superior that the back teeth could be seen. In the military class, especially, this code of demeanor was ruthlessly enforced. Samurai women were required, like the women of Sparta, to show signs of joy on hearing that their sons or husbands had fallen in battle; to betray any natural feeling under the circumstances was a grave breach of decorum. The strangest fact is that the old-fashioned manners appear natural rather than acquired, instinctive rather than made by training."

When Ito was born the age of steam was in its full stride, bringing the East nearer London and New York by voyages around the Horn and the Cape. Cargoes must be found for the West's new steamships, new markets for the products of new machines run by steam. When negotiation failed to open doors indignities to foreign sailors and merchants when ashore warranted broadsides from European men-of-war to burst the locks. Ito was a year old, in 1842, at the conclusion of the British War with China which opened five great harbors of China to trade as Treaty Ports where foreigners might live under their own laws. There must soon be rapping at the tightly sealed doors of the little islands of Japan, across the Yellow Sea from the Chinese mass.

As the boy Ito grew older in the schooling of his inherited part in the lower ranks of samurai in the great clan of Choshu, he heard nothing of young Bismarck, Gladstone or Disraeli or of young Abraham Lincoln practicing law in Springfield. All he knew of the outside world was in secret gossip filtering through the land from the Dutch traders at Deshima. Word came that foreign ships were seen passing the southern island more frequently. Russian ships were said to be appearing off the northern island.

And all foreigners to him were savages. There was civilization only in sacred "Under Heaven Land." The only gentlemen in the world were Japanese samurai and the noblest of these were the samurai of my lord of Choshu. Ito had never seen a white man; but the tale was that the barbarian's complexion was like rice flour dough, his eyes were frequently blue or grey, his eyelashes straight, his nose so large that it was laughable, and he was as hairy as an Ainu.

Japan was between the China coast and the United States on the trans-Pacific steaming route from Shanghai. This made Japan's isolation the concern of the United States which, in the company of the other western nations, had followed the British lead in securing extraterritorial rights in China.

On Japan's uncharted and unlighted coasts there were bound to be shipwrecks, and their survivors to be cast ashore. And so some were and their succor by their own people denied. This justified an educational action on the part of the United States. Commodore Matthew Perry was sent as instructor. His orders were not to make war, but he was given sufficient force to command respect. With four men-of-war he appeared in Uraga Bay in 1853. After his first visit he announced he would soon return for a second, meanwhile giving the Shogun time to think over his suggestions.

Japan, too, must open her ports to trade. She must recognize international law. It was no use for the Japanese to protest that they had nothing to do with international law because they had nothing to with other nations; that as they minded their own business, all they asked of other nations was to mind theirs; and that if foreigners appeared on their shores they must be subject to Japanese law which punished Japanese subjects with death if they ran the risk of being shipwrecked on foreign shores by sailing out of sight of their own.

It was no use asking the foreigners please to understand that Japan had no steamships for wandering about distant seas; to protest that the sea was the place where you caught fish. Japan's little sailing vessels were sufficient for this purpose. All the water where a fisherman would not be out of sight of Japan was Japanese, while the waters adjacent to the barbarian's nations were theirs, and they might go ranging in the oceans between fishing grounds if they wished.

Ito, now thirteen, was one of a group of students with their tutor who saw Perry's ships whose apparition had caused such perturbations in the councils of the Shogunate. He saw the savage white men, so tall and graceless, when they came ashore on calls of ceremony. They walked into houses without removing their heavy leather shoes, which soiled clean mats with the filth of the streets.

All that had been said about the barbarians appeared to be true. They were low ruffians invading the fastidious world of screens and kakemonos in which a man's hands in the wrong position when he made a bow was no less an offense than the slightest variation in the color scheme of a court lady's kimono. They did not even draw in their breaths when addressing another person. And they shook one another's hands —how vulgar!—by way of greeting.

History has no record of the meeting of such contrasting traditions and etiquettes as that of Perry's landing. It was said that when a deputation from the Shogun took a vase as a gift to Perry, who chewed tobacco, the Commodore acted hospitably upon his error in mistaking the vase for a cuspidor. If the officers of the savages had no manners, what could be expected of the sailors? The samurai among the savages knew nothing of beauty when even those half-human being, the étas, as well as Japanese coolies, knew how to arrange flowers and make gardens.

But these foreigners had a magic power; they had the Shogun's palace under their guns. And they had discipline, as could be seen in the way they marched in step, which was not the way of Japanese fighting men, and when the gun crews took their places to fire salutes. And the common men carried weapons and took part in the fighting when this was the privilege in Japan only of samurai.

What was the power—in some way connected with the upright tubes spouting smoke from the middles of the foreign ships—which made the wheels revolve, propelling the ships whether there was a breeze or not? What the power that propelled the iron balls, with bursts of smoke from the iron tubes, stuck in the sides of the ships, farther than an arrow could carry?

Ardent youth would know. Japan must get the same kind of power and use it to expel the barbarians forever out of Under Heaven Land. So the tutor and his pupils went out in a sampan and tried to board one of the ships to learn gunnery. Perry arrested and returned them to the Shogun. The tutor was put in jail and the pupils freed owing to their youth.

But Ito did not forget his boyish plan. He kept it in mind after Japan's Treaty Ports were opened and he tried to direct public rage—this youth in his teens—in organizing defense in his own province of Choshu. At Nagasaki, where the barbarians were building their homes and warehouses under their barbarian flags, he met a British merchant whom he entreated to put him on board a foreign ship so he might see the world. The merchant promised out of good nature, fully aware of the Japanese law, but not having taken Ito seriously.

And Ito was "life-and-death" serious. At dawn one morning, in 1863, the merchant had an embarrassing surprise when Ito and four young companions climbed over the wall of his compound. They were prepared for his objections, for his absolute refusal. They had cut off their queues and removed their long swords without which no samurai might walk abroad.

The public disgrace of an occidental officer by removing his epaulettes was a small thing compared to what they had inflicted upon themselves. They ceased to be samurai. There was no place for them except among the outcast hinin; but that need not worry them as they had incurred the death penalty by attempting to leave the country.

All palaver failing, the merchant took them on board a ship that was about to sail and left the rest to its captain, whose refusal was instant. The proposal was against the treaty, compromising the privilege by which his ship was in the port. The owner of the ship would remove him from command if he complied. They must go back ashore.

The four petitioners drew their short swords which they had retained for just this eventuality. They told him that they were no longer Japanese. They had forfeited caste, and there was just one way in the present situation for a samurai to keep faith. Unless the skipper took them on his ship one slash across their abdomens and they had committed harakiri. That would make a mess on the deck which would be as embarrassing as if—the ingratiating Japanese smile in play—he secretly took them on board. And when he assented they saw their dream for saving Japan would come true. They would learn at the very source the secret of the barbarians' power.

The skipper took it out of them until the soft samurai hands, which had only composed couplets and fenced, were raw from handling ropes and stoking the engines which were the secret of the ship's propulsion. The sailors in the forecastle took it out of them, too. Three of the adventurers had had enough by the time that they reached Shanghai, where they disembarked. Ito and Inouye were game. They had formed a friendship that was to endure through life. Inouye was to become the Alexander Hamilton, the founding national financier of Japan, one of the *genro* and a prince.

Port after port they passed, Singapore, Bombay, Aden, Malta, Gibraltar, where the British flag flew. How small was Japan! How great was the world! D'Artagnan, forth to make his fortune in Paris, was not on a less adventurous mission.

They saw London and Paris, and all the "wealth above the ground" in the buildings of stone and brick, compared to their wooden houses at home; and Windsor Castle and Versailles which made the Mikado's palaces and the Shogun's seem so frail; and the cathedrals and churches, which made their own shrines seem so diminutive. They saw the great fleets of ships, the great factories, the railroad trains; and the banks and the stock exchanges and market places where the European merchant samurai schemed and traded for possession of the gold which had flowed in from the ends of the earth as tribute to the white man's power.

The white man had art, too, paintings and sculpture, and vast art galleries and music of many instruments in his orchestras—such a different music from that of *sam-o-sen* which, they had to explain, was a kind of guitar. They had to explain much, these pioneers of the future battalions of Japanese study-boys, while so much was to be explained to them in answer to their questions. In the foreign schoolbooks they read that those whom they had called the barbarians, and who in their hearts they still considered to be so, referred to the Japanese and the Chinese as "semi-civilized" peoples, that is, halfway between civilization and savagery. How much the two had to talk about when they put their heads together in the evening over their day's notes!

How small was Japan, indeed! All Europe was white and America was white, and the Japanese were the yellows, the semi-civilized. Was Japan's to be the fate of India? Was her civilization to be destroyed as the Incas' had been by the Spanish conquistadores?

Ito, in his country house, as he looked at the rack of ancestral blades, lived over the memories of those days. How small was Japan! But they could die for her if need be. Better, they might live to help her with their counsel. Before they reached Gibraltar they had concluded there was no expelling the foreigner. He must be invited in, while Japan learned his ways; and thus Japan must become capable of defending herself as an independent member of the family of nations.

For two years Ito and Inouye remained abroad gathering their grist of information to take home. And one hopeful thing was that the white nations were always competing and quarreling and going to war. All the white man's power would not be turned against Japan at once if Japan were wise; and among the assets which the study-boys relied upon was the value of the Japanese smile in diplomacy.

While Ito and Inouye were abroad occurred the Richardson incident. Richardson was a British clerk in Shanghai. This meant that he was a majestic white man who gave Chinese a clip with his stick to get them out of his path; and the Chinese always took it from the majestic white man.

While on a visit to Yokohoma Richardson went horseback riding with two British friends. They were beyond the Treaty Port bounds when the procession of the great Prince of Satsuma, his litter proceeded by his men-of-arms, approached along the highway. The rule was that all the people must prostrate themselves when a lord and his train passed.

Richardson's host told him that they must at least get off the road. They had no business there, indeed, no business outside the limits of the port except on suffrance. But Richardson refused. He is credited with saying that he knew these orientals. They were all alike. You must show them that you were master. He was warned that the Japanese were different. Yet he rode through the vanguard of the procession. A samurai two-handed blade flashed from its scabbard in lightning downward stroke.

The murder required punitive measures. Satsuma's seaport, Kagoshima, was bombarded by men-of-war, and its wooden houses well splintered. The Prince had paid his price and made his peace, but the fact was established that if you hit a Japanese he hit back. The Japanese were a martial race; and the Chinese were not.

In European clothes, their hair cut short on heads that stored such knowledge as no two other natives had ever brought home to Japan, Ito and Inouye, disembarking from a foreign ship, one day registered at the foreign hotel at Nagasaki, passing as Portuguese. An allied squadron of warships was assembled in the harbor. It was about to sail to administer a lesson to the Prince of Choshu, the study-boys' own feudal lord.

The Prince had bought some old smoothbore guns and mounted them to command the straits of Shimonoseki. Having declared war on all foreigners by simply observing the ancient law of isolation he was taking pot-shots at foreign steamers passing through the narrow westward entrance to the Inland Sea.

Against all diplomatic protests his defiance was, "Come and take me!" He would not follow the Shogun's example by truckling to barbarians. He had foreign cannon to answer their cannon. If they tried to land they would meet flights of arrows from his bowmen and taste the steel of his swordsmen.

An English-speaking Japanese asked audience of the commander of the Allied squadron. This Choshu man offered himself as interpreter when interpreters were rare. Ito's request to accompany the squadron was granted. Once the squadron was before Shimonoseki he was allowed to go ashore to plead with his lord of Choshu that resistance was hopeless and to make apologies and amends.

But a young Japanese samurai reappearing in his own country, without his queue and sword and in foreign clothes, after having broken his country's laws by a sojourn abroad, found that he was far from a welcome legate on behalf of barbarians. In his retreat from wrath he was secreted by a *geisha*. The end of this romance was that he married her for love, foreign fashion.

After the barbarians' superior fire from the latest type of guns had silenced that of the Prince's antiquated ones, and no arrows had reached a barbarian and no swordsman had had a chance to try his steel on one, Ito emerged, amidst the wreckage, as a prophet with honor in his own country. His opportunity and Inouye's had come to apply all the knowledge that they had learned abroad.

Let us grant that the ancient Roman patricians had as good minds as we have, although they had not the accumulation of scientific information and practice. Then suppose that in the time of Julius Cæsar, such a squadron as Perry's came steaming up the Tiber, and, by way of salute, had dropped a cannon ball in the Forum, while the local garrison of Legions was helpless on the banks against rifle fire from the decks. Surely Cæsar would have been most polite to the strangers as he inquired what was their pleasure. He would have been agreeable to their request for a strip of land at the Tiber's mouth where their merchants could set up their warehouses to carry on trade under their own laws. Then he would have equipped his highly organized and disciplined Legions with rifles and artillery and his navy with steam vessels and cannon as the first step in national salvation.

Or, we might cite a more modern instance for those who do not believe that Cæsar had as good a mind as some of our modern dictators, kings, premiers and presidents. Suppose that in the present year of grace some strange-looking aircraft, which were clearly not a terrestrial product, were to appear above the Atlantic coast of the United States and drop a few little pills which spread gas that put the populations of Richmond and Baltimore to sleep.

And suppose that our regular army and navy, with all their up-to-date equipment, were as helpless as Cæsar's veterans of his Gallic campaigns against Perry's muzzle-loaders; that before our aviators could come in range of their target they were gassed and their planes crashed in charges as futile as massed spearmen against machine guns. A Byrd or Lindbergh, who essayed an Arnold von Winkelried part, might as well have leaped into Niagara.

Then suppose that the commander of the invaders were to send down word from his aerial fleet, which was suspended at an altitude of five or six miles by some unknown force that defied the law of gravity:

"We come on the friendliest of missions to spread the benefits of our higher civilization. It is far from our purpose to use force, but if we must we have given you an example as a lesson to encourage your wisdom in the present crisis. If this example is not convincing we shall drop a pill on the White House and the Capitol. If that is not convincing we shall drop a few pills to put New York City to sleep. Should this fail we shall change the narcotic to lethal doses so that the populations will never wake.

"It would be very sad to have to do this, when ours is known as the most pacific of nations, but duty would compel it for your own sake. Your earth must come into the planetary family. You must recognize interplanetary law. You must be modernized. Your markets must be developed for exports from our planet Mars, especially when our factories are running short time and our merchant airships are short of cargo. As your land is primitive, ruled by racketeers, and your legal, educational, and industrial systems generally so backward, we must have concessions of Treaty Ports where we shall be under our own laws."

Now our home defense leagues and pacifist societies would see eye to eye; and all the insurgent senators of the "ins" would be back on the reservation and senators of the "outs" supporters of the administration whose hands would be held up by all bankers, industrialists, labor organizations, and churches. Indeed, we might develop a national religion which would be the equivalent of Japanese Shintoism. Having to accept the Martian suggestion—what vulgar, horrible-looking savages, these Martians!—we would use every resource of chicane and application to appropriate the secrets of Martian power to save us from bondage to such repulsive rulers.

The thought of the schoolboys who tried to spy on Perry's ships became the national thought. Their experience abroad had equipped Ito and Inouye, as experts in the barbarians' ways, for service as commanders of the vigorous young samurai, who prevailed, in the course of the civil broils and uncertainty which brought on the Reformation, over the effete Shogunate and the hesitant among the elders who were too old to learn new ways. It is a question if forces below would not have broken through the crust of the Shogunate's elaborate feudalism in the course of natural evolution just as it had in Europe. If so, the arrival of Perry hastened the event in the most romantic and picturesque of revolutions.

So on closer examination Japan's rapid modernization loses some of its wonder. A people, who had been so used to being molded by degrees from the top regulating the smallest details, had only to be molded to a new purpose in common defense against national extinction when all were so near the sea—the sea that gave them so much of their food and so many occupation—whence the danger came.

The leaders, as they invoked the faith of all ancestral gods in common cause, made capital of the religion of patriotism and every inherited sentiment and code. Mutsuhito, the divine descendant of the sun-goddess, was brought to Tokyo from his seclusion in Kyoto. The Holy of Holies was now in the political capital. Temporal as well as religious power was now personified in Mutsuhito, the divine, whose ancestor was the supreme ancestral god of all ancestral gods,—Mutsuhito, to be better known as Meiji Tenno (Meiji the Great), 123rd Mikado, 68th generation from Jimmu Tenno.

He was young, this youth as the Emperor of youth leading revolution, an Emperor before whom all the elders and all children must bow in adoration or deny their ancestral gods—but what could be expected of him except that he would be a figurehead? He had been reared as much out of touch with the world as if he had spent all his life above the clouds on a high mountain top, never meeting mankind on the plains below. His life and that of generations of his ancestors had been that of an enervating routine. The Shoguns would have it so, lest some descendant of the sun-goddess should develop into a strong man who would endanger the Shogun's temporal power.

But Meiji, himself, was more of a miracle than the westernization for which he was the mainspring of authority. He confounded all the conclusions about the influence of environment and the doctrine of biological predestination. He was no puppet whose strings were pulled by any man or any group of men. Not even Ito, when the two composed couplets or shot arrows at a target, ever was master of his master to anything like the extent that Bismarck was of old William.

Meiji had the poise, the dignity, the aloofness, of his exalted position. He never forgot that he was Emperor and the divine Emperor; or to keep up all the trappings of the prestige of divinity; or that hard common sense was the most valuable attribute of even a divine Emperor. He listened to counsel, but he made his own decisions, with a singular perception of all the world beyond the walls of his palace where he still maintained the isolation of the Holy of Holies. He was Japan's god-head in action as well as name, a very able ruler. He was the sun-goddess' gift to Japan—

or as the West would say, "Providence sent him!"—in a great crisis of national fortunes.

And in the test which was to decide whether Japan was to be a first-class power and mistress of the China seas, and perhaps one day of all Asia, or a bankrupt fourth-rate nation, Providence had sent to Russia a weak Czar whose faithlessness to his stubborn imperial inheritance yielded the day to Japanese stubbornness when a Russian victory was already in sight. Japan had her Peter the Great and Russia her pitiful, meandering Nicolas II.

When he was restored to power young Meiji was the inspiration galvanizing an industrious people to a greater industry. The Japanese were taking bitter medicine, but not grimacing, in their foreign contacts. A Japanese of that day could not talk a few minutes with any foreigner without having his sensibilities and inherited system of thought and etiquette offended. All the talk was through interpreters until the diligent study-boys learned the incredibly difficult foreign languages. And there were so many of the foreign languages, three very important ones, English, French and German. Grammar and word origins from Greek and Latin were no aid to the Japanese student as they were to a European learning another European language. When the Japanese had learned a European language there was still the gulf between the Japanese and foreign mind which remains more pronounced to the occidental in conversing with a Japanese than with any other oriental despite the fact of Japan's achieved westernization.

And to save Japan the Japanese must learn these difficult languages. No foreigner, except a few pundits, would undertake to learn Japanese. None does to-day except the missionaries, and language students sent by the different foreign governments. This fact, too, is unifying. A group of Japanese may chat together anywhere in the world in practical assurance that no foreigner who overhears them knows what they are saying.

While carefully chosen study-boys were following Ito's and Inouye's example by tours abroad Japan summoned instructors of all kinds to serve in Japan. She exported tea and silk to pay their wages and the bills for arms and machinery. French officers were the first drill masters of the new army, an army in which the common man became a soldier; but when Germany defeated France in 1870-'71 the French officers were sent home and Germans brought in their place. Common men were serving as sailors, too, in the new navy. For an officer class there was no lack of young samurai.

Britain, being mistress of the seas and having the largest navy, naturally supplied the naval drill masters. Japan bought antiquated British steamers for her coasting trade and employed English captains and mates and Scotch engineers. America, being the land of popular education and mechanical ingenuity, supplied instructors in her line of excellence, and also many missionaries enticed by dreams that the westernization of the land of the divine Emperor would mean its Christianization. And the missionaries established schools, and many students came when tuition was free.

All instructors, whether in the new schools and universities, or in war or industry, received a larger wage than at home and from five to ten times that paid to a Japanese. And all the boy pupils in the schools were given military drill which outdid the German conscription.

Although all instructors were highly recommended, not a few succumbed to the glamor of the strange life in Japan with its geisha dancers and the charm of its women when "Madame Butterfly" attachments were so easily formed. So these were the first to go.

One by one the others were discharged—always with a sayonara of polite, ceremonial gratitude—as soon as Japanese were supposed, in native judgment, to be able to take their places. And whether the Japanese were or not—the foreign instructors rarely thought they were—they made the machinery go in some fashion. When Lafcadio Hearn became a Japanese subject his pay at the University was reduced to the Japanese standard. Then the relatives of his Japanese wife descended upon him for aid, as now he was one of the family in a land where improvident members must be provided for by the successful member.

There is the story of the old Scotch engineer of a Japanese coasting steamer. He had come to Japan in the early seventies. It was now the late nineties. He had seen the English mates, then his Scotch assistant, and then the English captain, replaced by Japanese.

His turn would be coming soon. But his pay was double what he could earn at home, if he could get a job at all in his old age. He would hold out as long as he could.

When he went ashore it was his custom to take a valve out of the engine and put it in his pocket. He had made the valve a state secret. It was something his Japanese assistant could not expect to understand for some time. One day, when he returned to his ship, he found that a duplicate of the valve was in place; and the cryptic smile of his assistant warned him that his resignation was in order.

The Japanese samurai pride and inbred etiquette combined in scrupulous punctiliousness in all the formalities of diplomatic intercourse. A Japanese must bow as the foreigners bowed, wear the right clothes for each occasion, and he must shake hands foreign fashion, which was very offensive to him, at first, indeed. Ito and Inouye, in their old age, when they had not met for a long time, after they had shaken hands with all the foreign notables at a great function, bowed Japanese fashion to each other. When you consider our own feeling toward the European fashion of men kissing each other, what must have been the repugnance of a Japanese samurai to Europeans who both hugged and kissed each other. So much for those study-boys to learn! So many differences to which they must accommodate themselves in the name of their divine Emperor for the salvation of Japan!

An army or navy officer sent abroad to study, or a

Japanese on any official mission, although he lived on a pittance at home, was always provided with an allowance which would enable him to hold up his end in foreign circles in a generous manner. Japan was never too poor for this luxury which was a patriotic necessity. A Japanese who had an allowance of twenty thousand dollars a year abroad might return to live in Japan on a thousand. This explains why, in some instances, he was not very eager to return.

The Japanese Foreign Office early laid in stocks of the finest wines and cigars for official dinners; and each year the stock is replenished by the best of the crops. Geisha dances and the elusive charm of native entertainments, especially to the newcomer, are further ingratiation to eminent visiting foreigners and to freshly arrived ministers and attachés of legations.

European kingdoms and empires had a nobility. Japan should have one. In this as in all other adaptations all the foreign systems were canvassed and the features which were thought best suited to Japan were combined. In her House of Peers Japan would have no dukes, but princes, marquises, viscounts and barons. She saved herself from the multitude of Sir Knights to which the British are addicted.

A very fascinating business it was for the young leaders, this making over of a country. Integrating it with westernization was not only the easier for all the reasons given, but owing to the short distances from port to port in its Inland Sea and along the indented, insular coastline, and to the short distances for railroads and telegraphs in webbing it with communications.

It was in arms that a martial people first completely weaned themselves from instructors. Japan's victories over Russia by land and sea answered the sceptics who thought that she could not make successful war without foreign advice. This sudden rise of her fortunes, which relieved her from extraterritoriality and gave her diplomatic representatives the rank of Ambassadors, came less than forty years after the Reformation and only fifty years after Perry appeared with his squadron.

I had seen the new Japan when the memories of the old were fresh in the minds of living men in whom old customs had survived. When I was told that I would see many changes I wondered how they compared with the changes of the previous twenty-five years; and how much of the old Japan, the spirit of the old Japan, westernization had left in the minds of the people.

III

AS THEY ARE TODAY

FROM what I had been told I might expect to find that the samurai spirit had passed from the men, who were all wearing coats and trousers, and from the women, who were out of kimonos into skirts and wearing their hair bobbed, as the outcome of an amazing increase in industrialization.

Proofs of industrial progress there were on all sides. But to me the clicks of wooden *getas* on the flags at the Shimbashi station—a sound which I should know over the radio without an announcer's explanation as I would the clink of the wheels of the slip as a ferryboat in New York was made fast—seemed as numerous as of old. I saw no larger a percentage of the people wearing foreign clothes than twenty-five years ago. The business man who returns to his kimono in his house wears coat and trousers only because it is the thing for the business man and more practical in locomotion.

A Japanese, in a tweed suit, who manages a modern factory, may be much the same kind of Japanese as the one who was controller of a daimio's household. If change of fashions and transport meant change of innate racial character we should be intrinsically quite different from our fathers and mothers who, clad in the fashions of the nineties, rode in buggies. The Frenchman who pilots an airplane may be no more and no less of a Frenchman than the Frenchman who drove a stagecoach in the days of Henri Quatre; and the racial difference between either is about the same as between a British aviator of today and a British stagecoach driver of the past.

Many of the stores, office buildings and houses in what had been the old foreign concession in Yokohama, were still in the ruins left by the earthquake. Yet the suburbs had spread enormously. Smoke rose from factory stacks on sites that were farm land twenty-five years ago.

It was the foreigners who had not found it worth while to rebuild. The middleman's business which had once been theirs had passed into Japanese hands. So it was in Kobe; and in Nagasaki, where once a single British firm had twenty clerks in its mess, scarcely a dozen foreigners remain outside the lonely foreign consuls who look across the bay at the great Japanese shipyard which has on its way one of the three new thirty-thousand-ton passenger liners.

Gone are the days when foreign ships did the carrying trade and there were always some foreign men-of-war in a Japanese Treaty Port. In place of the old Grand Hotel at Yokohama with its American host, is the new hotel, government owned, with its Japanese host.

"You might take that for an occidental city," said an American who looked out of his office window at the business section of Tokyo.

There was one passenger elevator in all Japan twenty-five years ago. With the refrain of the steam riveter in your ears the sight of the office buildings of steel and concrete—all having elevators—in the heart of Tokyo signifies at first glance a city which has been wholly rebuilt. So it has been by admirable and astonishing industry since the earthquake. The architecture is a wistful effort, which has not yet found itself, in preserving Japanese forms in the adaptation of the latest western style.

The results are sometimes pleasing, and again astounding and bizarre, not to say monstrous. Not only bizarre but monstrous are the bronze statues of departed statesmen and warriors of the Meiji era in their European garb, a further reminder that westernization has not yet enabled Japanese artists to achieve the western style or the people to appraise their work with western eyes.

If anything would make a Japanese hasten into his kimono as soon as he reached his house it must be passing one of these statues on his way home from work. And once in his kimono, as he looks at an old kakemono or a rare lacquer chest and fondles a rare bit of old bronze before the altar of the ancestor gods of his family, shop is forgotten.

"Have the people the same awe of the divine Emperor?" I asked my American friend as we looked out of his office window.

"In a different way, perhaps," he replied. "One of the irritations of business men is that all the windows

From Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

A STREET SCENE IN TOKYO AS REBUILT AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE AND FIRE

above the second floor must be closed when the Emperor passes and the whole office force go downstairs. No one must stand above him, let alone look down on him, you know. As the Emperor shows himself oftener than in the old days the bother is the greater."

There was quite a to-do in the press when I was in Tokyo about the audacity of one of the new high buildings. The upper floors had a view of the windows of the Emperor's palace, which, surrounded by its mediæval wall and moat, is so majestically and pronouncedly isolated in the heart of modern Tokyo, its pagoda roofs having been immemorially the city's landmark in altitude above the one- and two-story houses.

Even if the Emperor should come to the palace windows in his "undies" it would take a strong glass to see him from the new building. But a principle was at stake. Commoners' eyes should not see beyond that wall. Old samurai were indignant at the outrage of the sacred privacy of the Holy of Holies. The offense to their sentiment was far deeper than if Chartres or Rheims were surrounded by towering skyscrapers. Young progressives and business men who were not of samurai origin said that the point was being overworked by the conservatives. Yet if the Emperor had announced that he resented the intrusion all the windows of the new building facing the palace would have been sealed; and public indignation might even have demanded that the building be razed.

At any ceremonial function which the Emperor honors by his presence people must be in their places three hours before he appears. There must be no cheering. Regulations preserve the religious pre-Perry awe of the descendant of the sun-goddess. The Czar at mass in the old days was not surrounded by such sanctity. It is an oriental sanctity. The Czar was only the divine head of the Russian church; the Emperor is the direct offspring of heaven.

Exemplifying male superiority, the man is the head of his family by the same authority that makes the Emperor the head of the national family. He usually walks ahead of his wife out of the dining room and in the street. Even when she is of the well-to-do classes and she is in a hotel which has chairs and western cuisine she is rarely in foreign dress. She still adheres to the kimono, with its pillow-like *obi*, which is meant as modesty's protest to disguise the fact that she has breasts or hips and that one part of her body is particularly adapted to sitting down.

It would shock all her relatives and draw the ever-effective parental refusal if she suggested wearing a western bridal gown—in which she would lose dignity and the charm of the women of her race—as more to her taste for her wedding than the most costly of kimonos which her parents consider it to be their duty to provide.

When I called upon a Japanese who speaks English well and had been much abroad he remarked incidentally "my wife!" as a woman brought tea and cakes. I rose at the mention of her identity, but he did not, as he continued his sentence—after the interjection—and she withdrew with the low bow from the hips which was the correct genuflection for a Japanese gentlewoman of old. If a graceful western woman tried to imitate this she would have done it as awkwardly to Japanese eyes as a peasant woman making her bow to Marie Antoinette in the glorious early days of her reign at Versailles.

Later, when I left the house with the husband, his wife brought him his getas for which he did not thank her, and her hands were on the mat in her sayonara to the parting guest. She spoke no English. She had not been abroad with her husband. She did not attempt foreign ways.

When I called at another house where the wife of the host spoke English well and had been abroad, her bows were western, her manner that of easy cultivated western informality. It is this class which foreigners often meet. They know how to be western to westerners and still retain the charm which is a Japanese woman's inheritance.

In the streets there is a noticeable change of manners. The hurry of western life does not allow time for protracted long bows. The indrawing of a breath as a part of the greeting is less common.

The heart of Tokyo may have its western structures, but only a few blocks away you will ride for miles in any direction in that vast city, which covers so large an area for its population, and see the people still living in the same houses and buying and selling in the same little shops as of old. These, too, have been built since the earthquake. They have the same thin wooden walls, with paper windows, the same sliding partitions which make life in a Japanese house as private as that of a gold fish in a bowl.

Out of the car window you see the same thatched-roofed homes of the farmers, the same little gardens, the same tough shaggy-maned little horses drawing carts on the narrow paths, the same types of men and women in the same dress—and lack of it in summer—at their toil.

I recalled that I had been warned on my first as well as my recent visit that the old Japan had passed. So it had, the Japan of daimio's processions and strutting samurai. Those who have been in Japan only a dozen years are saying, too, that they knew the old Japan before it had passed. I imagine we shall hear the same thing a quarter of a century hence from foreigners who first saw Japan after this book is published.

In a village in a valley at the foot of a hydro-electric plant—and no country has been prompter in developing its water power than Japan—dress, food, and sanitation were very much the same as when Perry came. People were riding bicycles, of course. There were electric lights.

My friend and I had come in an automobile which was not so strange that it excited public curiosity. But all Japan at the time had less than fifty thousand automobiles, hardly more than an American city of a quarter of a million people. Of these only five thousand were privately owned. The rest were for hire. These figures have more than an economic significance in a land of great factories, bridges, and water-power plants, which has so powerful a navy, and the second largest shipping company in the world.

They suggest how primitive life still is for the mass of the people in Japan. Remove the electric light from the streets, the motor car and perhaps a rich citizen's radio, and a glimpse into any one of the village houses would not have been strange to a samurai in the days of the Shoguns. His wonder would have been, aside from the light and the radio and the motor car, at the sight of the cascade supplying the power that made wheels turn in a near-by factory which had its part in bringing Japan into the family of nations and in leaving all the villages of Japan nationalistically Japanese. For that the Japanese have labored and fought these seventy years. A Japanese community is still the same inscrutably motivated organization of families united in the national family.

The young waitress in the inn near the water-power plant was not born twenty-five years ago; but to me she was dressed just the same, her bow just the same, if she did not draw in her breath; and she was serving us the same kind of cakes, and the same tepid green tea which is so surprisingly stimulant. When she married it would be to a man chosen through the marriage broker by the parents. It did not occur to her to pick out her own man for "love."

This "love" was the thing that appeared in those ridiculous and vulgar foreign motion pictures where, without even waiting on their parents' approval, the couple protractedly stuck their lips together in the course of a long public embrace. Such a proceeding was like the mating of the beasts. You might adopt the foreigners' machines, but not his social customs. This "love" was a thing for geishas and courtesans, and even they were not so vulgar as to kiss. Marriage was a respectable and dignified event which must not be betrayed by the urge of sexual affinity.

A girl should be grateful that she was not so poor that she had to go to the *yoshiwara.* When Tokyo was rebuilt that section of the city which is given over to prostitutes was not abolished, although reformed. Modern Japan does not break with the ancient tradition that admits the social evil must exist and segregates and legalizes it. I am told that the women no longer sit before the windows as wares on display, but the architectural decorations have even a more sumptuous display. Tourists may ride through the streets without becoming patrons.

It is still a dutiful act of obedience and filial devotion for a girl to be sold by her parents into the yoshiwara for sums which relieve their financial distress. When her term of service is up and she returns home with the bonus, to which she is entitled by law, a man of her own class will marry her and she will be accepted in the village at the foot of the water-power plant, or in any other, as a respectable wife.

And the young woman who served us tea and cakes would marvel that a former yoshiwara girl should be a social outcast in a village of the land from which came the Christian missionary and the motion pictures of the prolonged kisses. It must be a very barbarous land where a stigma is put upon a girl for her dutifulness to her parents; and a very barbarous land where a man of her social grade would refuse to marry her on that account when she would be just as true to him as she was to her parents. And in this we have a reflection of how unwesternized Japan is in one respect.

Very, very much the same were those square-shouldered, stocky figures which I saw looking out of the open doors of the passing box-cars of a train which was moving a battery of artillery. By the examining surgeon's decree these were of the pink, the "absolutely fit," the cream of the male youth of Japan. I had seen their like on their way to the front in the Russo-Japanese War and later seen them in action in Korea and Manchuria.

With so many recruits to choose from, in the rapid increase of population, the army divides the men, who are called to the colors as conscripts, into the "absolutely fit" and the "fit." The absolutely fit are cast for the part of the samurai of old. They will be the shock troops of the early encounters and expected to remain in the front line while they survive. Their service is for one year and ten months, or for ten months in the case of certain occupational exceptions. There is a standing army of two hundred thousand of the pink.

The playgrounds, in front of the schoolhouses in the cities and from the villages in the sub-tropic south to Hokkaido of the snows, are also drill grounds where sharp commands are heard and army forms applied in Spartan rigidity. Every schoolboy wears a uniform cap. Everyone in the middle schools has thorough military drill. There are nearly five million men of service age in Japan who have had the elements of military training.

With more than three thousand steamers, Japanese built, on call to carry them it is estimated that Japan could transport in six weeks, across the narrow waters from her many ports, a million men to China, all being under thirty-five and of the fit and absolutely fit. This is one of the reasons—the most potent one when civil construction ends and fighting begins—why Japan's ambition (which is never paraded) to dominate the future of Asia has a sound foundation. Another is her navy which must do more than patrol the local waters. It would throw out a guard to more distant seas which no enemy may penetrate.

The Japanese army is much in evidence. Detachments are seen passing through the crowded streets under the shadow of factories and along narrow country roads. Fond glances follow them in the pride of a martial people. To the devout their weapons have been tempered by holy fire. To all they are the "honorable" soldiers.

But the Japanese civilian rarely sees the ships of the navy, that mysterious supreme power of national defense, whose secrets are guarded by a people in whom what the military staffs call "the security of information" is an inherited trait. Not even the most distinguished of foreign guests, to whom the most flattering attention would be paid and for whom the red carpet would be laid, is ever invited on board a major ship of late design. No foreign military attaché has ever gone up the gangway of one of Japan's new cruisers.

Most assiduous of all the study-boys which Japan maintains abroad are her naval scouts. Seventy-five Japanese naval officers are said always to be in the United States and more than that number in Europe, not as attachés of the Embassy or consulates, but on various assignments, without ever being bothered by having to pack their uniforms in their trunks.

Every new invention which will strengthen Japan's navy, every improvement in a foreign navy, must be known early so that it may be incorporated in the Japanese Navy. There is the story that a Japanese naval officer so far forgot himself as to remark, "We knew about that!" when the German's accurate high-angle fire gave the British a surprise at Jutland.

Perry's lesson is deeply instilled. Its warning of the value of naval power to a sea-people was one with its proof of the value of having up-to-date weapons. When Japan went to the Naval Limitations Conference at London she had sixty-four eight-inch guns on cruisers in being and the United States had nothing better than six-inch guns on cruisers whose only hope would be in flight.

There had been no limitation put on cruisers at the previous conference at Washington. Japan was perfectly within her rights in building as many as she chose. She had learned the value of commerce-destroying cruisers from the raids of the German *Emden* in the Indian seas. She does not need cruisers for local defense. Submarines will look after that. But in war she has followed the example of her German teachers of the offensive-defensive. If the Shogun of isolated Japan were willing that the barbarians should hold the distant seas, the Japan of today, by meeting the enemy far from home, will keep any Perrys from reaching Japanese waters. And this has been the policy of Britain—whose example Japan imitated—in holding the freedom of the seas for the world's other island empire.

But in aviation, both military and commercial, the genius of the Japanese in adaptation has been much troubled. Here was a new thing in the world which, of course, Japan must have. If other peoples were flying Japan must not only also fly but fly as well as other peoples. In forming her aviation programs she adhered to precedent by seeking out the best features from other nations and combining them in a superior whole. Meanwhile, England, France, Germany, Italy, and the United States were going forward in western initiative and inventiveness so fast, each on its own, and progress was so fluid and rapid that it was hard to tell which were the best features when yesterday's were succeeded by new ones tomorrow. So Japan had no sooner learned the latest and started to adapt them than they were already out of date.

This was not the only reason why she was lagging. Despite the fact that she has such excellent jugglers —who carry their skill from generation to generation in the same family—that sense of balance so requisite in aviation seems to be poor even among the absolutely fit. There was much research and analysis in close communion of military councils. Possibly the fault was due to the way that Japanese babies' heads roll about while they are strapped to the backs of their mothers. Mothers must be taught to carry their babies foreign fashion for the future defense of Under Heaven Land.

Application and wisdom, the supreme remedy Japan has for all ills and all handicaps, would overcome the defect. It is not enough to die for Japan, you must work for Japan. Accidents were no deterent. Japan must keep at it until she caught up in the aerial race, as she doubtless will.

Where does Japan get the money for her armaments? The question is pointed by every glimpse from a railroad car or street car window and in all national statistics. The farmer who transplants each individual rice spear; the fisherman breasting storms in all weathers; the mother with her babe at her breast as she hugs a tiny charcoal brazier for warmth in winter; the shopkeeper existing on such small profits; the clerk on his petty wage; the automatons who work in the great cotton factories for a fifth of our wage scale; the students struggling through college on a meager diet—all scrimp for the upkeep of the Army and Navy, whose personnel costs so little when a private gets less in a year than an American soldier in a fortnight. The sacrifice is made in the same spirit that we meet doctors' bills and hospital expenses. It is a family "must," a national "must."

I saw Japanese coolies carrying the earth in packs on their backs for the excavation for the foundations of a new bridge and other industrial projects. If this were so obviously a job for the steam shovels in other lands it meant occupation for increasing population in over-crowded Japan. Spade in place of plow, human fingers setting the seeds instead of the drill, the sickle gathering the crop so no kernel is lost, is a part of the personal attention which yields large crops to the acre in a land in which so small a part is tillable. It scrapes the soil from the hillsides and sets it in terrace above terrace, ever narrowing, until the top one is not the breadth of a mowing machine's swath.

Human backs and arms, of both sexes, are still cheaper than machinery for many tasks. But the Army and Navy must have the very latest machinery. So must the mills if they are to continue their price-cutting which is driving rival cotton goods out of the Chinese and even British goods out of the Indian market. For the honorable looms are a part of the national defense. The looms help to pay for the guns; and the guns defend the looms. Through her economic depression following the World War, Japan's military outlay was never cut. She kept on laying aside annually a sum which would accumulate into enough to build new capital ships at the time they were permitted by the Washington Conference.

When her national wealth is about one-thirtieth of that of the United States and her budget one-fourth

—which means that for her resources she is more than seven times as heavily burdened as we—she has made incredible sacrifices according to the standards of the western nations. Of all nations Japan might most warmly welcome the arms cut; and yet of all nations, hers is the mood, on her record, to spend the most in ratio to what she can afford. Perry started her on a new career which calls for much speculation, and to which I shall add my own thought after I have recorded more of these re-impressions. National defeat such as Germany suffered would mean national destruction for her: and yet no nation, as we shall see, is so likely to be forced to the desperate stroke of war as a hazard for better fortunes.

The temple bells sounded the same in quiet old Nikko. And up the many series of steps, from shrine to shrine to Iyéyasu's on the crest, as many people as of old were making a no less devout pilgrimage. The priests wore the same garb. They were reading the same prayers. The sacred horses were enduring the same monotony in their stalls as their part in the ancient tradition. The monkeys of the neither-see-hear-nor-speak-evil example to that discreet and regulated life of old seemed to have lost little of their influence. As many women as of yore were offering up their prayers to the phallic emblem of fecundity so that the race might increase and multiply the coming generation which were in their turn to become family gods.

Curiously and sceptically sauntering were a young man and woman of the advanced student class. At sight of them Iyéyasu might have considered they were irredeemable by any form purification and bidden his samurai retainers flash their swords as the quickest way of ridding Under Heaven Land of such apostates whose hideously awkward clothes were offense enough to Japanese fastidiousness to warrant any penalty. The man was in shorts and the girl in a skirt well above her knees and a boyish bob. They were the type whom I was told I should find very common in present day Japan; but I had seen their counterpart in Japan twenty-five years ago.

When I pointed them out to a venerable priest that mature philosopher said (as his remarks were interpreted to me):

"A bit of foam on the deep river of national life which the steady flowing current will absorb. In all lands you have a few of this kind. In all lands a few people will be attracted by a new cult, a new fashion, or a new religion. It is a short road to distinction for them. So the Christian missionaries have won a certain number of converts. But they go so far and no further in making Japan Christian. It is not the danger from a foreign religion or foreign modes which worries us of the true faith, but the industrialization in this machine age which is making the people lose their souls and their sense of beauty."

The thought was the same that I had had from a venerable priest at Nikko more than twenty-five years ago. Perhaps fifty years hence some of the young priests of today will be saying the same in their old age. There seems to be as immutable a quality about Shinto and

Buddhist rites as about those before Christian altars, surviving all changes of politics and industrial progress.

It is in Osaka, a city of two million now boasting that it is larger than Tokyo, in which you see ten-and-twelve-hour-a-day industrialism in a vast busy hive of milling concentration and in such weird contrasts with old Japan. Here such young men as Ito and Inouye might see the crowning result of the policy of their conception as the only one to save Japan, which was to let the barbarian cross the threshold in his muddy boots onto the clean mats, bringing with him all his noisy machinery.

From Kobe, you reach Osaka by the motor road which is Japan's boast in her road-building program which is so slow of fulfilment. Roads cost much. They have a right of way through land which might be growing rice. Their building requires labor; but once built the trucks which pass over them rob men and women of their occupations in bearing packs and pushing carts.

Japan's very complete railroad system and her fully developed maritime trade, when distances to the railroad station or to a port from any village are so short, give the trucks only short hauls. Coolie labor can compete with trucks, just as in the harbor of Nagasaki no mechanical loading system is yet so cheap as the old one of the swarms of men and women passing coal in matting baskets from the barges from hand to hand into the bunkers. And gold must go out of Japan to pay America for the automobiles and trucks. The cheapest car costs many bushels of rice or a goodly quantity of silk yarn and many bolts of cotton cloth.

As yet, despite Japan's cheap factory labor, she has not been able to manufacture cars in competition with American makes which pay heavy duties. But Japan will. Wisdom and work will win the triumph. The study-boys have taken notes in America all the way from the factory to the garage. They have learned the slogan that automobiles "bring roads and roads bring automobiles." They keep pressing the government to build roads. Then, one day, great automobile factories will be adding theirs to Osaka's colossal industrial output which she sends to the ends of the earth from her batteries of piers in her harbor on the Inland Sea.

In that foreign hotel at Osaka, where foreign buyers and salesmen lunched with the Japanese as they made bargains over European food and wine, one might say that, indeed, the superimposition of westernism upon Japan was complete. The conviction might be confirmed if you got permission to go through one of the factories, which is not so easily obtainable as one for the study-boys in Europe or America which, as the source of improvements, might be the more solicitous about guarding them. But the study-boys have the argument that they are in the market for the latest machines and wish to see them at work.

Once they have the new process the thing is to imitate it; and once they have the new machine as a sample it is the pattern for building their own. If they fail they are forth on further note-taking excursions. In the inheritance of their miniature gardens and decorative art they are still given to frail duplicates of parts which require strength and durability.

It is strange that the most standardized of peoples in their social life have a touch of individualism, inherited from the old handcraftsmanship which never made two signs or two labels quite alike. This is not adapted to the factory standardization which is so highly exemplified in American automobile plants. The Japanese still import much of their cotton-making machinery; and they still import some of the parts of railroad locomotives which they assemble in their shops.

Away from that foreign hotel where the Japanese business men, who put on kimonos at home before enjoying Japanese meals, eat foreign food—and away from the factory interiors and the piers where steamers are being loaded—you do not even have to go into the residential district, where concrete structures end and the houses are the same as in a rural community, to realize how Japanese are the Japanese even in Osaka. The fluttering perpendicular banners over the street of the theaters carry an appeal completely alien to the industrialism which gives the people their livelihood.

Ask a Japanese to translate them and you learn that they reveal the haunting memory of the old Japan as something that lives in the spirit of the modern. The motion picture machine came from abroad, as one of the wonders of a recent yesterday as were the guns on Perry's ships in a distant yesterday. Few of the pictures are imported. Indigenous enterprise has met the local needs. Japan has its Hollywood and its favorite film artists, as well as actors on the regular stage.

Usually subjects of the films are not of this age. The factory hands of Osaka, no less than the people of other cities, can not have too much of the Ronins, those classic heroes of feudal chivalry. Their "eat it up" of the showman's jargon applies to the samurai days with more intensiveness and continuing loyalty than the addiction of our fans, in a recent era, to the Wild West. The matinée idol of the girl who tends a loom for fifteen or twenty cents for a ten-hour day, is the master portrayer of a samurai warrior. The audience imagines itself back in the days of a romantic Japan before a single telegraph line or railroad tie was laid.

Japan's motion picture directors anticipated the talkies by a spokesman who—as the samurai, in brocade and topnot, his hand on his sword, struts across the silent screen bent on an avenging blood feud—intones the story in a guttural, explosive voice, patterned on the classic actors of the "legitimate." Such a voice samurai must have used to enemy samurai in challenge before the duel. The factory girl may see herself the lady who is the cause of the duel while with face expressionless, as becomes a woman of the samurai, she bids her thumping heart be still.

If western "movie fans" were as historically minded as the Japanese half the pictures on Broadway would deal with the period of our Revolution or with the exploits of frontiersmen and Indian fighters; in England with King Arthur's and Drake's days; and, in France, Charlemagne, Joan of Arc and Napoleon would always be on the screen at some theatre and you might have your choice in the portrayal of the days of the King's musketeers and Richelieu's guards night after night. Relatively, motion picture taste in Japan belongs to our era of Scott's novels.

There are other spots in the heart of industrial Osaka which are as suggestive as the motion picture houses and expressive of another side of Japanese nature which is reverentially attuned to the taste in entertainment. These you enter under the torii, which is the Shinto gateway to temple grounds. There is something very appealing and beautiful in the simple lines of the wooden torii which has the same meaning to the Japanese as the door to a church or cathedral to us. Rich westerners, returning from Japan, have erected them at home at the entrance to Japanese gardens on their estates. But, transplanted, both torii and gardens have lost the real charm which to my mind can not follow them outside of Japan.

In the temple grounds the children are at play all day long. They are dressed in the same bright colors and their hair banged in just the same way as the Japanese dolls for sale in our shops; the same, though these temple grounds were new, as in the temple grounds of old Kyoto, the ancient capital. The world is the children's as it was in ancient Japan. The right of children is to play.

Said Hearn in his "Japan, an Interpretation":

"The general rule is that the child may be permitted to do as he pleases, provided that his conduct can cause no injury to himself or to others. He is guarded, but not constrained; admonished, but rarely compelled. In short, he is allowed to be so mischievous that, as a Japanese proverb says, 'even the holes by the roadside hate a boy of six or seven years old.' Punishment is administered only when absolutely necessary; and on such occasions, by ancient custom, the entire household,—servants and all,—intercede for the offender, little brothers and sisters, if any there be, begging in turn to bear the penalty instead. . . . To frighten a child by loud harsh words, or angry looks, is condemned by general opinion. . . . It is not customary to punish by restraining from play, or by a change of diet, or by any denial of accustomed pleasures. To be perfectly patient with children is the ethical law. At school the discipline begins; but it is at first so very light that it can hardly be called discipline" . . .—and gradually tightens until full regulation is applied after adolescence.

So, in modern times, they will come to their hard schooling in preparation for their part in an industrialized Japan which, with its long hours of hard labor for factory children, is hardly less exacting than the discipline of old Japan. But each boy, though his ancestors were of the lowest class, may rise to be a modern samurai. One day he may own a store or factory; and instead of bearing a samurai blade as the insignia of his knighthood he may ride along the road to Kobe in his limousine car behind his chauffeur-retainer.

Mothers and nurses, as they did a thousand years ago, buy tiny paper packets of grain with which the children feed the pigeons. Except for the soft gurgle of children's voices and the cooing of the pigeons, all is very quiet there in the temple grounds, as quiet as in the home church where you may enter to "rest and pray," absorbed in devotions that help to dull the hum of city traffic. It is very simple this Japanese faith, as are all faiths for those who merely work, rest, and pray. There are offerings of food in front of the shrines for his dead who look down on the worshipper as he pays them tribute as family gods; and little strips of rice paper bearing prayers are pasted on the stone altar in the same token as candles burning before the image of a saint.

Shrines along the path that the farmer passes going to and from work; shrines in the parks and under factory walls, next to the plots of rice which fill every vacant spot of ground—two hundred thousand Shinto shrines in all Japan!

Since I was last in Japan, when the imperial couplet-maker was still enjoying his favorite pastime with his great counsellor, a new national shrine has risen in Tokyo. No steel or reinforced concrete was used in its construction as in modern western shrines. It was built of the same materials as if it had been built in Iyéyasu's time, or long before his, in Jimmu Tenno's time.

The approach is through forest silences over stretches of blue gravel. There is nothing western in sight or in sound in the holy place devoted to the worship of that descendant of the sun-goddess, Mutsuhito (Meiji) of the Meiji era, who saved Japan from becoming a white man's colony if not from westernization. For that is how the Japanese see him. On his death he did not rise to a seat among the other gods as in Greco-Roman mythology. He was of the line of Jupiter himself, not a man but a god above all other men and gods. His body was buried in Kyoto, the ancient capital. But, aside from his sepulchre, the great shrine to him is in the new capital associated with his reign.

Outside the first of the torii gateways is a simple stone basin filled with water to be poured over the hands from wooden cups of the kind that were probably in use two thousand years ago, as an act of purification before entering the sacred enclosure.

"This has the same significance," a Japanese may tell you, "as when the Catholic dips his hands in holy water, and makes the sign of the cross upon entering a cathedral." If the Japanese smiles do not make the mistake of thinking that he lacks reverence or that he is not Shintoist to the core. Remember how many smiles there were in the lexicon of old Japan! Remind yourself how tolerant, in this modern world, a man is of another's faith, and loth to dwell on his own, but how deeply instilled is his own through the generations, whether back to Moses leading the children out of the wilderness, or to the crusades to repossess the Savior's tomb from the infidels, or to the early pilgrims to Mecca.

To my western eyes there was not even a finger touch of the influence of Buddha of the many hands in the dignity and restraint of the shrine's classic simplicity.

It is the shrine of the deified nationalism of Under Heaven Land which has the majesty to a Japanese that the nave of Amiens or the transept of Beauvais has to a westerner. It is the symbol of the past expressing the new era which would not forget the past in silence that compels reflection.

After I was out of the Meiji park I heard a roar in the distance, very familiar to those who are approaching a stadium at home after the game has begun. To judge by the cheering of twenty thousand Japanese baseball "fans," one of the Tokyo nine must have crossed the plate or made a two base hit.

Later, as I was walking through a narrow side street, I heard within doors the thumping of heavy steps, challenging guttural cries. I looked into a room which was that of old Japan, to see a scene which was also that of old Japan, as two youths jousted at the old style fencing.

Farther on in a little park, where the people make pilgrimages to see the first plum blossoms in the spring, Japanese youths were playing tennis in tournament skill, some of them barefoot. Shoes did not matter if they had the rackets and balls. Not far away a woman was making an offering of food at a shrine. Then I was back in the business heart of Tokyo with its skyscrapers, elevators, street cars with their everlasting clanging bells, newsboys shouting the latest editions, and automobiles whose reckless drivers seem to enjoy the exception to rules of children in Japan.

When Meiji ascended the throne and westernization began Japan had not more than thirty million people. It now has sixty-three million, exclusive of colonies, the increase being at the rate of nine hundred thousand annually, although the death rate is still high, nineteen to a thousand. Where is the food to be found if the increase continues when the main islands have an area little larger than California? This is the problem of Japanese statesmen which over-shadows all others.

Japan has never known famine in modern times. Her communications too easily assure distribution. The meager diet of the poorer people may account for individual labor energy not being up to western standards. Meat is a luxury enjoyed by only the few. Fish takes its place for others. The tough bamboo grass, which has so far resisted all attempts at eradication, prevents cattle-raising on any scale and practically excludes sheep-raising. Even goats will not eat it. Japanese diet is weak in the important vitamin that comes from milk products. Human sewage as a fertilizer bars foreigners from eating lettuce or berries uncooked and spreads disease among the natives. But its use is stern necessity.

Why have so many babies? Why the Mussolinian birth-rate model instead of that of France? The racial answer is at the Shinto shrines and before the family altars which ally religious duty with the Japanese love of children. There must be offspring to worship parents as ancestors no less than in China. When a well-to-do retired American, who is so fond of Japan that he makes frequent protracted visits, wrote to a newspaper offering his solution, the words "birth control" were deleted by the censor. The suggestion that three children were enough in a family was entirely unacceptable to ancestral gods. Government policy re-inforced the racial cult.

Is the answer in emigration? Whither may the excess go now after the white races preempted all of the temperate zone, not already occupied, at the time that the Shogun was forbidding Japanese subjects to leave the islands on the pain of death? Not to the United States; not to Canada and Australasia, with still sparser populations for their resources. There the doors are closed, and tightest of all in isolated Australasia which might support more than the total Japanese population.

There is Hokkaido, the northern island, which has rich soil, forests, and water power. Experts agree that it could easily support ten million more people, thus caring for the excess from the main islands for ten years to come. The climate is not colder or more rigorous than that of the Dakotas or the Canadian plains. Yet, with this opening at home, Japanese have been known to look enviously on all the virgin expanses of the Peace River Valley, which Canadian farmers are opening up at the same time that Canada is thrusting a railroad forward to Churchill on Hudson's Bay as a new water route for grain shipments to Europe.

The Japanese government long ago began encouraging, organizing, and subsidizing emigration to Hokkaido. It has taken a note out of the book of Europe of the eighteenth century which sent offenders against its severe laws to the colonies. Judges give likely and vigorous men the choice between jail and migrating to Hokkaido. In spite of this, and all the propagandizing, only forty thousand Japanese annually move to Hokkaido. Many of these return.

There is Korea which has been for twenty-five years under the Japanese flag as an imperial colony. The hope at the time of the annexation that it would be "Japanned" by migration has been blasted. Japanese labor cannot compete with the cheaper Korean. About as many Koreans, some three or four hundred thousand, are in Japan as there are Japanese in Korea.

Korean labor gangs are scattered about Japan. They bring their families. Japanese contractors, buying in the cheapest market, find them more economical than Japanese pick and shovel men. The old saying, that it depends upon whose ox is gored, is having a reverse application. Japanese police have to protect the Koreans from beatings by outraged Japanese laborers who make the same complaint which led to the Exclusion Act in America. Native communities refuse all fellowship with the filthy Koreans who never bathe and have a lower standard of living. In the midst of the confusion of the burning of Tokyo after the earthquake many Koreans were killed by the angry mobs who suspected them of incendiarism. When Japan has more mouths than she can feed why should she be feeding foreigners?

Popular indignation on the subject has continued to grow. But what is the government to do? Its exclusion of the Chinese is as rigid as America's of both Chinese and Japanese. But Korea is a part of the Japanese Empire. Koreans are Japanese subjects. How save face before the world and refuse to admit them? Yet a way must be found. Japan is no melting pot. Japanese will not marry Koreans even in Japan. No alien race may have a footing in Under Heaven Land where dwells the most homogeneous of the world's races, whose sense of exclusiveness at heart westernization has not changed.

Why not emigration to Manchuria? No local laws prevent it. In that vast Chinese province and in Siberia there is virgin land as rich as that of the Peace River Valley. It could support a third, perhaps a half, of the population of Japan. The Chinese are occupying it in an amazing peoples' movement—which I shall mention later—but the Japanese do not go, not as farmers. Many of those of other occupations who do go fail to remain.

Homesickness for the gardens and torii of Under Heaven Land on the part of a people who are so steeped in nationalism and their native customs is not the only factor that leads to their return. Their families call them back. Sons should not go so far away from their home altars except as soldiers at the Emperor's command or to have some part in the rule as a superior people of an inferior. And if father wishes, or the family council decrees, the return, this is more mandatory than is realized by the visitor who sees Japan completely transformed as he takes the elevator in a Tokyo office building, or goes to a ball game, and misses seeing the shrine of Meiji, altar of the national family, or misses its import if he does see it.

Is the solution of the problem in industrialization? More factories and more money from increased carrying trade as more Japanese ships seek cargo in the China and Indian seas and through the Panama and Suez Canals? So far this has sufficed. If Japan can sell manufactured goods she can buy food with the sums received just as England, which grows so small a part of her bread and meat, keeps her larder filled. The study-boys take note of high-powered American salesmanship which they indefatigably apply. The agent of a Japanese steamship company came to me at my hotel to win me to a passage home on a Japanese liner. As I had errands to do about town, wouldn't I please use his car?

No nation has a better reason than Japan for tariffs to exclude the import of manufactured goods which can be made at home. Nowhere is the ratio of minimum of cost to maximum of output figured on such narrow margins in the competition for world trade; nowhere do strikes draw such earnest criticism for their unpatriotism; or is the emphasis of necessity so acute on the argument that it is better to labor a little cheaper than to have no work at all.

When an American buyer places an order for toys in Japan at a lower cost than in Germany this means that all the payment is distributed in Japan; and that the few cents each member of a family, from elders to children, earns a day are spent in local shops. One worker puts on the eyebrows of a doll, another the hair and so on in simple application of the same system by which each workman does his part as the moving table passes his station in an automobile plant in America.

Even as the high-powered, close-figuring, and ingratiating Japanese salesmen range the East to sell cotton goods cheaper than England, they face the turning of the tables on them as they turned them on the Manchester spinners. The Chinese and the Indians are learning from the Japanese, as the Japanese learned from the Europeans and Americans, how to make their own cotton goods. When the Japanese salesman calls for lower costs of production he meets at home the outcry with which the American is so familiar, that it cannot be done with the present standard of living.

For, in the last twenty-five years, the standard of living has risen, slightly, yet unmistakably, in Japan. This has been accomplished in spite of all the cost of the Army and Navy and universal conscription; a fact to which the militarists point as confirming the study-boys' conclusion that Germany's rapid strides in industrialism before the war were coincident with the augmentation of her military preparedness. The favorite military argument that army discipline fathers industrial discipline is much honored in Japan.

Although the rise in the standard of living in Japan would seem paltry to an American workman, with his automobile, his radio, and his beefsteaks, this does not gainsay the fact that the Japanese do have more luxuries, better food, and clothes than a quarter of a century ago. Things that have been so long western necessities have now ceased to be luxuries to them.

Japan has shared the benefits of preventive medicine in the improvement of health conditions. The results of more scientific maternal care and better diet are noticeable in the increasing absence of sores on the heads of the young children which were once so common, and even considered a blessing in mediæval times as "letting out the bad blood." Where the women passing the baskets from the barges to the bunkers of ships coaling at Nagasaki used to work with their babies on their backs, a girl in the stern of the barge acts as mistress of the *crèche*, the mother interrupting her toil at the nursing call.

The same economic circle rules as in western lands. High-powered home salesmanship encourages home consumption. That of the export trade complains at the consequent increase of production costs. That of labor-saving machinery offers the remedy of cheaper and greater production all around while facing the complaint that hand labor is thus being robbed of occupation. So it has been from the beginning of the machine age, while, out of the adjustments, the world's standard of living has continued to rise.

The study-boys are not unmindful of the inflow of gold from America to Europe through invisible exports which have become so vital a factor in trade balances in this age of tourist travel. Invisible exports are one of the prime causes of France's rapid financial recovery since the war.

If only as many foreigners visited Japan as France; if only as many foreigners of leisure, on unearned incomes, lived in France as in Japan! The government has taken up the matter quite seriously. In the ambition for industrialization the appeal of the picturesque Japan of the shrines and gardens had been overlooked as an asset. A fund has been set aside for the exploitation of this resource.

Often the traveller spends only a day or two in each port with side excursions, returning to the tourist steamer, on which he is travelling around the world, to spend the night instead of at an hotel. If he hires an automobile the few roads limit his range. In the interior of Japan he finds few hotels on the foreign model while in Europe he goes to a native hotel where food much like that he eats at home is served, and he sleeps in a bed.

The native Japanese inn with Japanese food, no chairs and bed on the floor, with a wooden block for a pillow, leaves him dyspeptic and with aching bones. Customs and quarantine regulations belie the welcome that he read in the folders. He has a sense that he is under espionage. He finds that a brief stay gives him the feeling of the whole. He has not the call to Hearn's "Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan."

The chaotic conditions in China warn off many intending visitors from a Far-Eastern tour which should include Peking as well as Tokyo and Kyoto. The food the traveller gets even in Japanese foreign hotels is not always to his taste; for the Japanese idea of western cuisine is that we live almost entirely on meat. In the hottest weather one meat course follows another in the table d'hôte at the great hotel at Tokyo. It is government owned, as many of the hotels are. All the employees are Japanese. Any suggestion that western experts, who know what westerners like, should be called in to develop Japan's tourist appeal runs afoul of the "Japan for the Japanese" sentiment. There may be French chefs in English and American hotels, but not in Japanese.

In so intensely nationalistic a land, where there are never enough places to go around, a foreigner may not be earning the pay that a Japanese might earn. This is as insupportable as that a member of Congress at home should favor the appointment of a local postmaster or marshal who was the resident of a neighboring district. Only two foreigners are now employed by the government so far as I know: an English expert on international law in the Foreign Office and a man in the publicity department of the South Manchuria Railway. Japan is doing all for herself, and as jealously as she is zealously.

There is a new type of lord in place of the old princes and daimos. Their samurai retainers are bank and factory managers and foremen; and the masses of their feudal domains the industrial workers. Their power is not in the samurai swords that would leap from their scabbards for their defense, but in their cash balances and safe deposit boxes.

Great profits came to them in the demand of the Allies for munitions in the World War. With Europe's manpower at the front, her factories feeding the guns and rifles, "war babies" ballooned on the Tokyo and

Osaka stock exchanges as Japan found new markets for her exports on the home grounds of her manufacturing competitors.

The call was for quantity. Purchasers, when they might not be fastidious about quality, paid through the nose. And Japan, with her manpower in industry, met the demand in new concerns promoted on slim capital while banks over-extended themselves on loans on the prospect of the war continuing.

It was in this period that the standard of living mounted; that success on a "shoestring" called for further speculation and assured the day of reckoning. With the end of the war, European labor returned to productive industry; and the belligerent nations, in impoverishment, sought only raw materials which America had and which Japan lacked. Many new Japanese companies collapsed, small banks were in distress. In the period of deflation came the great disaster of the earthquake which had the compensation that it gave employment to labor in the rebuilding of Tokyo.

Foreigners say that Japanese companies are given to an optimism which not only disregards sinking funds, but often counts profits without reference to allowances for proper maintenance and depreciation. Among the stories told is that of a man who is making a bare living now trading in beans in Manchuria, but who still keeps a boy in an office in Osaka. On the door is the name of the company which he floated in the war-boom days.

The boy has nothing to do. He is the only employee the company has. Its only assets are in the name on the door. But the company owed the bank a million yen, and as long as the company has an office this amount may be still carried on the bank's books as a loan and an asset instead of being written off as a loss. It is gossip of this kind which suggests that Japan, with her pressure of population, faces an uncertain future.

However, the money made out of the War was still in Japan, so much capital gained for the nation. If the weak went to the wall during deflation the strong became stronger. Japan had an era of mergers bringing a centralization of industrial power which is beyond the present ambitions of its foremost exponents in America.

No two groups of individuals, or financial or industrial interests, in any land have relatively such wide holdings as the Mitsui and Mitsubishi families. They own banks, coal mines, steamship lines, shipyards, and vast areas of city real estate. The actual wealth of either is greater in ratio to the wealth of Japan than any two fortunes in ratio to our wealth. They finance the undertakings that they conduct; they sell the coal to the plants that make the goods that their ships carry. They deposit their profits in their own banks out of which they pay the wages of multitudes of employees who are customers of stores in which they have an interest.

There are some rival families, also powerful, but they only point the growth of concentration of power in modern Japan in as few hands as ancient power in old Japan. And they are families. They are not thought of as individuals in the land where the family is supreme.

The Mitsuis and Mitsubishis own so much of Japan that they largely rule Japan. United no power could stand against them except revolution by force or a public defiance by the Chiefs-of-Staff of the Army and Navy sounding the call for national peril. For their mutual interest they have united on occasion. But, normally, they are competitors.

Japan has two principal political parties. The Mitsuis largely control the Seiyukai and the Mitsubishis largely control the Minseito. When the Seiyukai is in the Mitsuis are in; and when the Minseito is in the Mitsubishis are in. Japan may have manhood suffrage from the age of twenty-five—woman suffrage is being faintly agitated—but the two families pull the strings, and the politicians are largely their puppets.

Premier Tanaka had just resigned when I was in Japan. He was Seiyukai. The Mitsubishis took the reins with Hamaguchi of the Minseito as Premier. On paper the Seiyukai is the conservative and ultra-nationalist party and the Minseito the liberal; but it is a difference arrived at by a nice splitting of hairs. The alternation of helmsmen does not affect the continuity of foreign and military policy.

There was another influence that had a part in the recent change of government as it has had in every change of government for forty years. It was the genro, the elder statesmen of Japan, the wise old men, the nestors of the Reformation. Ito, Inouye, Yamagata and Oyama were genro. They were the final counsel for the Emperor. Always they had access to him. When they told the Emperor that it was time for a

Premier to go the Emperor dismissed him and appointed their choice.

All the genro are dead except Prince Saionji who was still living and over eighty at the time of writing. One evening the word was that Tanaka would not resign; he himself said so. But the next morning Saionji was with the Emperor. He told the Emperor it was time for Tanaka to go; and Tanaka went before dark.

When Saionji passes where will Japan find her wisdom? It has been suggested that the former premiers act the part which has become an unwritten article of the Constitution; that certain members of the Privy Council be indicated; and that the Emperor choose certain members of his household.

But this will not be the same. They will not be veterans of the Reformation; they cannot simulate the rôle of the founding fathers. The last links with the divine Meiji will have been cut. And always the Chiefs-of-Staff of the Army and Navy may go over the heads of the Premier and cabinet ministers direct to the Emperor. The mass spirit of Japan would not have it otherwise.

Those who told me of the great changes I would find in Japan spoke of the increase of radicalism, even of the danger of Bolshevism. I might have suspected my Japanese barber, who was of samurai strain, of being almost anarchistic. He saw common men rising to fortune, even the eta no longer isolated but a part of the body politic. It was a thing hard to bear.

He wished that Perry had never come. More Japanese wish this than the average visiting westerner ever imagines. They wish it as they see classic dramas and the motion pictures of samurai days; they wish it even when the usual polite tributes are paid to Perry at international banquets. With hand on sword, with head high under the ancient régime, the barber would receive the obeisance of the *nouveaux riches* whose hair he cuts and whose tips he accepts.

"It does not mean much to be samurai, now," I said to him.

"Very much!" was the answer. "We have the spirit. It is the spirit that will rule. It wins wars."

There was the reporter of the Tokyo paper who used to come in for a chat. He was a book of information. He concentrated the views that I heard from liberal professors and their students and others even more radically minded. Indeed, he was most candid for a Japanese.

It was a pity that Japan had not such a great Emperor as Meiji who might put things to rights. The present Emperor Hirohito, grandson of Meiji, was intelligent and well meaning, but ineffective. One consolation was that he was superior to his father, Yoshihito, who was a sad picture of divinity to the genro, but left decisions to them as he enjoyed pleasures which were not of the Spartan samurai teaching. This prince who had been reared with such care by father Meiji to be equal to his responsibility was all but a moron, as if further to clinch the argument against environmental influence forming character, when his mighty father had risen out of the enervating surroundings, which, in his natural stalwart and self-contained majesty, he disdained, but from which he could not wean his naturally weak son.

My reporter friend thought that it was time for a house cleaning; that elements which were being neglected must conquer recognition. There was much restlessness and discontent among the intelligentsia. Corruption was becoming too common among government officials. Too much money was being concentrated in the hands of a few people who were getting too large a reward for their labor while the masses were getting too little. The time had come for a more equal distribution of the bounty earned by common effort.

Consider the situation of educated men! When a leading Tokyo newspaper had announced that it had six places for cub reporters at thirty-five dollars a month, half of the thousand applicants were found worthy of an examination which revealed ten times six who were worthy to be employed. What would the rejected do for a livelihood? What was to become of all the college graduates?

In the early days of the Reformation the government established colleges and universities in order to have trained leaders for the process of westernization. Then every graduate of the home institutions, and everyone who had been studying abroad, had a place waiting for him. To be educated was to become a ruler, a samurai. Parents scrimped and borrowed the money as they do in other lands to give their children a higher education. Students lived on a little rice, and made the old kimono do, in order to get diplomas which would open the way to a place in the government, perhaps in the diplomatic service. Sacrifice for education became a cult among a people used to sacrifice.

Now all the government positions are filled. When a vacancy occurs from death the number of applicants turned away far exceed the ratio of those who failed to get the six jobs as cub reporters. Vacancies are almost equally rare in the offices of banks and companies. The over-production in education is far heavier than in population. College graduates cannot turn to manual labor, for they have become samurai, gentlemen, who must not soil their hands. Even Japan is not yet westernized beyond that oriental view.

The immense battalions of idle and restless intelligentsia, being so rapidly recruited in Japan, might have given her government pause in recognizing Soviet Russia, lest her own potential Lenins and Trotskys should strike hands with the Third Internationale in spreading the World Revolution across the Yellow Sea to Under Heaven Land.

Moscow did not miss its apparent opportunity which seemed to appear with the opening of the diplomatic door. Local Bolshevist units were being secretly formed. They were in correspondence with Moscow and Chinese groups. The Japanese authorities did not disturb them even when it was evident that their existence was known. They grew bolder. Still the government seemed to be indifferent.

But it was the government of the most complete of espionage systems at home and abroad; the government that never growls before it bites; the government that does not begin preparedness after the declaration of war but makes the declaration co-incident with the carefully concealed and well-planned blow. And it is the most integrated and concentrated of governments in which appointive provincial governors are the superiors of the local police chiefs.

One day, when the authorities had the names of the leaders and the evidence against them documented, fifteen hundred in all parts of Japan were arrested at the same time. No newspaper was allowed to mention the raid for two weeks while some of the fish who had escaped from the net were being brought in. The accused were given six months to think it over in jail before the trials leisurely began.

When I asked my reporter friend if the suppression of such a sensational piece of news by a peace-time censor was not too high-handed, he said that the government had so directed. Otherwise some of the offenders might not have been apprehended. There was no outburst of public indignation, not even any important criticism, when the fact of the bag was known; and later no urging that men who might be innocent of anything but freedom of opinion were being kept in prison without being heard in court. My reporter friend took not the slightest sympathetic interest in such a suggestion. Hadn't the prisoners been plotting the overthrow of the government?

I found that other radicals shared his views; for I have been using him only as a spokesman of a class. Still he insisted that something must be done for the relief of all the idle intelligentsia who might not work with their hands and could get no occupation for their heads. In answer, Japanese industrial employers were expressing the same sentiments we hear from the same quarters at home: many young men had better be learning something useful instead of going to college.

Certainly a Bolshevist revolution is not proximate in Japan. All who count upon the unrest and the strikes in weakening Japan's position in the family of nations are making the same mistake that German diplomacy made in thinking that Britain would not come into the World War on the side of the Allies or that America would never be able to send an army to France.

Food has been found for all the hundred thousands of new mouths year after year. There is as yet nothing but a faint agitation for Prohibition which might divert the many millions of bushels of rice which is used every year for making sake to food stuffs. Sake is sold from the wooden kegs by the grocers as freely as molasses by ours.

Manchuria is a source of fertilizer which increases the yield of crops to the acre. New terraces are built on the hillsides. Frogs, having been introduced from America, grow to be giants who thrive in the little ditches that water the rice fields and go into the housewife's pot as an addition to the meat supply. Chickens, which pick up a living around the cottages, are patriotically meeting the home demand for eggs in reduction of imports from China. Fishing rights off Sakhalin (Karafuto) were a part of the spoils of victory in the war with Russia. The ever-increasing fishing fleet of steam and motorized trawlers, ranging from the Arctic to the Philippines, brings increasing hauls. Every order for goods won by the high-powered merchant salesmen in Asia, or anywhere else in the world, means money with which to buy food from abroad. So keep on having more and more babies who will become workers in the beehive and soldiers and sailors of the fit and absolutely fit. A way has always been found to feed them; and always will be.

The intelligentsia may grumble that educated men have no recognition. Individual ambition may over-extend itself. Corruption there may be in government. Japanese officials often expect a certain percentage; but it is not extortionate. Goods must be delivered and up to the standard; contracts efficiently carried out.

Although they may emigrate freely to Hokkaido, Korea and Manchuria the Japanese are ever conscious of constriction and negation. They feel that the world has put them in a pen and is maliciously enjoying the spectacle of them trying to lift themselves by their geta straps. Whenever they try to take a full breath their flesh is cut by an iron band around the chest which they must break for the salvation of their country as their ancestors adopted westernization.

"What we might make of it!" a Japanese thinks when he sees the fertile plateau of Guatemala or the valleys of British Columbia or New Zealand. It is a weakness of peoples to find a scapegoat for their strokes of ill fortune and to load him with the excuses for their own shortcomings, one of which, in this case, is failure to develop accessible undeveloped lands.

Which nation presses for the open door for all Japan's rivals in China and blocked Japan's ambition for the political control of China through the throttling Twenty-One Demands? Which nation excludes Japanese from its own rich, untilled lands, prevents Japanese emigration to Central and South America, blocks every opening and turns the screw which tightens the steel band around every Japanese chest? America.

The rulers of Japan may see the situation with the philosophical understanding and allowances of professional statecraft; but the masses of people nurse deep resentment—I would even compare it to that of France over the Lost Provinces before the World War and that of Germany over the Danzig corridor since—of what seems to them the dog-in-the-manger policy of the United States, without thought that it is also the policy of the other great nations in conserving home and Far-Eastern interests.

When the Graf Zeppelin, in her round-the-world trip, was passing over Tokyo, one of those rare Americans who understand the native tongue overheard one Japanese saying to another:

"If we could buy enough Zeppelins from Germany we would teach America to keep out of our way."

"Yes," was the answer. It was not the view of an individual. It was characteristic. All that upgazing crowd would have echoed it.

Also characteristic was the admiration of Germany. The Japanese Army was not diverted from the German tradition by Germany's defeat in the World War. The Staff sees her endurance against the world as proof of the soundness of her military system. Japanese naval officers see Jutland as a technical German victory when numbers, strength, and casualties are compared. Germany, too, had the world against her. She was also in a steel band with America giving the screw the final turn. In German discipline and organization the Japanese find the nearest likeness to their own.

And still the Japanese Foreign Office annually lays down the best vintages of wine and cigars. Propaganda is a born gift of a people bred to such politeness. No distinguished guest comes to Japan without receiving officially directed attention. If he arrives unheralded, the questionnaires of the customs officials reveal his identity, and he will receive a call at his hotel from a representative of the protocol whose assignment is to make sure that he receives courtesies in keeping with his position, importance, celebrity, or the office he holds or has held. Consideration of the same kind on our part would make us more friends abroad.

The heralded eminent foreigners, delegates to conventions, and members of visiting commissions, have the red carpet laid for them to chosen doors by an experienced and felicitous hospitality which is organized with the art which conceals art. Excellent wines served at banquets are one feature of this hospitality which our State Department may not include in its own upon return visits, while our hosts of private life rarely have any vintage except the synthetic. With Japanese banquets, to important visiting delegations, go gifts of vases and bolts of silk.

A group of American newspaper men who were sent by the Carnegie Foundation in Washington, with a view to extending western knowledge of the East—if not (as some sceptics may think) according to the best canons of independent journalism—realized to the full the bounty of previsionary arrangements in a journey through Korea and Manchuria escorted by official conductors. They were met at every station by local conductors who had prepared programs which occupied every hour from breakfast to bed.

There is something flattering about such attention. It makes the guest feel he is a somebody, when he is always officially entertained, as he proceeds from a luncheon given by the local governor to the dinner given by the Governor-General, and always in a government automobile with an attaché of the propagandic protocol at his elbow.

But the guest has no time free of guidance to make a few inquiries of his own. Direct questions to his conductors would be unbecoming in return for the attentions and free transportation he is receiving from his charming hosts. Even if he calls on his Consul the conductor is with him, as if forgetting that in this case a language interpreter is superfluous.

All the wrinkles that we of the Intelligence Section, during the war in France, applied in showing visitors about the front, in order that their impressions should result in reports favorable to the morale of our side, the Japanese have copied and applied with their delightful indigenous quality of ingratiation and companionship which make them as perfect hosts as the old noblesse of France.

The reception of the delegates to the Institute of Pacific Relations was being planned while I was in Japan. They must have very particular attention as they included distinguished publicists and men of wealth. The object of the Conference being to promote international good feeling as the best form of national defense, Army and Navy officers were not included among the conductors, nor did field marshals and admirals preside at the banquets.

As a conductor for visiting liberals and intelligentsia a liberal of the Japanese intelligentsia is the proper host just as an artist is for an artist. The protocol's wide range of talent includes advanced thinkers of the very class which I have mentioned, and which raised no protest when the news of the jailing of the Bolshevist suspects was so long withheld and their trial delayed such a length of time—although here would have been the cause of an outburst of public indignation in England or the United States.

No people are quite so gifted as the Japanese in reflecting your opinions as their own. A visitor may leave Japan with the impression from his conductors that Japan is fast turning toward the view of a non-resistant pacifism. He will hardly hear that in a period of economic depression there was no reduction of the military budget. He knows nothing of the thoughts of the battalion of infantry which marches by, or the thoughts of the people who follow those honorable soldiers with admiring eyes as holding the power that will break the steel band. And all the hospitality that the protocol arranges is a part of the co-ordination whose object is the same that young Ito had in mind, the safety of little Under Heaven Land, which is so small in the map of this big earth, and the fulfilment of her destiny.

The official conductors no longer strain the ears of their guests to understand their halting and struggling lesson-book phrases. Their easy colloquial English is another example of Japanese industry, as the Japanese have not the lingual gift of the Chinese.

Should the guest ask to go on board a battleship, or see a factory which holds any secrets, he will learn how polite the Japanese can be in the excuses and indirections which have the same result as an outspoken negative. In Japan, as in other lands, it is the official conductor, that puppet of nationalism, who keeps people from knowing one another and defeats the very aim of the internationalists. Publics are misinformed about the real views held by the publics of other nations when truth, which includes human allowances, is the only sound foundation of fair dealing and of true internationalism, while half truths are their enemy. Bitterness and enmity appear when the false front of propaganda cracks, and disillusionment leads to the extreme of the complete distrust which, as in the World War, characterizes all the nationals of another nation as liars and that nation's policy as wholly cunning and sinister—a view cruelly wrong to Japan or any other nation.

The returning delegate from an international gathering in Japan who reported, from his talks with the people he met—those high-powered salesmen of Japan's national policy set by the government to speak what were perhaps the honest views of an uninfluential minority—that the liberal sentiment in Japan would prevent Japan from ever going to war, is under the same spell as eminent Americans who, from talks with Kaiser William, thought that he was too good a pacifist ever to set his "walls of steel" in motion. So foreign readers of England's liberal press before 1914 thought England would never go to war. All international gatherings help us to know one another; but they fail if the knowledge is not true knowledge.

The Japanese in attendance when the red carpet is laid—especially if it has a golden border—are frequently young "career" men of the diplomatic service who may be on call to assist the career men of the mighty Mitsui and Mitsubishi. They belong to the third generation since the Reformation began. They learned their English and imbibed foreign manners in childhood. They are bred to the new tradition.

The Japan they have known is the Japan of victory over Russia, Japan as one of the five great powers. They play golf and bridge well; they have no concern lest they commit a social *faux pas* in any drawing room or at any court. They are of the Japan that has "arrived." They take her position for granted as the rest of the world does and must at any conference where the list of her men-of-war need not be on the table, or even in a drawer, but is clearly registered in the minds of the negotiators.

War-power brought the rise of fortunes from a back seat at the first Hague Peace Conference to a front seat at Versailles and at Washington and London Arms Conferences. It was war which has left Germany without even a back seat when the Great Powers confer. No one realizes so urgently as the Japanese diplomats themselves that they would be the most neglected of outsiders—oriental outsiders—in the family of nations if Japan suffered military defeat.

No Japanese are more inclined than these young men of the third generation to slip back into their kimonos at home. Some are wearing them even in their offices. I have in mind one who occupies a great consular position in China. I think that I spent the most interesting half-hour that I had during my journey with him. His easy and very excellent English, his wide knowledge, ceased to appear to be exotic or copied when he was in a kimono which gave him the dignity which it is so difficult for a Japanese to achieve in foreign garb. He was as surely an example of westernization, arrived —and in Japanese garb—as the third generation of wealth at home which has had all that the most correct schools and associations afford, when his ancestor had made his fortune in a mining camp in the fifties.

The masses, who in the early days of Japan referred to Japanese in foreign clothes as "high-collar men aping barbarian ways" and now go to motion picture plays glorifying the heroism and cult of the samurai, only exemplify in their way the feeling of the top. At heart the third generation of the upper class are the most Japanese of Japanese, and so are their womenfolk.

Their inheritances of samurai blades and bronzes and pictures are more precious to them than to the previous generation. They summon back the samurai spirit as a reason for keeping fit by exercise.

When a Japanese collector paid seventy thousand dollars for a tiny cup because it had been used in Imperial tea ceremonies in ancient times—he could have bought it for a tenth of the sum twenty-five years ago—it was not only indicative of Japanese wealth, but it was related to the same sentiment which now puts such a premium on American antique furniture which is not beautiful of itself.

Many Japanese antiques which had been taken abroad are now being bought back by Japanese who will pay higher prices for them than foreign collectors. Of all painful memories which afflict Japanese collectors today, the acutest is that of the shipload of ancient bronzes with which Japanese parted, in the early fever of the Reformation, to a foreign merchant who sent the cargo to England to be melted for its metal.

Nothing is more significant of the returning pride in the old Japan than the popularity of Hearn's book of early impressions of the land which became his writer's and, for the time being, his soul's, paradise. His magic prose—then so little read in Japan, and so much abroad—has now rediscovered the charm of old Japan for the Japanese of today in skilful native translations when it is so unfairly neglected abroad.

But his final work, that of his mature experience, "Japan, an Interpretation," is not so much favored. This was written by Hearn after he had found out that he could not become a Japanese; that there was no welding of his western-born spirit, exotic though it was to the West, with the Japanese spirit. A foreigner he was born, a foreigner he must remain.

Such an individualist—whose individualistic genius, free of convention, wrote of Japan as could no Japanese of the world of conventional couplets—might not become one of the ants in the regulated rounds of the hive of Iyéyasu's fashioning. The culture of the tradition that fathered the magic prose was of the Greek temples, sculpture and mythology, the epic poem, the great masters of painting, and the cathedral, which was unable to absorb that of the couplets and the Shinto shrine.

If Hearn failed who could succeed, or who deny that "The East is the East and the West is the West"? After his pay had been reduced to the Japanese standard, after the relatives of his wife descended upon him to share the royalties from his publishers, he wrote bitter letters which were never published. The originals were destroyed as being untrue to his real self and to his adopted country.

In his "Interpretation" Hearn had quoted Herbert Spencer's letter written in 1892 against intermarriage of Europeans and Japanese as a biological mistake. Children of the mixed marriages of that period are now men and women. I asked about those whom I remembered. In some cases the father had been a westerner of position and the Japanese wife of the samurai class. But Japanese opinion, no less than local western opinion, opposed such matings out of instinct if not from the scientific reasoning of Spencer. The children have, for the most part, grown up as neither western nor Japanese, regarded as alien by both worlds in an unhappy and futile middle world of their own. With a few exceptions, for environmental if not biological reasons, the results have been tragic.

The embargo on the export of the gold, which was the treasure trove from the War, has been lifted by the government now that Japan's economic recovery has restored a trade balance. As for the problem of overpopulation it is not a new one. It was the ominous cloud on the horizon of statecraft when there were only thirty million people in Japan at the beginning of Meiji's reign, no less than when the number became forty million and then fifty million, and than it is today when there are sixty-three million.

Through all the years of increase there has been the protest that industrialization is enervating the old Japanese spirit, hardihood, religious faith and solidarity. Yet while I was in Tokyo I read an item that the wife of a naval officer saw it as her duty to her lord to follow her dead husband to the other land. It did not seem to be an unusual item of news.

Suicide by young couples whose parents will not allow them to marry is not uncommon. They have the conviction that their spirits will be together in no hypothetical heaven of abstraction among the clouds, alienated from old associations where they might not recognize each other although their wing tips touched in flight. They are certain that they will be actually hand in hand in the fullness of youth in their old haunts on earth, seeing the leaves turn gold in the autumn and the plum and cherry trees blossom in the spring.

Harikiri may have passed, but the memory of the suicide of General Nogi, hero of Port Arthur, in order to follow his master Meiji after death and still to serve him in the next world, is held in the same reverence as are acts of great devotion in other lands by those who would not perform them in person.

It seems to be still true that "cut one Japanese and all Japanese bleed"; that individual effort on western lines for fortune and place has not destroyed the instinctive sense of unity.

"I knew it was a heavy one," said a Japanese who was caught in his bath during the great earthquake. "At first I was frightened. But I felt better when I thought that if I died lots of other Japanese would die, too. I would have company"—Japanese company.

Food to feed the new mouths has always been forthcoming; new factories have always risen to give more employment. Leave it to courage and industry to provide for the future. So immortality, self-preservation, the right to live—and to have food in order to live, and to see tomorrow's sunrise—include in this land, where the multitudes are so cramped, the right to have babies.

Let the call come and Mitsuis and Mitsubishis and all their rivals and samurai, étas and intelligentsia will be as one. Let the call come and click-click will go the getas—including those of the youth who have talked against military conscription but not resisted military training—to the mobilization depots where feet will step into army boots and kimonos will be shed for military blouses. One can at least fight and die for Under Heaven Land.

Either Japan must have birth control or the time will come when no more room for the increasing population can be won by peaceable means. The battle cry of the legions will be self-defense which means the right to have babies and the food to feed them. The energy of this busy, ambitious, and amazing people, which is the energy of youth, must be served even as was that of young Rome or young Spain or Elizabeth's England. While it spreads in all directions to take advantage of every opening the great highway of its pressure is across the Korean straits to the Asiatic mainland.

IV

THROUGH KOREA

Those who believe that we may not quarrel with the principle of the survival of the fittest, and that it is mawkish sentimentality to disguise force as the final arbiter of human and national destiny, are commended, if they run short of arguments, to cross the Korean straits and travel through Korea to the end of the Japanese railroad lines in Manchuria. So are those who believe that the earth should be to the progressive; and that it is the paternal duty for the strong to take charge of the weak in order that the earth may yield more to both the strong and weak, and particularly to the deserving strong.

Here living proofs of the wisdom of the view, supported by corroborative, statistical bulletins, charts, and maps, may be cited in the place of conjecture and hearsay. To some observers, paradox moving in paradox's company beggars dreamy altruism into rags of cynicism. Between a land which you leave one night and the land through which you travel the next day there is a contrast between an imperial and a subject Asiatic race.

We may observe an emancipated Asiatic nation's application of emancipation to another, the present day oriental expression of the Czar's reason for holding Poland in subjection without the right of parliamentary representation. Having seen the Japanese win Korea I was to see how they ruled it.

The twenty-four hours from Tokyo to Shimonoseki, the port from which you embark for Korea, is about the longest train ride in Japan. It is two-thirds of the distance across Nippon, the long main island, in the through sleeper that leaves Tokyo in the evening. But the change in landscape is not so great as that of any twenty-four hour's ride in the United States except on our western plains. The hills are much alike. You feel that the trees on their slopes have been counted as are the blades of rice in the fields. There seem to be no idle human beings. From the train which runs along the shore of the Inland Sea in places you note boat-builders and fishermen as busy as the farmers.

The human ants whom Iyéyasu molded, in turn, left nothing to nature. The garden farms, the paths, the villages, were all alike. You ride mile after mile and hour after hour over a delicately hand-woven landscape carpet of the same continuing design. Even the waterfalls are conventionalized. The hands of its sons, through generations of standardized, orderly toil, have made over the land so that it should look as Iyéyasu thought Under Heaven Land should look.

At Shimonoseki you step from the Japanese train across a concrete pier to the boat as you do at Havre or Southampton. Your suit-case is in your clean cabin, up-to-date in all its equipment, as soon as you are. The Japanese hand that brought it is accompanied by a smile which encourages a large tip.

That ferry for the night passage is a swift, smooth-running turbine. My fellow passengers, who were mostly Japanese business men and railroad officials, included an American missionary and his family who were returning from a year's holiday at home. Formerly Korea was the missionary paradise. I should be asking my first questions of those who ought to know if it still were.

For something had happened on the Tsushima Straits which we crossed in the night that must have very much influenced missionary activities in Korea. In this arena Admiral Togo had defeated Rojestvensky's fleet in the Russo-Japanese War. If Togo had lost the battle five hundred thousand Japanese troops in Manchuria would have been cut off from home, prisoners of Russia, and that would have changed the future of Asia more vitally than Trafalgar changed that of Europe. For it would have been the end for Japan, as it was not the end for France. I recalled the suspense as we waited at Kuroki's headquarters for the news of the decision, with no sign of emotion on the faces of the Japanese Staff who realized so well the issue at stake.

At eight in the morning, on time to the minute, the boat arrived at Fusan at the southern end of the bootleg peninsula. Ashore you are on the mainland of Asia as you are on that of Europe when you land at Calais or Ostend. Calais is the nearest continental port to the British Isles and Fusan to the isles of Japan; and between the two channels lies all the breadth of the two continents of Asia and Europe.

East and West—a fact ever to be borne in mind in the relation of geography to the politics and power of nations—the two vigorous sea-bound peoples hold the gateways, as improving communications make the seas narrower and their freedom ever more important to the masses of mankind who live in the continental areas. England's flag once flew over a portion of the continental mainland, but her soldiers could not hold it across the British Channel which her sailors made the moat of her defense.

When England yielded Calais she had a population of hardly more than five million, while the voyages of discovery were revealing new fields for her energy. Japan, in 1904, with her then forty-five millions, and all other avenues of expansion closed, challenged the British precedent by extending her occupation to the mainland. No such martial people as the French occupied the other shore. Geography, too, favored the stroke. The long Korean peninsula has at its neck the natural defense of a great river and mountain regions. It is a roadway to the main continental area.

I remember that sleepy old port of Fusan when the only approach to it was by paths which coolies trod with their packs. Today it is a great railroad terminus. About one-third of Korea's trade passes through it. Large areas have been reclaimed from the sea, retaining walls and factories built. The streets are paved and clean. You have glimpses of Japanese gardens.

The main section of Fusan is like a Japanese town, for nearly one-third of the population is Japanese. They look after the trade and the railroad. No town in Korea has so large a percentage of Japanese, none seems to have been so nearly Japanned. At first glance, even the Japanese emigration policy seems to have been a success, the dream of a quarter of a century ago come true in new homes found for the excess of people at home.

No foreigner lands in Fusan, or at any Korean port, but that the Japanese diplomatic police know of his presence. This is their very polite business as their part in safeguarding the imperial colony.

You cross the concrete platform to a sleeper in a corridor train of our through express type. All our service is duplicated, with the addition that at intervals on a hot day, Japanese fashion, the porter brings you hot towels to wipe your face and hands. To the westerner they would be more refreshing if they were cold, but not to the Japanese. The sleeper, without change, will carry you—if you do not stop at Seoul, the capital, now Keijo—farther than from New York to Chicago, through Korea and past Mukden to Changchun in Manchuria.

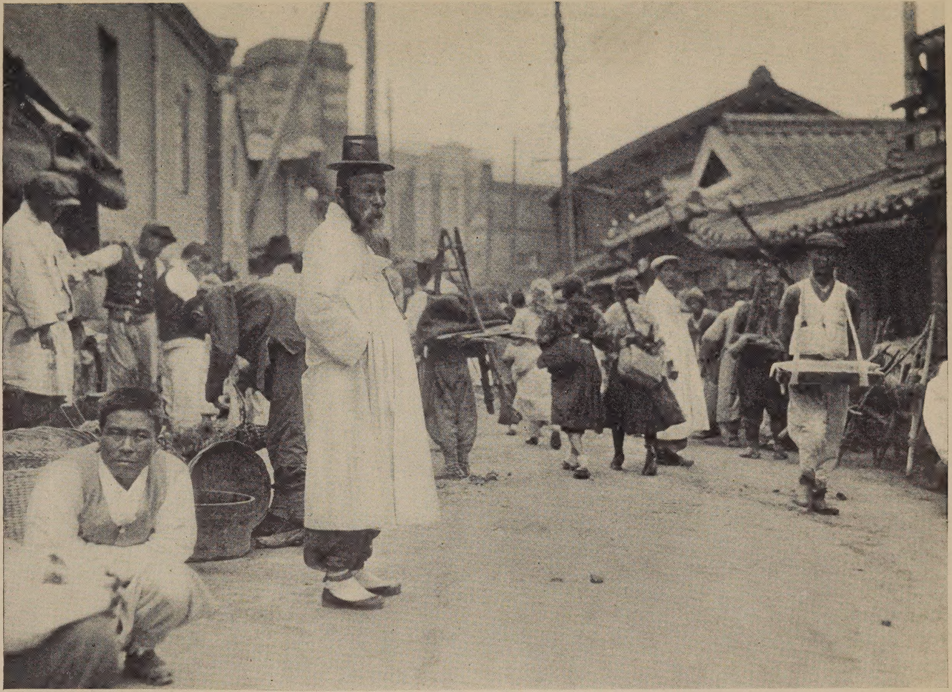
From the observation car, in the morning I was looking out again on "The Land of Morning Calm," which is also the land of all day calm, and evening calm. But the weather is no calmer here than in other parts of Asia. The calm of Korea is human, a cabbage-like, human calm. Manhattan Island, the Chicago lake front, and the marshes where the linen factories and shipyards of Belfast now stand, were quite calm a thousand years ago when the Koreans stopped all progress and decided to rest on the past and remain calm forever. Korea is cited as another example that a civilization can not stand still. If it does not advance it will slip back.

For the pictures from the car window showed a rural Korea which was very slightly Japanned. It is a land where you are never out of the sight of mountains which are more rugged than those of Japan; a land of villages of graceless mud-walled houses with mud floors; of slack and uncorrelated industrial effort; of no charming torii or shrines; where children are not in gay colors and their gurgling laughter is rarely heard.

Yet racial extermination, which the advocates of the rights of the strong over the weak had said was justified if it ever had been in the Japanese occupation of Korea, had not yet begun. There are more Koreans than twenty-five years ago, three or four million more, at least—twenty million in all.

The Koreans are a taller people than the Japanese, but not a sturdier; a lankier people with less boiler power than the Japanese. The masses are still clad in clothes that were originally white. White was emblematic of mourning in ancient Korea. As all the people had to go into mourning for a long stretch on the death of a member of the royal family they went into continual mourning to save tailors' bills.

The male figure walking along the path—so familiar to me—had not taken to kimono or getas since the annexation. He had held as fast in his tradition as the Japanese in Iyéyasu's. His knot of long hair on top of his head was under the same old-fashioned gauze fly-trap hat. Why wash his clothes often when they



From Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

A STREET SCENE IN SEOUL (KEIJO) KOREA. THE OLD MAN IN THE FOREGROUND IS A YANG BAN

had to be ripped apart for the process and then sewed together again? Madame had to do the washing, but as she had to do so much of her man's work, too, her spare time was limited.

He was walking very slowly, with a grand dignity. Speed is not the way to keep the historic calm of the Land of the Morning Calm. By walking slowly it would not take him so long to go to the village or to the station to see the train come in, and so long to return. His long stemmed pipe with its tiny bowl, he carried as all the other white figures carried theirs, between the clasped fingers of his hands behind his back. Behind him marched a woman in the dirty white Korean feminine garb which is the homeliest that women of any nation wear. She was bearing a squash on her head. Probably she was taking it to market for her lord. She was the transport; he was the transport boss. With the proceeds of the squash he might buy tobacco.

But there were other figures on the path even more lordly and leisurely than he. These were the samurai, the lords, the *yang bans* of Korea, the local rulers in the days of the Korean Emperor, before the monkey people from across the straits came again to disturb The Land of the Morning Calm. The monkey people had been curses of the same order as locusts, draughts, and pirates.

In previous sallies they had landed at Fusan; and, after marching about and swaggering because they were so well armed with swords and bows and arrows which they used so skillfully, they had gone away.

When they came in 1904 to oppose the Russian advance on Korea, they had new kinds of weapons. To make sure that they were on time with the declaration of war against Russia they anticipated it a little. This time they did not land at Fusan. That was too far away from their enemy. A force took possession of Seoul, the capital, and made the Korean Emperor prisoner. The main army disembarked farther north for the march to the Yalu River.

The Korean Navy at the time had thirteen admirals but no ships, and an army of a few palace guards who leaned against the walls when on duty, and were always tired. Under an effete Emperor the hereditary yang bans ruled The Land of Morning Calm. Their number increased more rapidly than the rest of the population, for their children were able to get enough to eat.

Taxation was simple, with no energy wasted in devising regular assessments and schedules. When a peasant accumulated a few dollars the local yang ban took all away from him. There was no capital for private enterprise and no encouragement to accumulate it. Thus it had been for many centuries.

Why raise a good horse or a cow when the yang ban would take it away from you? Why put boards over the mud floor of your hut, or a new roof over it, when that would show the yang ban you must be prospering? Why fertilize ground to raise a better crop when the surplus would go to the yang ban's bin? Why let a tree grow up when the yang ban would appropriate the lumber? Every shrub had been cut for firewood until southern and central Korea was treeless and floods swept down the valleys, washing away crops one week and leaving the soil dry a week later.

It never occurred to the peasants to rise and knock a few yang bans in the head to initiate a reform in the manner which started the rise of democracy and free institutions in other lands. This would not have been calm. It was not done in such a really old superior civilization as that of the Koreans who alone knew how to worship ancestors with serene and proper respect.

It was said that every Korean had body and head lice, which are quite different breeds. I know that in following the Japanese Army, when I had to sleep in Korean houses, experience warranted even a larger supply of insect powder than the prodigal allowance I had. Korean men kept one breed well nested in the fly trap hat and the other well succored by rarely removing their clothes.

They were too accustomed to their parasites to scratch; and scratching would not have been calm. The main fear of the men was lest they should lack potency to produce children who would grow up to wear the same kind of hats and worship their ancestors in the Korean fashion. Much fecundity was required as infant mortality was so great. Korean men frequently approached westerners asking for aphrodisiacs.

Yang bans and their subjects who lived along the route were much entertained by the sight of the columns of the Japanese Army marching along their northern roads. The foolish monkey people, the restless young people, who had none of that calm which went with such an old civilization as the Korean! (How old it is and how it flourished in the days of rare Korean cloisonné you may see in the old manuscripts in the museum and in a book that was printed before the first book in Europe.)

Infantrymen with sore feet trying to keep up with their companies in cruel weather! Artillerists straining to get wheels and gun-limbers out of sloughs! Dull, sheep-like Korean eyes stared out of vacant faces at the show. What a very silly proceeding, thought the sheep as they watched the hound pack which had bigger game ahead. What was the use of all this sweating effort? It planted no rice. It made no money and nobody liked money more than the Koreans, especially the yang bans.

But the Japanese had brought the opportunity to make a little money, to the human beasts of burden who took the place of the animal beasts of burden in other lands. As soon as he could walk the peasant child was sent out with his pack saddle. By the time he was grown he became so used to his pack saddle that he went about with it empty, as accustomed to it as a westerner to his coat.

In common with other armies the Japanese had considered the amount of available native transport to supplement their own. The quartermasters paid the pack coolies the highest wages they had ever known. It was another part of the illogical, inexplicable show the monkey people were putting on to entertain the Koreans. And the Japanese found the human transport cheaper pound for pound than they had to pay the Chinese carters in Manchuria later on. In that land where no hand had been raised against the invader, and not even passive resistance, which the Chinese make a high art, was practiced, long lines of the perfect pacifists followed the Japanese columns shouldering the food and ammunition of the invaders.

The Japanese were not surprised that they should; and the Koreans, who wondered why the Japanese should be so foolish, had an answer, in the course of time, which slowly penetrated through the Korean hats and topknots. The Japanese had come to stay this time. Study-boys, taking notes out of European history where nations claim territory which they once held, considered that Korea belonged to Japan. Japanese armies had raised their banners in invasion of Korea as far back as the mythical Empress Jingo, Hideyoshi's having been the last invasion four hundred years ago.

So Korea was annexed. Its name became Chosen, that of its capital Keijo, in the course of the official Japanning of Korean names with which the natives had been familiar from time immemorial. Was Chosen to be divided into provinces and have representatives in the Japanese Chamber of Deputies? Under Heaven Land, in its sense of exclusion, could hardly give the suggestion a passing thought. Clearly the Koreans were an inferior people incapable of governing themselves. They must be pupils of westernized Japan's teaching in progress. The study-boys took their notes now from the British Colonial office. Chosen should be ruled in the same fashion as India. The other great sea-power could not object to that. She should be pleased to see her example being followed.

Japan has had rich returns from her investment in coolie hire for army transport. Interest on the capital invested in the new railroads and many factories is one source of tribute; another is the wages paid to Japanese employees. Korea's trade has been multiplied by ten in seventeen years. About eighty per cent. of it is with Japan; and Japanese ships are the carriers and Japanese business men the organizers. Irrigation has opened up new land; the production of rice to the acre has been increased. Good peaches, which are sold everywhere in Japan in season—adding another luxury to the Japanese diet as an item in the higher standard of living—come from the orchards the Japanese have developed in Korea and are paid for by Japanese manufactured goods.

Japanese agricultural experiment stations and industrial schools have spread the western gospel. Experts study Korean soil possibilities for other new crops. One of the features of Japanning visible from the car window are the plots of mulberry shrubs. Silkworm culture thrives. The cocoons go to Japanese factories in Korea to be made into skeins for American looms. This gives employment to Korean women under Japanese foremen. Imported Japanese women spinners set an example to the Korean women who, as their product showed in the factories, are not as deft or efficient as the Japanese.

Japanese experiment found that a small scrub pine could still get a foothold on the deforested hillsides which young forests are making green again. Moisture is held preventing freshets followed by draughts. The natives may pick up dead twigs, but cut only such trees as the government permits. Landowners must keep up afforestration.

The part of the Japanese is that of rulers and managers. A Japanese is section boss of the Korean labor gangs on the railroad or elsewhere. He runs the banks; he is the motorman of progress. Few Japanese farmers have emigrated to Korea, and almost no laborers when Korean labor is so cheap that perhaps two million, at least a million, Koreans are said to be in Manchuria and Siberia where the perfect pacifist may be seen wandering with his pack saddle looking for work. If he improves a little piece of land the Chinese may take it away from him by threats or force, even as the stronger have jumped the land and mining claims of the weak on our own frontier.

There is another element of progress aside from the paternalism of the Japanese. It is the missionaries. They were in Korea long before the Japanese battalions made their march to the victory of the Yalu. So docile and so downtrodden a people in so calm a land were singularly tractable to evangelization. Success brought a rapid access of recruits, for home mission boards must judge results by numbers of converts which were so slim in some Mohammedan countries that such sterile fields had been abandoned. The missionaries had schools, hospitals, and many stations with flocks of converts in Korea by the end of the last century. They had taught some of the converts that lice were not good to have as their guests, and to bathe and to wash their clothes, and the simple rules of hygiene and sanitation. They had taught mothers how to care for their children.

In this isolated mission paradise, where gradual achievement of universal Christianization seemed only a matter of funds, application and time, sounded the tread of the military boot. Missionaries bred in the town-meeting principle, who had had such a free hand ruling their little kingdoms of mission stations, and had taught their pupils American history, could not welcome submission to authority so highly organized and exacting as the autocracy of a soldier Governor-General.

They were not of the blood which is perfectly pacifist, but of England's Civil Wars and the American Revolution. They were majestic white men and fond of their Korean converts. They saw noble qualities in a people despised as the filthiest and most degenerate of all peoples, who had had a civilization, except the Thibetans. Korea belonged to the Koreans. Korea ought not to be enslaved. And Japanese espionage held the missions in suspicion as an extraterritorial power. But what were the missionaries to do? Protest to Washington and Downing Street? America wanted to be on friendly terms with Japan, and Britain was Japan's ally.

In other days, when the missions sounded the call of distress Washington had ordered the American Asiatic squadron to the scene as a warning of another lesson the West was about to teach to the East that had yielded Treaty Ports and more and more concessions in treaties formulated by western diplomats with western cannon power behind them. If Japan had been as weak in arms as China she might have been told to get out of Korea altogether as it belonged to the Koreans whom Christian lands would not see oppressed and whose evangelization must not be handicapped.

But now the great change in the East had begun. An Asiatic nation had beaten a European nation at war. Japan had more gun power than our Asiatic squadron could command. We did not care to attract Japan's attention to the exposed Philippines by diverting her from her preoccupation in exploiting her gains on the Asiatic mainland. Exclusion was also a sore problem which we were trying to solve with the "gentlemen's agreement." We might write notes, but very polite notes, about the good intentions of the missionaries in Korea, and then conversationally reassure the Japanese government that the written suggestions were a formality.

Mission delegations who called at the State Department, and then crossed over to the White House, did not meet quite the same spirit of altruism which had led us to give the little brown brother of the Philippines an uplifting hand. On the contrary, the naval situation having been explained, the missionaries were asked through their boards not to press their sense of injustice to the point of irritation, which would only hamper their usefulness by further Japanese restrictions.

Korea was now Japanese soil by treaty and under Japanese laws, to which the missionaries must submit just as aliens had to submit to our own. Unto Cæsar the things that were Cæsar's! The way of the early Christian evangels had been that of humility; and such must now be the part of those in Korea. They accepted it.

And they found that what they thought would be an ill wind blew them good. Oppression fathered proselytization as it so often has. If the Koreans had lost their government a new spiritual world was open to them at every mission station. The mission students spread the gospel of how other peoples had won their freedom. The missionaries themselves may not have overtly fathered the movement, but the stations were rallying points of agitation and plots. Converts were increasing very rapidly. It was Koreans educated abroad, principally in Japan, and in Korean mission schools, who inaugurated the uprising of 1919 when the World War cry for self-determination of peoples had stirred many subject races with fresh hopes.

The Japanese government method was the same as it was later with the Bolshevist groups. It was not necessary for the Japanese garrisons to use artillery and machine guns, but there was sufficient extermination of the leading self-determinants to reduce Korea again to The Land of the Morning Calm, and to make the lesson last for a long time. Then, in keeping with the western Colonial precedent on such occasions, the severe

Governor-General yielded place to a more lenient successor, who cultivated the good will of the missions and of world opinion and tried to salve all wounds.

Finding that the route to independence was not by the mission route or appeals of propaganda abroad, many names had to be crossed out from the lists of converts. Indeed, the number who sought not spiritual salvation but relief from temporal tyranny through the missions had been estimated at two or three hundred thousand.

Now the missions are on the firmer ground of their original aim in coming to Korea. Korea is not so much of a mission paradise as it was; but the good work proceeds and in better co-ordination with that of the Japanese for education and progress.

Something has been done to eradicate demonism and to meet the dire need of bettering the sad condition of Korean women. The women of the lower classes are little better than slaves of the perfect pacifists who asserted to the full the superior physical strength of the male over the female. The bride of the upper classes may not have met her husband, whose father chooses her, until their marriage. For weeks after marriage she must be silent in token of future vassalage. On the bridal night neighbors look through any chinks of the bridal chamber and report the incidents to the surrounding group of friends. After a week of marriage the groom absents himself from home to show his wife how negligible she is to her majestic master.

There has been even some progress in alleviating the cruelty to animals. The Korean custom is to pluck chickens alive. To kill a beef the butcher first cuts its throat, then inserts a peg in the opening, then beats the animal's rump until it dies. Thus all the blood is saved. Goats are killed by pulling them to and fro in a creek until they are drowned.

The missions have brought baseball and athletics as well as child care and the Gospel to Korea. The son of the human pack animal, whose muscles and bones were set for burden bearing, may have as springy muscles as any western youth and rejoice in athletic victories over the Japanese.

Christian congregations in Korea are now largely supported by their native communicants. True converts among the Korean peasants will give a portion of their meager income to the church. But the salaries of the foreign missionaries and the schools and hospitals are dependent on foreign funds. Perhaps one out of every fifty of the twenty million Koreans may be counted as a convinced Christian.

A concentrated expression of the most helpful feature of mission work in Korea is the Severance Hospital in Keijo, the capital. In the entrance hall are pictures of the benefactors, Mr. and Mrs. Severance, a handsome pair who look as if they might be the descendants of sturdy American pioneer stock which made the red Indians give way to the superior race. They are the type of American that would pass on western blessings to a backward oriental race. Just as their forefathers trusted to Providence but kept their powder dry they would accompany the teaching of the Scripture with sanitation and preventive medicine. It is a wonderful, even if quixotic, kind of evangelization which envisions the cult of the new race of the West redeeming the old of the East.

Western as that hospital is, with its foreign doctors and nurses working with Korean doctors and nurses, yet there permeates it the weariness of the civilization that had gone to decay and has not yet found the new life for which the foreign staff is striving. When I saw the line awaiting attention in the dispensary it was not easy to resist the conviction that the Koreans were no cleaner than in the old days. I suppose doctors who had to handle them in their examination had become immune to the rich aroma. Surely there is a fertile field for the "B.O." advertisements in Korea.

Foreigners who live in China and Korea are habituated to odors which gag the tourist visitor. The Chinese find that the much bathed westerner and Japanese smells like fresh fish. Westerners have a repugnant personal odor to the Japanese who are the most thoroughly bathed of all people in water so hot that the westerner can not endure it. You might think that the Japanese had the keenest olfactory sense of any people if it were not that they are quite aloof to the odor of night soil which nauseates the foreigner who walks along country paths in Japan in the fertilizing season.

Those Severance doctors who, hour after hour, diagnosed the cases from the streets of Keijo, are surely known of their works by the relief they give. The "How can they endure it?" of the fastidious speaks the highest tribute that can be paid to them when they might be in clean offices at home with a polite clientele. The light of professional devotion in their faces was the true light of the modern Gospel.

In another part of the city is the great Japanese government hospital, up-to-date to the last detail. No member of the ruling race will want for medical care, and, among Koreans, the washed have the preference. Neighbor to mission schools throughout the land are the government schools that the Japanese have established in their paternal and utilitarian educational system.

No city in the East except Manila—where our occupation began five years before that of the Japanese in Korea, which is now Chosen, with so different a program of rule—has changed so much as Seoul which is now Keijo. There is the magnificent new Governor-General's palace built of Korean marble with mural decorations which express the history and glory of Korea as now mated with those of Japan—to the disgust of the Koreans who are educated enough to understand what they are about.

You would go far to meet in any nation a more capable or agreeable ruler than Baron Kodama, the Governor-General, son of the great Chief-of-Staff in the Russo-Japanese War. There is a stone railroad station of which any city the size of Keijo anywhere in the world might be proud. There are many other public buildings; and in all directions westernization imposed from the top is in evidence.

But the Japanese and the Koreans mix little socially except for official purposes. The Japanese live apart largely in sections of their own in all the towns and cities. They bring Japan with them; they raise their torii and set their shrines in gardens where their children play. Intermarriage is rare. Yet abstractly the Japanese would encourage it. Is not Chosen (Korea) Japanese soil, Chosen now a part of Japan? Japanese absorption seems out of the question when there are only four hundred thousand Japanese in all Korea and their number is not increasing nearly so fast as that of the Koreans.

When I was in Keijo the buildings and booths were just being prepared for the All-Empire exposition whose exhibits were to serve high-powered salesmanship in encouraging Korean production and consumption for the mutual benefit of the two countries. The standard of living in Chosen (Korea) has been bettered in the last twenty-five years if not so much as in Japan. The peasant is said to be suffering from too much consumption in relation to his production. On all hands are new things which entreat him to spend his money. He likes to ride in railroad trains as well as to see them pass by. The introduction of motor buses promises another irresistible temptation. As in the case of some individuals in western lands, his desire for luxuries increases out of proportion to his earning power. He gets deeper and deeper into debt.

The yang ban has met the need of the times. As he may no longer appropriate the peasants' earnings and produce, without due action by law, he has turned money lender. For his loans to the peasant he receives from thirty to fifty per cent. interest. When the debtor cannot pay there is foreclosure. The owner of a little plot of ground becomes a tenant. With an average income of less than one hundred and fifty dollars a year the peasant family is usually facing a deficit. Japanese banks profit by high interest rates in capitalizing the go-between yang bans. The Japanese government faces the same problem of enslavement by usury as British rule in India while Japan controls six-sevenths of Korea's trade and her business men cry for more.

Just as the British keep rajahs and maharajahs on their thrones, so the Japanese maintain the head of the old dynasty as the nominal ruler of Chosen who receives a generous allowance. As a part of the policy of assimilation, and to keep up royal form, he was married to a Princess of the Japanese Imperial family so his successor would be a blood bond between the two peoples. But the pair have had no children.

Tokyo appoints the Governor-General. Under him are thirteen provincial governors. Of these six are trusted Koreans who know better than to exploit opinions of their own. Japanese advisers tell them what to do as Indian rajahs are told by British advisers. Villages and towns have native councils, but all their actions are subject to Japanese direction and veto. Japanese policy in Korea is based on the principle that Japan knows what is best for Korea. The Japanese may propagandize their good intentions and point to benefits bestowed and public works built; but the Koreans do not forget that their country is called Chosen and their capital Keijo.

Korean men are not permitted military drill or to bear arms except a small force of Palace Guards. Korea is garrisoned by twenty-five thousand Japanese soldiers, equipped with machine guns, and with airplanes which could reach any center of disaffection more promptly than the machine guns. Back of them is the standing army of Japan and the fit and absolutely fit reserves. They will do all the fighting for Korea.

In the veins of young Koreans there may be a stirring of red corpuscles defying ancestral habit. But what is the use in the face of the power of the invaders whom the natives saw as coming for a visit and to put on a show twenty-five years ago?

The islanders who live in frail wooden houses at home have made their government buildings in Korea of enduring stone and brick. On a hilltop which looks down on the capital they have set a majestic shrine to the Meiji god in whose reign they won that peninsula causeway from the Straits to Manchuria. That is the crowning proof in enduring structures that the people whose worship of their ancestors is the religion of patriotism have come to stay in the land where worship of ancestors is largely concerned with propitiating evil spirits of the departed.

Democracy and self-determination aside, the Koreans are materially better off than they were under their own rule. Materially both countries have profited by the annexation; but the Koreans are as much a subject race as the Javanese or the natives of the Belgian Congo.

Absorbed with her own home problem of over-population, Japan faces the same problem in her imperial colony as its responsible ruler. The more food forthcoming from intensive agriculture in Korea, and the further the death rate is lowered by the healthy teachings of the Japanese administration and the missions, the more mouths there will be to feed. The time may come when the Korean even as a beast of burden may not find work either in Japan or China. In any coming military cataclysm from Asiatic pressure of population the people occupying the peninsular causeway between Japan and China may suffer the fate of the Ainus, the aboriginal race of Japan, as they are crushed between two stronger races.

V *THE ASIATIC COCKPIT*

Northward from Keijo I passed in the sleeper over the route by which I had followed the Japanese Army northward over the miserable highways at the outset of their campaign against Russia when northern Korea had no railroad. In the early morning the train crossed the Yalu River on the steel bridge below the site of the pontoon bridge on which Kuroki crossed his army for the attack (which I saw) on the Russians on the opposite heights.

On the other side of the Yalu is China proper, if you still choose to call it so. At least, you are in Manchuria which, on paper, is a province of China; and the forms are preserved in that it is not Japanese but Manchurian officials who board the train. The one who asked for my passport glanced only at the first page. He did not ascertain if I had a proper visa from a Chinese consulate. A Japanese would have turned at once to the Japanese visa and studied it very closely. If it had not been in order—"Very sorry! The rule!" No palaver or proof of personal importance would have won my way past him until a higher authority, probably not short of Tokyo, had given assent.

I was now beyond the control of a tightly integrated authority, where even the traveller felt he was an indexed number on the wheel of the machine, under the uncertain control of a loosely jointed authority; out of the rule of the Meiji of the supreme ancestral godhead, where all families thought of themselves in relation to the whole, into a world where there were as many godheads as there were families, each taking little interest in the others. (I may seem to continue to dwell on the ancestor cult until I engender boredom through iteration of what is to me the supreme factor in shaping the responses of the Far-Eastern peoples to westernization. It strikes to the very depths of human emotions and interests.)

The Japanese frontier official was doing just what he was told by his superior and all of it; the Chinese interpreted the regulations as it pleased him. The Japanese would refuse a bribe because that was against the orders of the head of the national family. The Chinese might take one because it might help him to prosper as the head of his own family and the increase and security of his progeny who were to worship him in the future. He must protect his own family. The Japanese sees all the families together as a nation protecting every family.

But the railroad which carried me forward on my journey was not Chinese. I remained on the through Fusan-Mukden sleeper; and the engineer and conductor and porters were still Japanese in an advancing Japanese world on wheels. From the car window I was seeing another breed of humans, another racial contrast, not as sharp as that between. Japan and Korea but still sharper than between any two European countries, unless it is between Germany and Russia.

Men were not bearing packs on their backs or women burdens on their heads. The men were taller and sturdier than the Koreans and taller than the Japanese. Their horses were drawing heavy carts over roads in a country of large fields. Four-footed animals in place of two-footed as beasts of burden gave this race a dignity which the Koreans lacked. It put them a stage ahead of the Koreans in economic civilization.

After the Russo-Japanese War, Russia ceded to Japan the lease of the railroad as far as Chang-Chun which the Russians had built from their trans-Siberian to Port Arthur to reach the sea. Japan had received another concession from China to build a branch road from Mukden connecting with her new railroad the length of Korea to the ferry across the Straits. She had in mind the rapid movement of troop trains as well as passengers and freight.

Not only were we still in a Japanese world on board the train, with most of the first-class passengers Japanese business men, but there were Japanese worlds along the line. There were flower gardens beside the government-built stations of the government-owned railroad. Back of the stations were the rows of Japanese houses, government-built, for the Japanese railroad employees and their families. Then, back of their clean streets were the Chinese villages where the cess-pool overflows in the streets. It was such a contrast as disciplined Roman camps and Gallic villages must have made in Cæsar's time.

A figure on the sanded space in front of the station was a visible representative of authority who was unnecessary in front of the stations in annexed Korea. This single Japanese soldier of the absolutely fit stood with rifle at rest, one foot forward in the immovably correct position. He seemed oblivious as a bronze statue of the passengers coming and going. Not one of them jostled him.

He was of the same type as the soldiers of another generation who advanced on the neighboring highway and fought their way over the neighboring hills twenty-five years ago. His country feeds him meat. As he stands, so Roman sentinels stood in distant outposts of ancient Gaul; British sentries stand under the shadow of the Himalayas; and an American regular stood in front of the stockade as young Indian bucks looked him over while old bucks warned them out of experience of the mistake of going on the war-path.

Keep that stocky Japanese soldier in mind when you hear of the traffic profits which her railroads in Manchuria bring home to Japan. Without him the Japanese would not long retain their railroads in Manchuria. He is a supreme exponent of concentrated force.

Conspicuous out of the car windows is another item in Japanese railroad administration which is not necessary in well-policed and annexed Korea. At either end of bridges and either entrance to tunnels are round concrete loopholed forts known in military jargon as “pill boxes.” These are a warning to all and sundry bandits, guerillas, bolshevists or local patriots, who have taken correspondence courses in bombing—warning that the rifle that was at rest in front of the station, and a machine gun, too, will blaze from the loopholes in an emergency.

When we rounded a bend after seeing smoke rising from tall stacks, I thought that I might be on the wrong Pullman and arriving in Pittsburgh, Gary or Bethlehem. Not that these works are so big as our own, but they were a revelation, out of a car window, of the wealth in a primitive Chinese farming region which Japanese enterprise had developed.

Here at Pen-Hai-Pu, Japan, which has none at home, gets the iron ore for the steel for everything from bridges, rails and cruisers to the sentry's bayonet. Elsewhere in Manchuria, at Fushun, is one of the world's greatest collieries where Japan takes out coal from the face of a mountain as stone from a quarry without having to sink pits.

At Mukden, capital of Manchuria, where the Korean branch joins the main line of the South Manchurian railroad, I broke my journey. When I asked how far the local Japanese concession extended, the answer of an American resident was, "Where the modern brick buildings end."

I had last seen Mukden in 1905 as a mud-logged Chinese city which the Japanese won in the battle that took its name. Since then the islanders had laid out an island city on its outskirts.

The page out of their notebooks which applied evidently referred to the L'Enfant plan of Washington. In the center of the circular park, from which the streets radiate, is a stone obelisk in honor of the victory over the Russians. If this is not reminder enough of how it happened that Japan is very much present in Mukden a monolith in the form of a huge bronze shell is in a soldier memorial park at the end of one of the main streets.

But that was in the past. The present is in the same type of government buildings as in the capital of Korea. It is in the new hotel with its grill room, banquet hall, salon, writing rooms and modern service looking across to the Japanese hospital and Japanese post-office. In this little world Japanese authority is as supreme as in Tokyo or Keijo; but beyond it and the railroad line, the War Lord, Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang, rules the vast province of Manchuria.

Chang Hsueh-liang was lucky and also unlucky in his father, Chang Tso-lin, who was the richest man in China. Having started without a cent old Chang made sixty million dollars. But young Chang is unlucky in certain inherited risks which require a strong body-guard and barbed wire around the family mansion. His future is related to the fluctuations of Chinese politics which were acutely typified in the bomb that finished his father.

Old Chang began his career by springing out of the tall corn upon villages and passing merchants as a self-appointed tax collector. He was a little man, but very, very forceful and very adroit. He had a personality to win a following; and he had vision.

When he put his band of irregulars at the service of the Japanese in their war with Russia he chose the winner. With so good a start under such a strong patronage, he kept on with his expansion and mergers, reducing overhead and putting banditry on a business basis. Before he was forty, in 1911, all competition was broken. He was master of all Manchuria, which had twenty-two million people and an area equal to that of Texas and the New England States together. The public treasury became his private purse. His experience as a tax collector was serving him in a broader field.

As congress, he made the laws; as the courts, he judged them; and with his army he enforced them. As the boss bandit, he made it very clear that private banditry was now out of fashion. Popularly known as War Lord, he took for himself the title of Marshal of Manchuria. "Czar" might have been more appropriate, but that would have been inconsiderate of the republic of China of which Manchuria is a part.

A humble, apologetic little man when he met foreigners, his way with strong malcontents was to cut off their heads. Weaker ones he kept in jail on a little rice and water until they became loyal.

The Japanese, in view of their rich leases and profitable railroad in Manchuria, were glad to have so definite a head to deal with. The more the Japanese developed Manchuria the more money it made for Chang.

War Lords in other parts of China envied his sinecure; but they thought that his success was not so much due to superior talents as to treasure trove cast up at his door. He had never known the meaning of first-class business competition.

They had proof of this view when Chang moved his army south to the main arena to take a hand in the battle royal of other generals in the free-for-all of the Chinese civil war. But the generals who were sworn to operate on his flank as allies struck him in flank. Such changes of mind are a part of the fluctuations of Chinese politics.

Instead of making money on his venture he had spent a lot in a region where pickings were slender. In common with many a local magnate who had had a fling on the big exchange, he realized the value of sticking to his own business; but he brought home all the available railroad rolling stock in North China as one item of compensation.

When finally, out of the years of chaos in the rest of China, the Nanking crowd came out on top—where they still are at the present writing—Chang Tso-lin was polite to this foreign power which he, in common with other powers, recognized. But he served the old bandit notice of rival to rival—such as rival bootlegger gangs serve—that the Nanking gang must keep out of his preserves. He would share the income from his czardom with no outsider. And let Nanking remember that he had the huskiest and best-drilled army with the best arsenal of any war lord.

He would be the benevolent magnate, do something for the people just as great foreign magnates were doing. He built a university, put down some stretches of asphalt streets in his capital of Mukden. Even this was not alienating the investment from the family. All the improvements were his; everything in his marshalcy, which the Japanese did not own, was his.

His bodyguard was with him, as it always was, when someone who knew explosives well and had access to the most potent kind, such as armies and mines have in store, exploded a bomb from a railroad crossbeam exactly over his car as the train passed. Suggestions, in the salons of intrigue, as to the identity of the assassin, did exclude King George and the missionary bishops of China, but included pretty much everybody else.

Nanking gossip whispered that some overzealous Japanese plotter was responsible, as old Chang was getting restless under Japanese tutelage and young Chang might be more pliable. Tokyo made no countercharges. It is not Tokyo's way to indulge in wild talk. But the event was said to have had a part in leading to a cabinet crisis in Japan which forced Premier Tanaka's resignation.

All old Chang's possessions, including Manchuria, fell to young Chang as the family heir. His father had had the son trained as befitted a crown prince who must hold his kingdom by force and guile. Young Chang went to military school, attended military manœuvers in Japan, and fought as an officer in his father's wars. At twenty-three he commanded a brigade and at twenty-four an army corps.

To visit Manchuria and not meet him would be like visiting Italy without meeting Mussolini, Turkey without meeting Kemel Pasha, and Persia without meeting the Shah. I had the pleasure. As it was then the dry season an automobile, instead of a riding horse, was recommended.

Passing out of the area of paved streets of the Japanese concession I came to sloughs between stretches of asphalt which old Chang had made. In the suburbs the car careened in the ruts left by farmers' carts. Finally, when we were in sight of the new university, which was still unfinished, the foreign house in a grove of old trees opposite the golf course where the Marshal plays, was the very welcome end of our journey. That golf course was not inviting; but there was assurance that when the Marshal drove off there would be silence, and ample guards would see to it that a bomb did not create an unexpected trap on a fairway.

In the hall of his house a Chinese retainer took my card. He passed it to another who appeared. This one, in turn, passed it to another who appeared and then disappeared. Then, still another returned with the card in his hand and ushered me into the reception room.

Anticipations of old teakwood tables, old porcelains, and Chinese paintings were somewhat rudely dispelled by furnishings in the latest European decorative fashion, engaged in such a battle royal in coloring that I was prepared for the entrance of a bumptious man in a yellow, scarlet, and green full dress uniform, his breast plated with medals. Instead I was to meet a tall, slender youth in a soft-toned military tunic. He was not wearing a single decoration or any insignia of rank.

The War Lord of Manchuria need display neither in order to impress his subjects with his high position.

His hair was brushed straight back in the fashion of modern youth. His complexion is a light olive; he has the high cheek bones and high nose of the warrior Mongolian strain. He would have been very much the easy-mannered prince if his beady eyes had not been continually shifting back and forth as though on the watch for gift packages which contained high explosives.

Father invested a part of the family fortune abroad, and son might easily have a comfortable exile. But there is the game. He may not like his job, but he is tied to it and his own "get-away" might not be so easy unless he assured the get-aways of his numerous retainers from the wrath of his successor.

They rejoice when he orders an execution of a political enemy or sends one to jail. This suggests that he is not so weak as reported. Alternately listening to advice and plots allows his sense of humor little for play. That he has one was evident in his appreciation of the joke when I mentioned to him that in becoming a marshal while he was yet so young he was luckier in his father than some officers of our own army who were still colonels at sixty.

At the time I met him young Chang had reason to be sore perplexed. He was uncertain whether or not he was at war; and if he were not yet at war, uncertain whether or not he was about to go to war. Two months ago the world public had located Harbin on the map as the newspapers spread their headlines in anticipation of coming battles between the Chinese and Soviet-Russian Army for the control of the Chinese Eastern railroad.

The Chinese Eastern runs across northern Manchuria from the eastern to the western border of Soviet Siberia, and through Harbin. It includes the branch from Harbin to Chang-Chun, the end of the Japanese South Manchurian line. The branch is the connecting link with the Soviet's trans-Siberian. This route takes the mails from China and Japan to Europe. Europeans in the Far East find it a quicker way of reaching home, if less comfortable than across the Pacific, the United States, or Canada, and then across the Atlantic.

Money from the French peasants' stockings, which they loaned to Russia, had built the Chinese Eastern through the local financing of the powerful Russo-Chinese Bank in the days of Russian dominance in Manchuria. But that little obligation was wiped off in a way they have in the East on some occasions even when there are not the excuses of the Russo-Japanese and World Wars as in this instance.

After the World War, when the Soviets were renegades from whom the Allies would deliver the White Russians, Japan, as one of the Allies, thought it was entitled, as its part of the spoils of Allied victory, to extend the terminus of the South Manchurian as far as Harbin. But China, too, had also declared war on the Central Powers. She had not been able to make munitions or to send troops to the French front, but she had sent a multitude of coolie laborers who had received good wages. Then, too, the railroad was Russian property; and the hope was still strong that Soviet control would soon be overthrown. Manchuria was a part of China. Japan's authority there was limited to the railroad lease which she had taken over from Russia and had extended for ninety-nine years. It was not well that she should get a still stronger grip on China, further intrench herself against the check of Russia's possible advance to the sea.

So all the Chinese Eastern was turned over to mutual Chinese and Russian control. The new management had no worry about meeting the interest on bonds or paying dividends to stockholders. It was useless for French investors—who had subscribed to the old Russian loans which the Soviets had repudiated—to protest when the Chinese Eastern was freed of any capital charges for its building. All earnings beyond the cost of upkeep and maintenance were net profits. These should amount to twenty or thirty million dollars a year. Who was to get the profits? China needed money, and so did Russia. Their recent conduct of affairs had not been inducive to overflowing treasuries.

Under the terms of the treaty, as finally arranged, the President of the Chinese Eastern was a Chinese, and the Vice-president and General Manager was a Russian. Ten directors, who were to be the controlling power in policy, were equally divided between the two races. No business could be done without a quorum of seven. None of the five Russian directors ever attended a directors' meeting. So the Russian manager, as an autocrat, ran the railroad. Shippers, including many Chinese merchants, preferred that he should.

The Russians had had more experience in railroading than the Chinese. They learned their lessons from the apprentices whom Prince Hilkof, founding head of the Czar's railroad systems, had sent to America to work in locomotive factories and on our lines, following his own example as a pioneer. The Prince was so Americanized that he wore a chin-whisker of the Uncle Sam type. The tradition which he established had not been altogether extinguished during the Revolution. It was still superior to that of the Chinese, as I was to learn later when I crossed China on railroads under Chinese management.

Of course, the Japanese also could have managed the railroad much better than the Chinese. So they could all the railroads in China, and there is no reason to suppose that they would refuse the task which the other Powers are determined that they shall never have. Whether they will have it or not is linked up with the future of China, of all Asia, and the world.

The Chinese and Russians divided some forty million dollars of the Chinese Eastern reserves, which left them only the profits in the future from year to year. The amount of the profits was dependent upon how much of the cost of upkeep and maintenance went to individual graft. In this the Russian management gave the Russian an advantage over Chinese interests who complained that far too large a percentage of the employees were Russians.

Such profits as were officially remitted did not go to the Chinese Nationalist government. For the railroad was not in one of the provinces it controlled, although nominally it owned half of the railroad which was as much of a national asset on paper as is the Panama Canal of the government of the United States. The Marshal of Manchuria thought that he had first call on the profits.

But the railroad was actually in the two northern provinces of Manchuria proper. Their local war lords, who were lieges of young Marshal Chang, thought they had the first lien on the squeeze, though young Chang's father, the founder of the bandit autocracy, might have shown them they were in error by methods of which he was so adroit a master. Young Chang's henchmen were complaining that certain other grafters were robbing him of tribute that should be his. It was considered a sign that he had not inherited his father's strength that he did not put a stop to this thieving. But it was said that he feared the powerful men who were behind it.

Weary of seeing the goose laying the golden eggs so slowly, local Chinese authorities raided the Soviet Consulate in Harbin. There they found evidence which was their warrant for ensuing action. Whether it was real or forged—as some people charge—they produced a documentary exhibit of organized propaganda through the Soviet consular service in China to Bolshevize China. So Chinese soldiers, that is the soldiers of the local war lord, took possession of the railroad offices by force and threw out the Russian manager and three thousand Russian employees and substituted Chinese in their place. Young Chang knew nothing of this until it happened.

What would be the Soviets' response? They had a good case in the outrage on the Consulate and in attacks on Soviet citizens. Normally, punitive columns might be expected to be soon on the march. It was on this hypothesis that the newspapers heralded the battles to come in a war between China and Russia. The Kellogg Pact was invoked for its test in this world crisis. One day Berlin, and the next Washington, was said to have arranged peace. Ambitious European foreign ministers realized that here was an opportunity to play a part.

Meanwhile, China is China, as the old China hand says; and, moreover, Soviet Russia is Soviet Russia. The two capitals that seemed to be little disturbed were Nanking and Moscow. The Soviet border troops began a sportive sort of banditry as a substitute for war. They raided and shelled towns and then withdrew.

And, meanwhile, Nanking had realized its diplomatic and political opportunity. Manchuria was in China; and the Chinese Nationalist government would let the world and home folks know that it was in control of Manchuria by speaking up in strong terms that China would defend herself to the last ditch. This capitalized in China's favor European and American opinion against the Soviets; and served against the Chinese Communist Left which, with secret Russian support, was aiming to throw out the party in control in Nanking.

It was comforting to Nanking to see the truculent Marshal of Manchuria in a box. He might be further squeezed into paying some tribute to the Nationalist government or it might even get control of Manchuria. Nanking talked—when it had none to send—of aiding young Chang's local army with nationalist troops. It sent him generals and diplomats as advisers.

Its volunteer forces of propagandists, who settled in Mukden, began pouring out stories of Russian outrages on helpless Chinese villages with a prodigality which indicated that they had no further lessons to learn from Europe in this respect. Soviet propagandists replied in kind. Never was there a war with so many words in ratio to the number of casualties. The late Admiral Robley D. Evans used to say that in the future we might save bloodshed in deciding international issues by having two enemy fleets bombard each other with sponges loaded with ink. The most smudged of the two would be the loser.

Victory to the side that can produce the largest volume of propaganda, with marks for superior imaginativeness, may be a future adaptation of the Admiral's suggestion, now that the radio adds the eloquence of the spoken to that of the written word. The propagandic chief-of-staff would have singers for his corps commanders and orators for his division commanders.

For some weeks, as critics of the Kellogg Pact saw their judgment vindicated, the world took the "war" quite seriously. It was serious to young Chang at the time I met him. His politeness to the generals and diplomats from Nanking had a frosty touch. He was too well-trained in his father's tradition, too clever a Chinese, not to know that they were busy intriguing with the malcontents in his own fief who were trying to dethrone him. He knew no Nationalist troops would be sent to assist him. If there were, he might have to fight them as well as the Soviets. However big the war became and however long it lasted, it was his war. He would have to do all the fighting against the Soviets and pay the bills out of his private treasury.

The day after I saw him crowds of people, including young Chinese women dressed in white, were marching the streets under banners of "Down with Russia!" to cheer the departure of fifteen thousand of his troops on fifteen troop trains to the "front."

The troops were not of the absolutely fit or the fit, or even the average of the sturdy Manchurian peasantry which is such a reservoir of possible soldiery. Young boys were mixed among them. They were sloppy-looking compared to the Japanese sentry at the railroad stations who watched them stolidly without revealing his secret amusement.

Without gas masks they were going against the Soviets who had gas. The Russians had tanks and planes and they had none. It was not certain that young Chang's arsenal could supply them with enough rifle ammunition. They would be in for a beating if the Soviets struck them in earnest. So it happened that when the Soviets made their advance it ended the military comedy as young Chang, and Nanking, too, consented to reversion to Russian management.

When I had last been in Manchuria the only native soldiery I saw in the land, which the Russian and Japanese armies were using for their cockpit, were the irregulars that old Chang had recruited from among the bandits. Old Chang had surely learned a military lesson, from association with the Japanese Army, as to how to defend his private treasury and private province. The wonder to me was that fifteen thousand Chinese soldiers in modern uniforms with modern arms could be dispatched on fifteen troop trains anywhere in China.

The embarrassing thing to young Chang, which he felt deeply, was that the Japanese would not allow them to move on the South Manchurian Railway in his own province unless they paid for their transport. So he moved them on his own system of local railways.

"There is an idea," said young Chang, "that the Chinese and Japanese are much alike. They are not. That is one of the difficulties in our relations. The Japanese are always asking that we co-operate with them. But their idea of co-operation is that we do what they tell us."

The Koreans have the same experience about the Japanese appeal for assimilation. The Japanese would do all the assimilating. Where, in Korea, Japan's position is established by annexation, in Manchuria it is that of a guest who is making himself the master of the house against the host's wishes.

How thoroughly Japan has her hand on sources of information from the coast of Japan through Asia to Europe was illustrated in this railroad war. Tokyo was even less disturbed than Moscow about it; for it seemed to have known just what Moscow was thinking and was a party to none of the gestures of foreign offers of arbitration when its own policy was best served by letting the crisis run its course to the foreseen end. Equally undisturbed was the office of the Japanese Consul-General in Mukden. His is the most important post in Manchuria except that of the President of the South Manchurian Railway. Well-mannered diplomats who know their routine may pass muster for other countries, but a consular post in China requires the best brains at Tokyo's command, particularly at Mukden, where the consul's part is that of a pro-consul without titular authority.

Great interests and their expansion must be safeguarded without incurring the offense of foreign powers or starting unnecessary ructions with Nanking which will injure trade elsewhere in China—when to that cry of "Down with Russia!" the crowds which saw young Chang's soldiers off to the front would add with equal fervor, "Down with Japan!" if it were not for the presence of the Japanese sentry at the railroad station.

Behind him is the whole Japanese Army. So fast could Japan step battalions up along its railroad system, with supplies and munitions in store for them, that in four or five days she could have in northern Manchuria an army larger than that of the young Marshal and the Soviets combined. That sentry drew the borders of the arena beyond which neither Soviet nor Chinese soldiers must pass if they made real war.

Mukden is on the main line of the South Manchurian Railway, that spinal cord of the great province, which is the most paying investment owned by the Japanese government. Its presidency changes with the change of governments in Tokyo. When the Minsei are in he is a Minseito, and when the Seiyukai are in he is Seiyukai. The mighty industrial and banking powers of the Mitsuis and Mitsubishis are concerned when not all the shares of the S.M.R. are government owned. A certain number of shares were allotted for private distribution. These are mostly in the hands of the Mitsuis and Mitsubishis.

A night's ride in the sleeper from Mukden brings the passenger to the Darien that was once the Russian Dalny. Here the Russian advance from distant Moscow reached its goal. Here, in the flush days when corruption fed on optimism and the license of force with a free hand, Russia built Dalny as the commercial port near her fortress of Port Arthur which was to be her Gibraltar of the East for her dominion over China.

After Port Arthur yielded to the Japanese charges and Dalny was theirs the Japanese renamed it Darien. They had taken over the Russian lease of the Liaotung peninsula which commanded the very gateway of all Manchuria. Its control was equivalent to that of Boston harbor or San Francisco harbor in relation to its hinterland. Port Arthur, which once bristled with guns, is no longer heavily defended. A shell of its former self, its old Russian buildings, like those at Darien, are a reminder of lives and rubles wasted in an imperial dream. Japan, with her strong navy to protect the crossing of her troops, sees her defense of her Manchurian stake in mobile army action in the interior.

The slopes of the hills have been afforested with pines. Dalny has magically grown into a city of three hundred thousand people, with modern piers, banks, hotels, and offices, and impressive government buildings. Here the Chinese prosper under stable conditions of law and order. Here Japan's vested interest in Manchuria speaks in concentrated urban power and authority. Dalny is second only to Shanghai among Chinese ports in its amount of trade.

Japanese propaganda has an easy task in Manchuria, as it hastens a smiling guide to greet the traveller. It has neither to explain nor to excuse, unless the legal right to Japan's presence is mentioned. The conducted visitor, to coal mines, iron works, or factories, to parks, banks, or government buildings, after his luncheon at a modern hotel, is asked only to see for himself the contrast of Japanese progress and organization with Chinese backwardness and inchoate individualism.

In 1905 the late Edward H. Harriman, the American railroad magnate, supposed he had made an arrangement by which he would get the management of the South Manchurian Railway after it was turned over by the Russians. The Japanese had a second thought, a lucky one for them as they now realize.

They may charge what it will bear on the traffic of that rich country. Going and coming, the S.M.R. gets the freight. Four million tons of soy beans and soy bean products go out every year. Japanese factories press out their oil, which serves all the purposes of cottonseed oil. They make a soy bean flour that sells for bread in Europe, and a by-product which is fertilizer for Japanese farms. Manchuria also exports large quantities of dogskins to make fur pieces, and quantities of peanuts, and of sheep's intestines which are used as casings for American "hot dogs."

American railroad managers may envy a railroad which may raise its rates without the consent of an interstate commerce commission. The operating cost of the S.M.R. is the lowest in the world, 32 per cent. Out of $118,000,000 gross there is a profit of $81,000,000, including $18,000,000, out of the coal mines.

The net profit is $42,000,000 after all the new construction is allowed for out of income. Bonds are not floated for the new hospitals, hotels, harbor works, and for cutting grades and bends, and the completion of the double tracking from Chang-Chun to Darien. Every bit of rock laid for ballast, every spike driven, every new station built, every factory, every yen invested, is an added reason why Japan will not yield her hold on Manchuria.

Taking notes from foreign precedents in this as in other things, the study-boys of the race that is convinced of its superiority, and offers these proofs to the world, may ask if, by the standards of the industrial age, it has not a right to remain? Should it be denied the privilege of further expansion and development?

Old Chang had all but agreed to a Japanese concession for a new railroad line to Fushun, the port of northeastern Korea which would open up Eastern Manchuria; but he turned coy, and his son, the young Marshal, remains of his father's mind. For the Manchurians are building their own railroads—but how poorly and how unsystematically as yet! West of the S.M.R. Chinese local capital has been laying lines in opening up new country, disregarding suggestions of a main trunk line. Hitching back and forth on these, young Chang moved his army northward to the front. Passengers, who will be settlers producing crops for freight and buying goods that will make freight, help to fill the S.M.R.'s coffers and make the local roads profitable.

For the Chinese, after their numbers had been kept down for thousands of years by starvation, have found that there are immense tracts of virgin soil in their own land which will yield grain and meat in vast quantities. At first, the Shantung men came in as laborers in the spring, only to return in winter to their family altars. Now they are coming to stay. It is the Chinese and not the Japanese who supply the tide of immigration which has the same call that sent our settlers over the Alleghenies and on westward. The Japanese come to

Manchuria as traders, as manufacturers or in some occupation dependent upon the S.M.R. All attempts at Japanese agricultural colonization have failed. Had they succeeded in keeping with opportunities Japan would have the hold of a people's occupation on Manchuria.

At least a million Chinese farmers (some estimates make it a million and a half), hunger spurring them towards bounty, are migrating to Manchuria every year, in one of the most wonderful people's movements of modern times, to the last area of unexploited virgin soil in the world. Japanese farmers cannot compete with them, nor can Korean.

The nature of that promised land which roused in their age-set minds the daring thought to make altars away from the homes of their ancestors was spread before me from the car window as I rode northward from Mukden. The fields of tall *kaoliang*, the staple crop of the region in place of rice, and the fields of beans, stretch into the distance like corn and wheat fields in our grain states. Well-watered black loam asks for tillage not only in northern Manchuria, but also in Siberia, which is rich in undeveloped mines and forests. It is a prospect to arouse the old spirit of the Oregon trail in American breasts, but fenced off from occidental enterprise.

There are places, as in the Canadian northwest, where one man with modern agricultural machinery could care for the ploughing, planting and harvesting of wheat on a quarter section which now requires a dozen Chinese and many horses. In Upper Siberia there is rice land as good as that of Texas being opened up by the Soviets with American caterpillar tractors. There is a faint call from Manchuria for tractors and motor ploughs which the Chinese do not long keep in order.

"Our people do not seem to understand machinery," said young Chang when I pictured to him an Americanized Manchuria with motors flying over good roads between busy towns.

Room for twenty million more people in Manchuria, not to mention Siberia! The immigrants walk if they cannot afford railroad fare. And Chinese capitalists, who have taken over large tracts, and employ the immigrants, Chinese who barter and trade as only Chinese can, grow rich as young Chang increases his father's fortune and the S.M.R. flourishes.

At Chang-Chun, three hundred miles beyond Mukden, is the boundary line which force made near the final front held by the Russians at the end of their war with Japan. Here was the last of the Japanese sentries, the last of the chain of government hotels. And here, as all along the line, the Japanese community seemed to mix as little with the Chinese as with the Koreans. When they do mix the Japanese fall into Chinese ways —"deteriorate" as the samurai say.

Differences of habit as well as of tongue are the barrier. Open sewage is neighbor to sanitary plumbing. What have a people who bathe every day in common with natives who put on more and more clothes and sew themselves in to keep warm for the winter?

The Chang-Chun hotel welcomes tourists. The polite Japanese tourist-bureau man meets the foreigner at the station.

All is secure so far. There has been no danger of the passenger's being bombed or parting with his cash and watch to a bandit. But the Chinese have the rest of the old Russian line, the two hundred miles to Harbin.

The train ran slowly, the roadbed was not so solid, the rails were lighter. Going by night and returning by day, I was in a European compartment sleeper, with excellent food in the diner served by Russian and Chinese waiters in white jackets. Both sleeper and diner belonged to the trans-Siberian express. They had been cut off from Russia by the break in relations between Russia and China in the Chinese Eastern quarrel. So they were running back and forth between Harbin and Chang-Chun.

After leaving Chang-Chun, not a single trim Japanese sentry but numbers of young Chang's troops were guarding the road against bombing, bandits, and sabotage. In the doorways I saw fair-haired women standing with fair-haired babies in their arms, and I saw fair-haired tall men working beside Chinese coolies. These were the remnants—further isolated by the Soviet cataclysm—that had been left behind when the Russian tidal wave of the old régime had fallen back, in 1904-'05, before the Japanese legions.

The big remnant is in Harbin, one-third of its three hundred thousand population. After she had lost Dalny and Port Arthur Russia built anew on the bank of the great navigable Sungari River at the junction of the South Manchurian and trans-Siberian lines; built little reckoning of the coming downfall of the Czar; built in the spirit of the white-haired Russian colonel of the old régime who stood, haughty and serene, a prisoner in the streets of Mukden after the battle.

"Maybe in five years," he said, "maybe not for ten, maybe not for twenty, maybe not for fifty,—but Russia will come back on to the ice-free southern sea. Nothing can stop Russia!"

Harbin is six hundred miles from the port of Darien on the southern sea, three hundred from Vladivostok on the east, and five thousand from Moscow. Its cosmopolitanism is under old Russian influence. It is more like old Russia than any part of Soviet Russia, a piece of old Russia that has survived in China.

Before the hotel door, where a Russian clerk received you and Russian servants were so grateful for a petty tip, the fair-haired conquerors of the past in filthy rags were begging for alms from the Chinese. Among them have been broken Russian officers who led battalions in the march past that selfsame spot in another epoch. Under the shadow of buildings of Russian architecture, in streets where once a Russian sentry was as mightily significant as the Japanese sentries in front of the railroad stations are today, Russians, who wear such caps as were worn in the Czar's time, were being beaten up by Chinese rowdies or police in the license of racial rage in reprisal for the outrages on Chinese villages by the Soviet troops.

"Revenge for the massacre of the Chinese by the Russians at Blagovyeshchensk in Boxer days," said the young Chinese intelligentsia who were so busy in Harbin as advisers and propagandists. They knew their history if not modern realities.

"Rather bad for the white man's prestige in Asia," said an Englishman.

Big-boned Russian men and their wives, who have managed to earn a living somehow, and also those who have prospered, came and went in the streets. Some Russian women have found a way out from poverty by marrying Chinese. Others have become the mistresses of rich Chinese. Still others are reduced to prostitution.

After jewelry and then furs were sold an émigré might have one last grand dinner—live while you may! —and then jump into the Sungari.

"*Nitchevo!*" It does not matter! *Nitchevo*, that lost an empire, had the gallantry and gambling spirit that had won that empire.

Perfumery, fancy soaps, silk stockings, rouge for sale in the shops! An effort at Paris styles! Weary, but Russian and gay, the dancing girls go home at dawn from the cabarets that open at eleven when the day's *joie de vivre* really begins in Harbin.

Among these exiles, ever accused by the Soviets of being White Russians, you may hear: "It is Soviet Russia, but it is our Russia no matter who is on top. I want to be among my own people."

But a Soviet passport is hard to get. These Russians are men without a country—yet they are Chinese citizens. If they travel it must be with a Chinese passport. What a Jamieson Raid sort of call there was to Harbin for the Soviet Army, for the punitive relief of men and women of their own blood!

The flare-up of raiding warfare over the Chinese Eastern was only symptomatic of the meeting of forces which will make this region such a cockpit as Belgium and the Balkans have been in European history. The stake comprises all the elements in over-population's pressure, money, food, power, the stake which turns peoples to the arbitrament of force.

To this collision point it calls the hundred and fifty million Russians southward, the four hundred and fifty million Chinese northward, and the expanding industrialism of the military sixty-three million Japanese northwestward to form a steel barrier to protect their establishment in Manchuria and their further exploitation of China.

"More recruits for our army," said one of the young Chinese intelligentsia in a burst of grandeur as he contemplated the Chinese immigration. "One day we shall drive the Japanese out of Manchuria and make the railroad our own."

Set against this is the prophecy of that old Russian colonel in Mukden, a legacy for Soviet Russia of an ambition which may include a Sovietized China.

If comment were asked of that Japanese sentry of the railroad station, he might break silence with "*Sodeska!*" which is translatable varyingly according to intonation. But in this case an American version might be: "The hell you say!"

VI

ACROSS CHINA

THE Japanese clerk at the Mukden hotel and all Japanese authorities, in obvious secret relish, left it to resident westerners who had made the journey to forewarn travellers about the conditions on the train ride from Mukden to Peking on the Chinese government lines.

There are not many westerners in Mukden these days. The Japanese have taken their place as middlemen. The competition of Japanese mills long since ousted all rivals from the Manchurian market in which American cotton piece goods were once the favorite. Our main interest is the local branch of the National City Bank which finances many local operations and profits off exchange as does the larger branch in Harbin. Of course, the inevitable American automobile salesman was present, his optimism in face of all discouragements matching that of a salesman of agricultural machinery.

One's first question about the journey to Peking was if the trains were running or if some Chinese general required them presently for his own occasions. They had come through on fairly good time yesterday. On the strength of this I would take a chance tomorrow. I was advised by all westerners to have enough insect powder, which meant three or four boxes.

That Japanese hotel clerk became more communicative as the smart Japanese hotel porter started for the station with my suit-cases. He regretted in his politest "please excuse" manner that accommodations were not better on the Peking line, as that prejudiced tourists against the overland route to Peking through Korea to the disadvantage of the Japanese chain of modern hotels.

The Mukden-Peking sleeping car had three porters, nothing being undermanned in populous China. Two of them, working together, laid a sheet on the imitation leather lounge in the European-style compartment. This slipped off in the night, or it was pulled off by my tormentors to give them freer action.

A blanket, originally white, was also supplied. Its rich brown had a pattern of darker spots left by a long line of previous passengers who had used it as a tablecloth or worse. An old hand at Chinese sleepers told me that when the spots had spread until the whole was a uniform mahogany color it would be washed.

The use of one box of insect powder apparently drove the old settlers across the aisle, but evidently they found my neighbor tough and preferred to return through the barrage to get at me. The distribution of a second box repulsed them for good.

In the morning I sat down in the dining car opposite a spare man who had an apostolic kindliness and patience in his eyes. I guessed his occupation before he told me. His sect was the United Brethren, his missionary field in remote Jehol beyond the Great Wall.

"We believe in teaching the whole gospel, both the Old and New Testaments," he told me.

"Do the natives understand it?" I asked.

"No. Simple as it seems to us, it is very complicated to them."

Another missionary who was working among the Mongolians was asked if he got any spiritual reaction from them.

"Not a bit yet."

If he gave them food they were willing to listen to texts. His faith was undaunted. He was returning home to raise funds to go on with his preaching.

From Tientsin to Peking, I was travelling over the same route I had followed when I was with the Allied forces that relieved the Peking legations from the Boxer siege of 1900. This accounted for the figures in foreign uniform on the station platforms—a legacy of that suspense when every morning for many weeks the world expected to read in its morning newspaper that all the ministers of the different nations and their families had been butchered.

There are American soldiers and marines in China, and British and French, too. Strangely, it is America which has the largest garrison in North China. To prevent another such a siege they guard the road from Peking, the old capital, to the coast.

Already I had seen in China proper more Chinese soldiers than there were in all the empire in the Boxer days. They stood for the power that made the new régime that had changed the capital of the so-called new China from Peiping to Nanking.

Again came the thought that there are certainly four hundred million Chinese and perhaps four hundred and eighty million. Nobody knows exactly. No actual account has ever been taken. The customs and postal service, which are under foreign direction, have made different estimates.

The Chinese government does not even bother to hazard an official guess. At the ratio of conscription by France and Germany in the World War, China could put forty million men into the field. But it had not yet the roads and transport to supply in action even five hundred thousand on its northern frontier.

"I take it that this lot is really loyal to the Nanking government?" I remarked in the morning after the night on the sleeper when, well south of the Manchurian border, I saw a troop train on a siding.

But I was told by one whose knowledge could not be disputed that they were under local war lords who were nominally loyal, but who were holding back disbandment pending payment to their men and themselves, and pending any fluctuations in politics which might make a new alignment more profitable for them.

A year and a half after the Nanking government was established, demobilization had not begun because the local war lords did not choose to disband. I had come five hundred miles from the Korean border, and had yet to arrive in a region under Nationalist control in the full governmental sense of army, law, and finance. It was an interesting situation—as if the National Guards of several states were giving Washington lip-service but running their states to suit themselves and collecting taxes which were paid in person to the generals in command.

Significant as were the numbers of Chinese soldiers along the railroad, the notable visual change, to one who had not been in China for over twenty years, was the wonder the barber had wrought within that time.

All male Chinese had gone in for bobbed hair. Approximately two hundred million "pigtails" (queues) had been lopped off at the inauguration of the republican movement. This shearing came at a time when western women's bobbing left no market for human hair, which was hard on Chinese thrift. And it was the result of a government edict.

Of course for ancient China the pigtails were only a comparative innovation, having been decreed by the northern conquerors who established the Manchu dynasty not quite three centuries ago. After that every boy started a pigtail when very young. It was a subject of racial pride, though a conqueror's badge; it made all short-haired foreigners appear inferior and undressed, just as no foreigner could be a gentleman and above work with his hands because he did not have nails three or four inches long protected by silver cases. Even the naked coolie, without even a fig leaf, on hot summer days, felt fully clad with his queue wrapped on top of his head.

The shearing was a sartorial revolution as sensational as if by Presidential mandate all American males should shave their pates except for a bang which hung down in a pomaded pendant between their eyes. Pigtails gone, the old dynasty was finished; a short-haired Chinese citizenry must be restless until a permanent new dynasty was established. "After eighteen years of chaos the Nanking crowd say that they are in to stay," remarked a cynical old China hand. "One argument in their favor is that short hair is still worn."

A change that I felt most deeply, that was so vivid to the senses, was in the Peiping that was Peking. An ancient monarchy had departed with all its train, the most numerous train that any monarchy within our time has ever had, not excluding old Sultan Abdul Hamid of Turkey and all his wives. And only the dwelling place and a few faded trappings of the past remained.

The great tourist hotel fares badly now that mystery no longer attracts the guests and they may see only where mystery once lived. Empty is the Forbidden City, where courtyard after courtyard, inclosed by the great doors, were the approach to an imperial seclusion where only the great were honored with the privilege of entering and kotowing. I saw those doors forced open by shells fired point-blank at their locks in 1900.

Later they were repaired and closed again for a brief return of the old dynasty under that she-devil of cunning, that ruthless lopper of heads, the old Dowager Empress, with the last of the Manchu Emperors, a blithering imbecile, clinging to her manly skirts. In China, where graves are so sacred, her grave was looted for jewels, and her body, I was told, left to the dogs. It is said that some of the jewels are being worn by wives of the heads of the Nanking government.

Now tourists may walk through the courts and look down on the waves of yellow tiles of the many roofs in their deep soft flame under the sun. Gone is all the power when eunuchs intrigued for themselves and their masters, and stabbed in the dark, and slipped poisoned pills into food in dainty porcelain dishes. No more do majestic mandarins in their litters with their retinues arrive with their tribute to pay for the decoration of the peacock's feather; or perhaps in response to a summons which was the wrapping that hid the executioner's axe.

The aniline dye of the Nationalist blue on yellow walls is already fading. But there are walls in Peiping which may not be painted with blue—not yet. Ghosts walk inside, ghosts of the days when the foreign legations were under siege by the Boxer hordes and there was no wireless for communication with the outside world. Such a crisis must not be repeated. The legation compound, a modern counterpart of a stockade of white settlers for defense against Indian uprisings in frontier days, is garrisoned by the troops of all nations.

To the Chinese Nationalists it is the very citadel of western imperialism, arrogance, and insult. In another aspect, it is truly the most cosmopolitan community of its size in the world, every nationality being represented.

Through the entrance gate you pass out of the East into a stronghold of the West in the East. An American sentry is in front of the American legation, a French in front of the French, and so on. Looking past the sentries you have vistas of the noble buildings, in their miniature parks, which the nations erected after the siege, each according to its own taste and architecture.

And what is to become of this famous diplomatic plant which represents so enormous an investment? The question relieves the Nankingers' grudge with a Chinese grin as grateful as that over the troubles of the young Marshal of Manchuria.

What a day it will be for Nanking when the legation offices and houses are as empty as the Forbidden City and Chinese soldiers march to take the place of the western sentries and the last foreign garrison leaves Chinese soil! Perhaps the Nationalists, if they remain in power, may use the inclosure as a guarded home of retirement for ex-war lords and politicians of the "outs" whom it would not quite do to put in jail.

For nowhere is the fact so nudging that the present capital of China—the latest, as cynical old China hands say—is back in the old capital of the Mings at Nanking. It is three days from Peiping by steamer and train, or forty-one hours by direct train at Chinese speed, or eighteen at occidental speed. Foreign legations in France, say the Nationalists, do not live at Marseilles, or foreign legations in the United States at Pittsburgh. The guests should come to the host's house.

But what to do when there is no room in the host's house except in a shakedown in the halls or in the servants' quarters? Dr. C. T. Wang, the Chinese Foreign Minister, has pointed out the land set aside at Nanking on which the nations may build palaces for their ministers; but pending construction, the best the ministers could do would be to put up their tents on the site.

Should a minister of a great power live in a tent when Nanking has no sewage system and no water system? And ministers of little nations are more touchy about their dignity than those of great ones. But the ministers were ready to rough it if they were certain that they would not have to move their tents on to some new capital, or perhaps have to commute between two or three capitals, if the war lords were to engage in another battle royal. For the wise men of the legations, who include many experts long in the China service, were far from sure that China was out of chaos yet. They would wait until more of the holdout war lords had all come in with a share of the taxes of their provinces.

So the main headquarters of the legations would stay awhile yet in Peiping. Many newspaper men say that Peiping is still the best center for reliable news, when there is any, although it spoils the thrills of the voluminous propaganda sent out from Shanghai, Nanking, and Mukden by returned Chinese graduates of American colleges who did not have to attend schools of journalism to learn the art.

The consuls report from their districts to the legations which have other organized sources of information from the breadth and depth of China. And if all the occidental legations combine their notes, they may know as much about what is going on in China as is known at the Japanese legation where the handwriting is in Japanese ideographs which look just like the Chinese ideographs to westerners.

They are charming people, these in the legation circle. Neighborliness in their isolation gives diplomatic social life informality in contrast to its formality elsewhere. They have their club in the legation compound; they have golf, tennis, and polo. The course dinners of the Victorian tradition survive along with the art of conversation and truly amiable cosmopolitanism which never lacked touch, in the old days, with the outside world in the distinguished travellers of all nations who came to Peking.

Attachés who have served in Peiping have always longed to get back to that world where living is cheap and the retinues of Chinese "boys" (servants) all but breathe for you; and where everybody knows everybody on Main Street, and everybody is a nice person to know. But even in that imperial capital of old, where obsequiousness was bred by celestial court associations, the "boys" no longer say "mlasta" to the once majestic white man in quite so ingratiating a manner as of old.

When I left the Peiping hotel four porters appeared to take my two suit-cases and folding typewriter to the station. They were suggestive of the hungry servant personnel of Peiping. One of the four was the chief, who, of course, must carry nothing himself, or he would "lose face." They brought my modest baggage, modest for so long a journey—its paucity must have convinced them I was no "topside mlasta"—safely to the sleeper.

I was on the famous Blue Express, whose resumption of the run from the old to the new capital was one sign that Nanking was making progress in "reconstruction." It went three times a week, but only twice with the famous sleeping cars painted the republican blue, between two such big cities and through so populous a part of China.

These blue coaches, which were made in America, have a story. During the civil wars they were scattered about China, fought for as luxurious quarters for the generals and their staffs. But after all their years of service they have not yet been paid for.

"There the Chinese put one over," said an old China hand who was a fellow passenger. After an initial advance they got possession on promise to pay the rest. It's one of the many warnings that agents eager to make sales in China must always heed, with certain exceptions, the cash-and-carry rule. (What of the famed honesty of the Chinese merchant? I shall leave that until later.)

The amount of foreign-made machinery and equipment that was bought in all the past efforts to modernize China, and is not yet paid for, yields the totals of the sleeping claims in the archives of the legations which may partly account for ministers to China being slow to move to Nanking.

After the night's run when we were out of Chihli I said to the old China hand:

"This is Shantung Province. That is certainly in control of the Nationalists."

"Not if you mean in finance. The local fellows still collect for themselves."

"Why do they let the train run through?"

"They are not unfriendly though they do not disband their troops. The generals like to ride on the trains, and there is squeeze for them in the local fares."

I noticed that a general and his retinue who rode for some distance paid no fares for themselves.

"And keep watch," said the old China hand, "of the number of freight trains which are not carrying troops."

I kept watch all day and saw one on this trunk line.

"Anyway," I had remarked, early in the morning, "the Chinese have some solid railroad stations."

"The Germans built that one and all the stations on this line in Shantung. They built the railroad."

This harked back to the days when the over-bearing white man was very majestic in China; when the talk was of the break-up of China into spheres of influence under the Great Powers; when the Kaiser took the province of Shantung and, along that thoroughly German-built railroad, set stations of stone which were meant to endure as long as the Brandenburg Gate or the palace of Potsdam.

Later on, in 1914-'18 when the white men were so majestic in battle in Europe as they cut one another's throats, they were losing majesty in China.

England's ally, Japan, took over German possessions in Shantung as her part of the spoils of Allied victory. Then, in post-war confusion, when the Powers were preoccupied with reconstruction, she laid upon China the Twenty-one Demands whose enforcement would give her a military and economic strangle-hold on China.

Europe and America were warned in time of this bold play when their backs were turned and of its consequences if it should succeed. They stood fast for John Hay's "open door." Japan reneged in good diplomatic form if in secret anguish over the loss of such rich bounty whose inviting touch her closing fingers had already felt. She returned the Chinese province of Shantung to China. With it went the German railroad and German property. This was China's reward as an ally whose contribution to victory had been battalions of well-paid coolies as laborers behind the Allied lines in France.

Thrifty China learned a lesson out of Allied distress. War was profitable. Pacifist China had an urge for militarism as expressed by the battling war lords living off the country and by all the soldiers seen at the railroad stations in control of the line that foreigners had built. Two million men are under arms in China five years after the Nationalist triumph.

There were three Germans on my train, representatives of German trade trying to retrieve its place in China. They must have had visions of German sentries in front of those stone stations, and of German engineers laying out the route of that railroad when Germany did not realize what a day she was having but was looking forward to *der Tag*. Germans were very unpopular as foreigners went in China then. They are very popular now. When I reminded the three of the recent round-the-world flight of the Graf Zeppelin and the trans-Atlantic record by the new liner *Bremen* it did not make them unhappy in sight of those stone stations.

Pictures from the windows of the Blue Express as it rumbled and jerked along at twenty miles an hour! After a look at the present state of the car wheels, the engine, and the track, I was glad that we were not attempting higher speed. The generals had not given up the rolling stock while there was much life left in it.

We passed the valley where Confucius, father of Chinese philosophers, was born; and passed his sacred mountain whose worn path, flanked by shrines, pilgrims from all over China have ascended for tens of centuries.

Alighting at a remote station from another coach of our train were an American missionary and his wife who had returned from their summer holiday at the seacoast. They did not receive the attention at the station that they would have in the days of the majestic white man. With them was their daughter, a girl of twelve or thirteen who had little reason to be cheered by the winter prospect. In her home land she would have been bursting out of school with gurgling girl companions of her own age and making a break for the soda fountain.

Father and mother in their youth had had the "call" to preach the Gospel in heathen lands, and chosen their own future; their daughter could not choose hers. Past the coolies at the station gate, their bare unwashed bodies dirt-incrusted and frequently flaked with skin disease; past the stark-naked adult boys in the fields; and past the buckets of sewage borne to fertilize the fields—parents and daughter disappeared into the compressed human mass of China which is so large that it has the pull of planetary gravity.

As the train stopped you heard the creak of wheelbarrows with unoiled wooden axles being pushed by files of coolies who looked so much alike to foreign eyes that thousands of millions might, as credibly as millions, have been turned out by machinery from a mold which was a pattern of facial inexpressiveness of age on age of unrelieved drudgery.

Except along the railroad, all labor in sight was being done by hand in the fashion of archaic inheritance. Man was the cheapest feature of the landscape. There was not a foot of ground between the rocks which would grow a few blades of grain that was not tilled. And every man wanted to be the father of more and more babies to worship him as an ancestor; for that he labored; and so on from generation to generation he must labor on the wheel of time.

In a land whose area is greater than that of the United States, northward and southward and a thousand miles westward to the border of Thibet, the same thing was going on, with almost no roads, almost no means of communication except the narrow paths.

There is famine in some province every year, and if the province is very remote there is no relief, as man transport cannot carry more than enough food to feed itself on the journey back and forth from the granary of succor. Such communities either grow all their food or get none. One Chinese province has one newspaper with less than a hundred circulation.

But some of the Chinese on the Blue Express were quite modernized. There were women with bobbed hair and western skirts instead of pants. The generals and officials and business men had been touched with western influences; but some of their sanitary practices—so noticeable on a corridor train, and so much a matter of course when you are actually campaigning—although they did not disturb the Chinese porters, would have been incredible to our "George" of the home sleeper.

My compartment mate was a Chinese student who was reading a history of the world very solemnly and slowly. He was extracting much satisfaction from the youthfulness of European civilization compared to Chinese. It warranted him in a conviction of Chinese superiority.

I fell to talking with another man who had been to the University of Missouri and then to the University of Michigan. He thought small American colleges were better for Chinese because these gave them a glimpse of American home life. As a professor of psychology he rode free and signed for his meals no less than the generals and officials—which was another reason why the railroad was not turning in large profits to the Nanking government.

He thought that the missionaries should retire from China. Many of them were inferior men, quite incapable of understanding Chinese culture. When I mentioned to him that it would be a help if the coolie wheel-barrows had oiled steel axles, he said:

"This has all been arranged. Haven't you heard of the plan? China is to have thousands and thousands of miles of roads and railroads and airports—everything to be on the most modern economic lines."

When I asked him if any of his educated friends had gone to work at the bottom in overalls, in railroad shops and as brakemen, to learn how to run all these things, he replied, "That is coolie work." So I turned back to psychology. In that he had the great conceit of himself which I was finding so characteristic of the new China, be this real or only front to save face.

But suppose that in place of the wheel-barrows there were motor trucks! Suppose the four hundred and fifty million really became modernized!

Having done eight hundred miles in forty-one hours, we were at Pukow, across the Yangtze from Nanking. There the train was besieged by the usual crowd of screaming coolies tussling to earn a tip as porters. There was a piece of baggage for about one in ten of them. They must have screamed in the same way, the junks with their patched sails on the great river must have looked the same, two thousand years ago.

"The present lot in their mess are over there," said the old China hand—he had been through enough to make him cynical—as we took the ferry to Nanking, where Chiang Kai-shek and his Kuomintang (the Nationalist political organization) were sure that, after many false starts, actual stability in modernization was under way.

"Tell me what you think of it when you have seen the show," was the parting shot of the old China hand. So I would.

VII THE QUICK AND THE DEAD

Nothing is so expressive to me of the contemporary mood of China, as I understand it, as that H. H. Kung should be among those who are urging his country on to nationalization of the western type. This is quite in order for him as a graduate of an American college; but otherwise it was entirely out of order for him, of all men, to act as if ancestors did not count even in China, and to be a party to the grisly scene in Nanking which impressed me more than anything else among all the amazing things I saw in China.

His college was Oberlin, Ohio. There he seems to have been only another Chinese student. Descendants of Ohio's first settlers seem to have paid no attention to him. Yet compared to his family the oldest of Virginia families, those whose names were on the one-cabin passenger list of the *Mayflower*, and those who came over with William the Conqueror, or the oldest of France or Austria, are nobodies. If there were any who could trace their lineage back to the Cæsars, even they would not be in Kung's class. In pedigreed and registered blue blood his family out-classes all western families by at least a thousand years.

I was curious to see what he looked like. He should be as delicate as fine old China in the midst of a blue haze guarded by the genuflections of elders in old silken brocades. Soldiers in modern uniform were on guard at his yamen gate, and for practical reasons, as he is a Chinese cabinet minister. Two other soldiers lifted the hanging mat before his door.

This round-cheeked, fattish Chinese, who talked of Oberlin days, looked like a well-to-do merchant in his shop in Nanking. But make no mistake about his social standing. Kung is the seventy-fifth generation from Confucius. He does not have to call in genealogists to prove the record. It is carved in the stone of his ancestral tablets for all to see. His nephew, who has him beaten by two laps, is of the seventy-fifth generation. H. H. Kung personifies, in his inheritance, the formative element of Chinese history with which the western world is generally more familiar than it is with Japanese.

We know that China has survived through the founding of Greek culture and the Roman, Byzantine, Aztec, and Spanish empires; that the Chinese were eating off porcelain when Europe was eating off wooden trenchers. China seemed to have found the secret of enduring national life—if we are to consider that she had a national life—by the neglect of the very forces which led to the rise of other nations, and then becoming degenerate, led to their downfall. The others won security for development and held it by arms. Her vast mass enabled China to practice the passive resistance of her inclination. She absorbed invaders. She was a melting pot for conquerors. The conqueror became degenerate, but the people remained virile and unchanged in the fierce struggle of fecundity for sustenance when famine had been keeping China's population down long before Cæsar overran sparsely populated Gaul.

The Chinese philosophy of life was not alone responsible for her not making popular wars on other nations. On her western border were the mountains of Thibet; on her eastern the sea; on her northern the Mongolian desert; and on her southern the sea and the tropics.

Although not making war on other nations, except when conquerors organized servile armies, she was always having local wars and riots. All parts of China were rarely at peace at the same time. Death came by violence as well as by starvation. Three thousand years before the West heard the phrase she was practicing the precept that the government which governs the least governs the best. Nowhere did government rest so lightly on the mass in the sense of taxes and direction from the top; and no people were so secure in their customs for survival without organization from either the top or bottom.

Nationally China was a race, a cult; her real government was in millions of little nations within the large, in town meetings of millions of families which never sent representatives to a provincial or national legislature. Each family was for itself. The supreme aim of every Chinese was survival of his family. This gave racial survival the support of individual self-preservation, while the most highly organized government turns inert, and finally decadent, when individuals lose interest in the whole. The Chinese man, who never had interest in the whole, never lost interest in the family. The struggle to ensure succeeding generations kept him virile. He was always on an industrial war footing in close economic competition. Through succeeding dynasties he yielded unto Cæsar the things that were Cæsar's.

China's greatest hero was not a soldier, an evangelist, or a ruler. He was no Moses leading his children out of the wilderness as they were already out; no patriarch of the tribe; no master revivalist of a nationalistic spirit; no unifier of provinces into nationhood; no Cæsarean, Alexandrian, Napoleonic, or Bismarckian founder of imperial systems which had such brief intervals of power compared to his two thousand five hundred years. Multitudes of Chinese could not give the name of two or three of China's famous Emperors; but Confucius is the name they all know. They know it as well as the name of their own fathers whom they worship as ancestors.

Confucius was born in 551 B.C., about one hundred years after Solon, the pioneer of western law-givers, who has had so many successors as constitution has succeeded constitution. Solon was an archon who made codes of government enforced by police power. Confucius had nothing to do with this kind of thing. They were an ephemeral matter concerning the Emperor and his viceroys. His laws were for governing personal conduct. He was the supreme sage codifying the wisdom of all the sages in an enduring manual. In him, supplemented by Mencius and other philosophers, the Chinese had the guide of all the wisdom that ever was or ever would be. She need not change and she did not change. This business was as settled as that the sun rose and set. A quotation from Confucius was the answer to all problems.

Confucius recognized the family as the heart of his system. This was well for his fame. He seems to have known his people. There might be riots, fires, floods, famines, plague, cholera, small-pox; but the supreme thought from the lowest family to the highest was to have a son to carry on. This was fundamentally not a spiritual gospel but a material one in the land where family survival meant so merciless a battle for food. A man could not have too many sons when the death rate was so high. He must make sure that he had a male heir who survived him and also bore him a son who survived. Thrift was essential. He must have money for proper burial and to transport his coffin to the tombs of his ancestors. Hsiang-Hsi Kung (or H. H. as he prefers to be called) is living proof that the family of Confucius practiced the ancestral preachment.

There is a very simple and efficient provision against old families dying out in China, where only the male line counts. If a wife does not produce a male heir her husband takes another wife; and, if necessary, another and another until success is achieved. Failure to bear a male child is ground for divorce. Otherwise the husband is left with no one to worship him as an ancestor. And that is the loss of immortality, extinction.

A Chinese merchant whom I met was in a predicament. He had three wives who had been very extravagant. Each one had given him girl after girl. Now, when his business was bad owing to the Revolution, he must take another wife to make sure of a boy when he had not the slightest interest in another marriage.

Cremation would be the most horrible of sacrileges to the Chinese—the very negation of the Chinese principle of immortality. No sight was so incomprehensible to the Chinese as the Japanese Army's burning of its dead in Manchuria; for it was a subsidiary concern in the Shinto militaristic philosophy what became of the soldier's body. His spirit had been freed. It was already back in its old haunts enjoying the pride of the parents over the brave son who had died in battle for his own family because he had died for the national family.

In times of stress the Chinese grandparents were saved first, the children last. More children might be born, but not more grandparents for sons and daughters to worship and thus earn worship for themselves. China was the land of reverenced graves, not only by the Confucian precepts, but in the practice of Taoism, which was the ancient inheritance of superstition and fear of devils. To disturb a grave was to arouse the evil spirits to flay the land with pestilence and blast the harvests. The people turned on the culprit and beat him to death.

Chinese graves are mounds heaped over wooden coffins, mounds of alluvial earth which otherwise would grow food to keep children from starving. If, through the ages, all graves had been unmolested, the day would have come when, with a final burial, there would have been no ground left to feed the next generation. But each spring the farmer plowed a little nearer certain old graves. If no descendants of the dead came to protest, the conclusion was that another family had been extinguished. So the grave was leveled and another ancestor became a part of mother earth.

When, in America, Fundamentalism versus Modernism stirs bitter controversy, consider the picture I now present. Making a bonfire of Mount Vernon and blowing up all our churches would not be an adequate home comparison to what has happened in China, whose religious, political, and social life has centered in the grave fetich.

It represents the greatest change in modern times in this rapidly changing world. It represents the fundamental change to which I shall recur. It outdoes that of Russia in turning from homage to the Czar to red revolution and Sovietism. For the czars were on the throne only for a relatively short period as they reckon time in China.

If your flesh creeps at the gravedigger scene in *Hamlet*, stiffen yourself for the reality which I saw in the ancient capital of Nanking which has become the capital again.

"And you can get away with this in China?" I gasped to the young reformer who was with me. His college was Columbia. His English was excellent. A Chinese, he looked on the scene with no more concern than we would on workmen fixing a gas main. He had just acted as interpreter in my talk with Chaing Kai-shek.

"Yes," said Columbia '22. "We cut away the old foundation"—that four-thousand-year-old foundation —"to begin on a new. Chiang Kai-shek does not temporize. He says, 'Do it!' "

Grave mounds had to yield to a new street. Gangs of coolies were busily digging. They chattered and grinned at their work. Wooden coffins of the recently interred were being bared. Where ancient coffins had rotted, ancestral bones were being tossed in piles as potatoes out of a hill. Only seeing the thing with their own eyes would convince the people who knew the China of a quarter of a century ago that it was credible.

The coffins would be turned over to claimants among relatives of the deceased. Intact bones, or crumbling parts of bones, were being placed in bushel matting sacks. Some bones were not yet bare of flesh.

"We are considerate; we don't send them to the garbage heap," said Columbia '22. "We bury them, together"—thus ending sacred family individualism.

Thirty years ago, or a thousand or two or three thousand years ago, the mightiest mandarin who ruled a province would not have dared to destroy a dozen fresh graves. His clumsy little army with its clumsy weapons could not have resisted the raging mob which would have beaten up his workmen and tipped him out of his sedan chair and rubbed his face in offal.

Today rioting is ineffectual against soldiers taught modern drill and armed with modern weapons. The grave-destroying coolies had the bayonet to protect them. They were paid for their work. It was the other fellows' graves they were destroying. They responded with coolie leers when they met the observer's eye as they tossed up bones.

What the mass of people were thinking about the reform was not revealed in the expressionless Chinese faces of passers-by, but apparently they were getting used to the wonders wrought by the bayonet's authority in making a world for the quick in place of the dead.

The new street was only a feeder for the completed great boulevard, which was built by a government struggling for life under a deficit, as one of the most magnificent propagandic gestures of modern times.

Graves were removed, houses leveled ruthlessly, for space for this broad ribbon of asphalt, which begins on the bank of the Yangtze, passes by the old stone wall inclosing the old city, as the highway to the new grave, the supreme grave of the new régime, the grave of China's new god. Its end is in the valley before the long sweep of stone steps up the hillside to the tomb of Sun Yat-sen.

Confucius allowed due respect for the numerous gods in his law-giving. He himself was not a god. But Sun Yat-sen is both the law-giver and god of the revolutionary régime. You have to understand him as well as Confucius for even a vague understanding of the present.

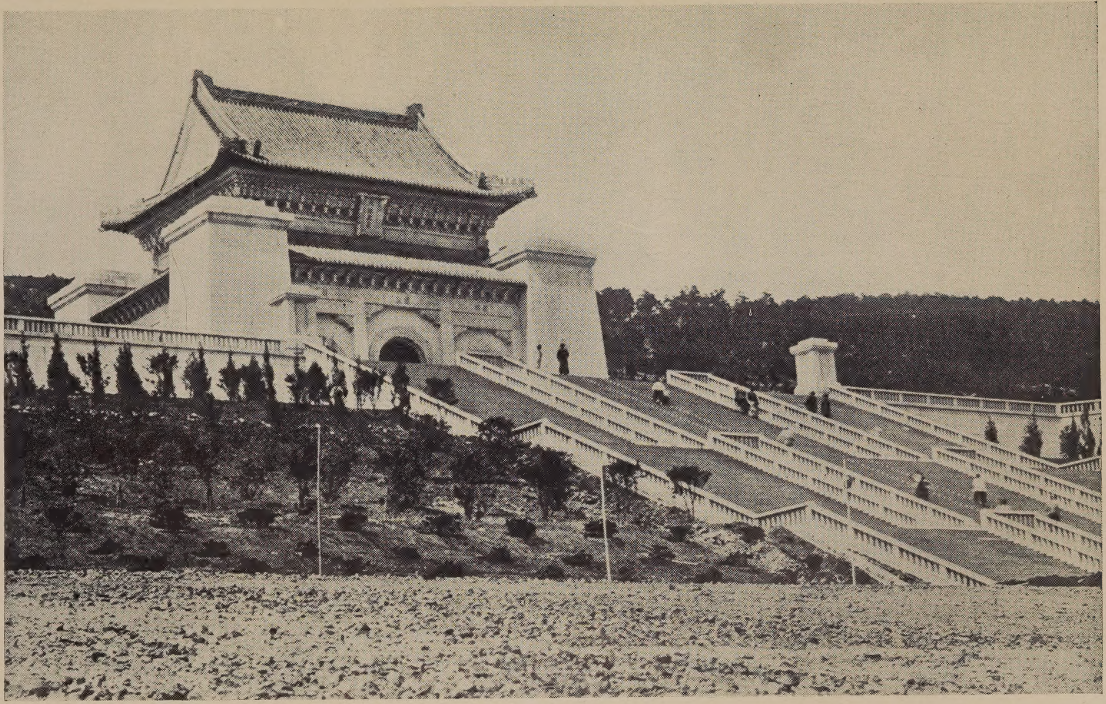
He was born in Canton, the southernmost of China's big cities; studied at a mission school; became the pioneer leader and agitator against the corrupt and degenerate Manchu dynasty. What Lenin in his exile in Switzerland was to Sovietism, he was in his exiles as he collected funds and formed a following.

Less fighting man and organizer than apostle, in the course of the upheavals after the Manchu dynasty passed, he became provisional president of the so-called republic of China for a brief space. Overwhelmed by the task and buffeted by civil war, he made his obeisance at the Temple of Heaven and said that for the sake of unity it was better that the Manchus should return to power. But that part does not appear in the new Chinese schoolbooks or in the sagas built up around him.

He returned to agitation and apostleship as he dodged assassination and plotted. He had shed his Christianity, it seems. His religion was China for Chinese, a strong China, a China transmogrified in patriotism. The church could not consider him a member in good standing when he put away his first wife and married the rich Miss Soong. His first wife had borne him a son, which left him without ground for divorce under Chinese custom. But this is another detail which is left out of the sagas.

In nothing was he so fortunate as in his death in 1925 when he was fifty-nine. His law-giving legacy was the "Three Principles—Nationalism, Democracy, and Socialism." There was little that was concrete in his writings. They had the vagueness which enabled quotations to prove all kinds of things to suit future disciples' purposes. He had the popular appeal of a mystical quality. His face was that of a dreamer with the high brow and prophet's eyes.

The man dead, his Three Principles took fresh life.



THE TOMB OF SUN-YAT-SEN AT NANKING, THE NEW CAPITAL OF CHINA

They became the fighting slogan. His personality embodied the causes for which every general said he was fighting in the ensuing civil wars. Each general was the true disciple. All other generals the false.

And young Chiang Kai-shek of Ningpo, where they breed such a cunning people, was no dreamer when he went to the military school and later pursued his military studies in Japan where soldiering is mixed with no nonsense. The Japanese sometimes wonder if they did not welcome too many Chinese military students in those days.

After learning what the Japanese could teach him, Chiang did not have to wait long for occupation. He joined the Cantonese in what is now called the Second Revolution. At twenty-three he was in command of a brigade. Then, in a period of peace, he became the secretary of Sun Yat-sen. He was under the mantle of the prophet, the soldier-second of the Nationalist movement which was forming in Canton under the Kuomintang. The Kuomintang was a party, a belligerent party of courageous youth in youth's gamble to be served, as were the Fascists whose march to Rome was to have its eastern counterpart in the march to Peking.

The distance from Canton to Peking is as far as from Galveston to St. Paul; and from Canton to the northernmost limits of China in Manchuria is as far as from Galveston to Hudson Bay, through a land without roads, inhabited by more than four hundred million people.

The Russian Soviets came to arouse China with their propaganda. They sent officers to drill soldiers. Sun Yat-sen accepted their assistance; and so did Chiang, as did the generals of the other armies rising in every province. On Sun's death, Chiang claimed Sun's mantle of prophet as well as soldier.

Not from the vigorous northmen, as in the past, but from the south came the conquest this time. Chiang kept on beating the other generals until his power had spanned the land in a nominal authority. The Kuomintang had won. Chiang became head of the party. By turning out the Soviets he won favor with foreign nations which recognized the new government with him as president.

Enthusiasts in the rest of the world thought that China had become really a republic. Actually, the only citizens with a nominal privilege to vote were the three hundred thousand members of the party scattered about the country. They were told what to do by the bosses, and Chiang meant that he should be the supreme boss.

The Republic of China in its new capital at Nanking! The early emperors of the Ming dynasty, the Mings of the precious blue porcelains, had made Nanking their capital. They were a native Chinese dynasty. Later they moved their capital to Peking, far from the heart of China near the northern barbarians who were to overcome them and raise the yellow Manchu standard over the blue. The Manchus had stood for all the misery China was suffering in the enslavement by foreign imperialism.

Now the native blue was again supreme over the invader's betraying yellow. There was the theme of racial appeal for a Nationalist aim by the young orators and propagandists of the Kuomintang. But the other generals, in the south back of Canton, in the north and east beyond the Nanking area, were not disbanding their troops. They were ruling their provinces. China was divided into autocracies; each autocrat, however, was still championing publicly the Three Principles and heralding himself as the true disciple of Sun Yatsen. What national unity there was sprang from the appeal of the dead prophet's name.

Chiang had the inside advantage, once foreign nations had recognized the new government at Nanking, in that he was in control of the revenues from the customs which, by treaty, were collected under foreign direction. His was the nominal national voice of hero worship of Sun. He must play the saga for all it was worth.

Westernization being associated with asphalt and automobiles, the new boulevard became the symbol of China's new faith. To China's millions and all the world it should be the pathway of a solemn procession betokening the triumph of the quick over the dead in China's regeneration. The dead, the worship of the dead, should serve the purpose of the departed spirit of the prophet in the consummation of his evangelism.

This procession bore the now sacred body of the prophet past the wall of the ancient city, past the stone elephants which flank the Ming tombs, and then up the long broad flight of new stone steps. Under a blue pagoda roof, so new and lustrous, looking across at purple hills and down on the ancient city and the Ming tombs, the mortal part of Sun was placed to rest. China of the graves, of the family system which has perpetuated the race but made so weak a nationhood, was to think on one grave in unity.

She was to have a national tomb for a universal racial ancestor worship. Where she had had many gods she was to have one god, the god of the new era. He stood for China as China, the Chinese as Chinese, against all foreigners. He was to be to China what the departed Meiji of the Meijo era was to Japan; his shrine such as an altar of a new patriotism as was Meiji's of an ancient patriotism adapted to meet an alien danger with its own method and weapons.

Sun's Three Principles carried on Confucianism; his saga should supplant all the superstitions of Taoism. To devout followers Sun is the Christ to the Moses of Confucius. And H. H. Kung (B.A. Oberlin '06, M. A. Yale '07) of the seventy-fifth generation from Confucius was on hand and occupying the place to which he was entitled as Minister of Industry as well as by his illustrious lineage.

Impressionable foreign visitors saw the thing as done. At last China had come into step. But old China hands smiled and said that it was a glamorous show, hard on a bankrupt treasury, and wondered how much it meant to the people in the back districts.

It is said that Chiang Kai-shek, when he has a vital decision of policy to make, repairs at night to the Sun tomb to commune with the prophet's spirit. If so, he goes protected by a military guard. He would not depend upon the mantle of Sun for his personal security. When I was escorted to see him there were armed guards at the gates of the compound of the old yamen, guards in one building after another that we passed through.

I went up and down stairs. I was switched back and forth between corridors. I waited in four reception rooms. In each I faced a portrait of Sun Yat-sen, flanked by flags of the new China.

The accepted portrait of the apostle does not show him in a Chinese gown. In starched collar, or in military blouse, he makes his appeal for the regeneration of China. Every morning all officials, officers and soldiers bow before his portrait. So do, by order, all the children in China's new schools, even as children do in Russia before the portrait of Lenin. On Monday morning in the schools Sun's will, with his last word to China, is read. Children in mission schools are not excepted from homage to the "Chinese Christ." Two men, Lenin and Sun, have been nationalistically deified by edict in our time.

Finally, as I entered at one door of a small room, this also being furnished in foreign fashion, there appeared in the other a slender, lithe man of average height. There was no emblem of rank on his blue uniform. He came in so quickly and softly that I took him for some nimble and noiseless secretary.

A soft hand touched mine. Columbia '22 said, "The President!" The soft hand turned outward, motioning me to a seat. I had a feeling that his glance had frisked me to see if I were armed, and a sense of his complete awareness that insignia and decorations made a target. Wearing an apostle's mantle which your enemies think that you feloniously appropriated is a restless business.

By western criteria Chiang Kai-shek, considering his career, ought to have an embattled chin, a hawk nose, glittering eyes, and a scar or two. But Chinese do not have hawk noses or eagle eyes. To westerners all Chinese seem to look alike. Their eyes, black spots between slant lids, are as unfathomable as their poker faces. Chiang's eyes were like that at first glance. They moved shuttlewise in a watchfulness that would not miss the flicker of a fly's wing in the room. He could be across the room or out of it in a flash of ferret quickness.

No foreign language was at his command. He had never sat in a western stadium and joined in the rah-rahs for alma mater. That was the marked difference between him and the members of his cabinet. He was an unwesternized Chinese, this present leader of the cohorts of westernization—a man of the people, close to the earth. It accounted for the talk you heard that his western-educated advisers were loath to have him meet distinguished foreigners lest they find him uncultivated, rough and disillusioning.

Being Chinese, he could be as ingratiating as a pet kitten. He had all the guile of that ancient race. With Columbia '22, acting as interpreter, Chiang's part, in harmony with Yale '11, his Minister of Foreign Affairs, was to speak his piece in propagandic conventionality about the Three Principles and the noble ideals of the Chinese republic.

I had heard it over and over from his subordinates. I had heard the same kind of thing in behalf of the Japanese in Japan; in behalf of the French in France, the Poles in Poland and so on around the circuit. It is all in the day's work in "selling" national policy wrapped in that world idealism which has at least advanced far enough for statesmen to have to recognize its existence on all public if not private occasions. So easy for the college graduates, it was plainly difficult and trying for Chiang.

I preferred to sound him in his own part of a fighting man and people's leader; of the autocrat. He had to bring order in China. This required that some heads should be broken. By force behind an idea he had achieved his present position; by force he must prevail.

When I took that line for a "hard-boiled" kind of talk, the real Chiang came out through his eyes, the Chiang who was the apostle's shrewd secretary; the Chiang who knew the yamen tricks and the coolie tricks; the Chiang of the army, living off the country and gathering recruits in the promise of spoils, and prevailing against leaders whose methods were the same. He had been betrayed by generals who sold out to the other side in the custom of the country; he had bought generals on the other side. When they could not be bought or intrigued with favors, he had set jealous rivals to harass them to their undoing.

Always at any moment the man whom he most trusted might turn against him. Only a few days before he had had twenty cadets shot for plotting. That was a warning of his prescience as well as his power. The watchful eyes, even when his words were honeyed in their Ningpo beguiling, would be likely to detect a plot before it came to a head.

Now, in southern Chinese fashion, he rolled his mobile lips outward; his eyes became a murky black. They were the eyes of Chiang "the killer," to whom life was cheap in the land where life has always been so cheap because there is not enough food to go around; the eyes touched with the fanaticism of a course which justified the rough means to an end; eyes that could nurse a hate but hold it lest its explosion would be his own undoing before that of the one whom it was meant to undo.

On the parade ground, an hour before this interview with Chiang, I had seen his crack troops at drill. "Hard-boiled" sergeants kept them at it: German goose-step and shuffle, skirmish drill, and bombing practice. Twenty German officers were acting as instructors in carrying out Chiang's plan as he so clearly stated it to me. He must have a dependable soldiery and police first; and every soldier must know that there was only one commander-in-chief, himself, as head of the Kuomintang.

He would make a regular army of hard-bitten fighting men, professional in their loyalty, shooting only when told to shoot. A quarter of a million of such soldiery would be enough to take the place of the two million in the different provincial armies. Such would be their prestige that the sight of them would turn rioters peaceful. All the dynasties of the past had imposed their will upon China with small armies.

Then westernization would be a matter of edicts. Having won it in this fashion, China would put the westerners forever out of control of her affairs. She would become a great power, a military power. For Chiang is jingo Chinese. His candor is one of the worries of Yale '11, Minister of Foreign Affairs. His speeches to his leaders and soldiers are censored before publication.

Again, although they drill so well, could Chiang gather a quarter of a million soldiers who will stick together under one leader, when the commander of a local regular garrison can turn taxgatherer, despot, or bandit on his own? Could the new saga of Sun Yat-sen substitute patriotism for the Chinese devotion to the individual family? Could four thousand years of habit be changed?

China of the families has always been ruled by dynastic families. One of these was the Sung. Now people play on the word by speaking of the Soong dynasty.

If Soong, the richest merchant of Shanghai, who gave all his children good foreign educations, had had more daughters, C. T. Wang, Yale '11, might not be Foreign Minister if he kept his present wife. All the cabinet positions would be filled by the Soong clan. Son T. V. Soong, Harvard '15, is the Minister of Finance. Sun Yat-sen married the eldest sister;

Chiang Kai-shek married the second; and Kung of the seventy-fifth generation from Confucius married the third sister. Sun Fo, the Minister of Railways, is a son of Sun Yat-sen by his first wife.

Graves of other families may be destroyed, but the Chinese custom, the old instinct that your first duty is to your own family, is not in abeyance. Nepotism, in or out of office, has ever been a Chinese virtue. When a Chinese becomes rich he must provide jobs for all his relatives, even to great-uncles and fourth cousins.

One member of the Soong family is with the "outs." The widow of Sun Yat-sen defied family tradition. She is all for the canonization of her apostle husband; but she sees disciple Chiang Kai-shek as an arch-charlatan, a cruel self-seeking soldier, profaning Sun's idealism by oppression of the people and using Sun's immortality as a piece of political capital.

All Chiang's purring or her family's arguments could not win her support. The cleverest and best-looking of the Soong girls, she would make her own Sun-Soong dynasty as she was plotting with Chiang's enemies of the left wing, which has a red tinge, the Kuominchun, or People's Party.

Pictures as I rode about Nanking and passed through official doors that were guarded by sentries! Pictures of the quick rising from the dead; of the new on the background of the old as fresh as slashes on time-darkened stone walls!

Here was a city that harked back to the days of its glory as the Ming capital. For centuries its population had not increased. No city in China had been more hide-bound in ancient traditions. The ghosts of past generations of imperial courtiers, of lean young scholars of the classics, and classic-wise venerable mandarins walked its streets.

To Nanking came the students for the examinations for the civil service which were held in the long rows of cubicles built of reeds. The candidates were not always the sons of rich or notable families. The relatives of the son of an humble farmer or craftsman, who might be a prodigy at his lessons, would chip in for the "bright boy's" education. If he should receive his bachelor's degree and enter the sacred circle of those chosen to rule China he might one day be a viceroy with a rich province as the fief for his squeeze; and the family would share the profit of their gamble on him.

For old China was that kind of a democracy which opened the doors of opportunity to the lowliest to rise to lordship where in old Japan a son must be content with his father's occupation and place in the social caste. Long before any of the ancestors of the students in English, French, or German colleges could write their own tongue the scholar was great in China. He was the real aristocrat. For he knew his Confucius and Mencius; he knew all the classics.

The Chinese saw those who knew their classics best as best fit to rule China. In the stock of classic lore which their prodigious memories held, the rulers looked down on the ignorance of the "outer barbarians." They spoke the mandarin which was the universal tongue of scholarship above the provincial dialects. The equipment for ruling provinces was in the art of subtle reference to quotations from the classics which only the best classic scholar could understand.

Executive training was not even considered in the examinations. In 1903, two years before the system was abolished, less than two thousand out of just under a million candidates passed. No wonder those who had survived the gruelling test saw themselves as superior beings. China was theirs. A similar system in the West would have drawn all future cabinet ministers, governors, mayors, and legislators from the lists of the youth who had been most excellent scholars in Latin, Greek and Sanscrit. It was not a leading to favor westernization in the machine age. Today the mayor of Nanking is a graduate of Oxford who is convinced that he had a superior education to the graduates of Harvard and Yale who are convinced they are superior to the graduates of our fresh-water colleges.

Such inchoate energy as that of a new mining camp, where gold was found on the virgin plains or in a virgin valley of the Rockies, is loosed in that ancient city. The speeding automobiles of cabinet ministers and vice-cabinet ministers bump one another on the new boulevard. New buildings are rising to house government employees who are cramped in the quarters of the old yamens.

Cabinet ministers are commuters who spend week-ends, or two or three days a week, in Shanghai. They go by the night sleeper unless they can whangle a plane from Chiang who requires his planes to carry his generals and loyal governors or to bomb the troops of the enemy generals. There seems little system or co-ordination except as it exists in Chiang's mind to overcome his enemies.

"But give us time," said Columbia '22 who was such a delightful companion. So say all the young officials. Among them one who received his degree before 1910 is regarded as being near superannuation in that China where once high official place was only for grandfathers. "Rome was not built in a day. We are going to build the most beautiful capital in the world. The foreign legations will have more sumptuous housing in nobler surroundings than they have in Peiping—dead Peking, forever dead Peking. Haven't you seen Mr. Murphy's plans? He is one of your great American architects who has a feeling for Chinese architecture. We have given him a free hand."

Following the narrow streets of the old city I sought Mr. Murphy. His office was reached through the court of a Chinese house and by climbing the stairs to rooms hung with architectural drawings. He was absent. But his young engineer assistant, sitting before a table piled with his calculations, sufficed. He was a blade of the American faith, the very personification of the young West called by the young East to help hustle the old East. What more could youth ask than a free hand in helping to design the most beautiful capital in the world among purple hills on the banks of China's great river? There among the Ming tombs, below the blue roof of Sun Yat-sen's tomb, are to be waves of blue roofs of government buildings in a harmonious plan.

Old China hands might see the young American as a Quixote come to tilt against Chinese windmills and build enduring palaces out of clouds; but not once did that practical young man, who was trained to build bridges and tunnels, conduits, and skyscrapers at home, give any sign that he did not consider his project sure of execution. The material in the high broad stone wall, twenty-two miles in length, the longest of any city in China, which surrounds old Nanking, would be useful for new construction; but it had been decided for sentiment's sake not to demolish it. There was drawing power in sentiment to bring tourists to the Capital Beautiful. The old should remain in contrast with the new.

New gates would be opened in the wall for the new broad main arterial streets. Their cost would be cheap in China. There would be no pettifogging quibbles about right of way and condemnation of property, when Chiang said "Do it!" Along the new boulevard still stand the portions of houses which had been cut in two. The owners of these and those that were destroyed altogether received no compensation. They should rejoice in the rise of property owing to the improvements.

The site for the main capital buildings would be outside the city along the boulevard. One after another could be added in the harmonious plan. The first was to have been the Hall of the Kuomintang, the party in power; but Chiang had decided that this should be preceded by a monument to his soldiers who had fallen in the wars. He did not want to be bothered by any party assemblies, in lieu of a national congress, and therefore no hall was yet needed for their sessions.

The legation quarter would be a little apart in the suburbs to insure isolation and quiet; and each nation, hopefully, would employ architects in sympathy with the harmonious plan. There must be a modern waterworks and lighting system. A bowl in the hills was a natural reservoir for water pumped from the Yangtze, which, as it carried no sewage, could be easily clarified of its sediment and chlorinated. The railroad station would be moved from the river bank to the flats, accessible to the city and the capitol buildings, as the center of a new suburb with rows of shops which should also be in the harmonious plan.

Adjoining the legislative hall would be a banquet hall to seat a thousand people on great official occasions. The top of the old wall would be turned into a boulevard for automobiles and a promenade for pedestrians taking an afternoon or evening constitutional. In the city itself there would be a civic center and sites assigned for the new hospitals and museums.

That young man was a joy to the traveling American. If all should not turn out as planned for him in China, he is certain of occupation at home.

Then I was back in the narrow streets, where, except for official automobiles slowly squeezing their way forward, I seemed to have stepped out of a New York engineer's office back into old China. Between me and the new boulevard was the ancient wall which hid Sun Yat-sen's tomb.

An hour later I was having tea with the women faculty of Ginling college (adopted as a sister college by Smith), where American subscriptions have built, under pagoda roofs, classrooms and laboratories, on the American pattern, around a quadrangle of green lawn. By the new Chinese law, Ginling, which is under the Mission Board, must have a Chinese president. I saw Chinese girl students going and coming on the paths out of the window while I was suggesting to the American teachers that the Chinese intelligentsia were advancing so fast that soon they would be able to take over all the instruction. The foreign staff would be no longer required.

I noted a certain polite reservation on the part of my hosts, but I went on with freshened enthusiasm about the wonderful plans of the Capital Beautiful which I had just seen, quite as if it was certain of fulfilment to the last detail. One of the young teachers could no longer hold her tongue.

"Where are they to get the money to pay for it?" she asked gingerly.

"Are you from Missouri?" I asked, in turn.

"No. From Connecticut,"—which was much the same thing.

That evening I dined in the only European hotel in Nanking. It was kept by an Englishman whose wife was half-English and half-Chinese with a cockney accent. They profit much from the influx of automobile, airplane, powder and arms salesmen who have business with the government; and would profit more if their guests were not in such haste to dispatch their business and return to the excellent hotels in Shanghai.

Two bats were flying about the dining room during dinner.

"We calls 'em our pets," said the hostess. "Some of the lidies say that they gets in their 'air. But, 'Bob your 'air,' says I. 'It's the fashion now.' "

Foreign Minister C. T. Wang had recently equipped a clubhouse with baths and plumbing and excellent foreign cuisine to care for government guests, much to the relief of attachés who have to journey from the pleasant legation quarter at Peiping to look after international business with the recognized government of China.

The young architect-engineer had his American answer ready to the question about finances. The improvements he planned would bring an increase of business and population and thus a rise in the value of real estate and in the profits of merchants which would more than pay the costs—just as in the United States. Consider the price that plots of the waste land around the site would bring as soon as the new railroad station was built!

But this prospect was something that Chiang Kai-shek could not capitalize in immediate bank balances to meet pressing bills. All those salesmen of munitions who came to Nanking demanded cash on delivery. Chiang needed money to pay his loyal troops and keep them loyal, to bribe the "outs" and pay the troops of rival generals so they would disband.

His habit was to draw on T. V. Soong, Secretary of the Treasury, who is called the Alexander Hamilton of Chinese reconstruction. Isn't the business of the Secretary of the Treasury to pay government bills? Certainly no one will deny that it is the accepted practice of all western nations.

Soong's problem was how he, himself, was to get the money. On this score China requires a much more resourceful Secretary of the Treasury than Britain, France, or the United States.

"If surpluses flowed in as they do in Washington," said Columbia '22, "we should see that T. V. is just as great as your Mr. Mellon."

Why shouldn't China float foreign bonds? Japan had done so. Should little Japan be served and enormous China be refused? The French loaned money to America in the American Revolution, as Chinese graduates of American colleges were reminded. Some of them know American and European history better than native graduates. The Americans loaned money to the Allies in the World War, and to put such poor countries as Poland and Yugoslavia on their feet. Americans had poured funds into missions, medical colleges, and hospitals in China.

Once the Nationalist government was recognized, its financial hope was in America. Hadn't republican America rejoiced over China turning republican? Should not the old republic befriend the young republic? Yet, apparently, America must be shown that China was in earnest in her westernization.

It is hinted that one reason for calling the American architects to plan the city beautiful was an act of good faith in appealing to the American pocket. A more practical measure of the same kind was the summoning of the Kemmerer Commission. At the Chinese government's expense a group of experts in railroad building, budget making, and governmental organization of all kinds, chosen by Professor E. W. Kemmerer, as their head, was to investigate Chinese conditions and devise a program which would bring Chinese economic administration in line with modern methods.

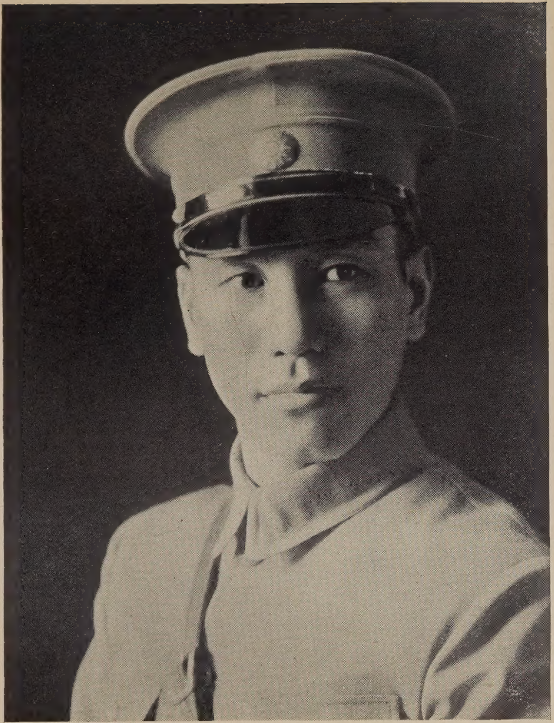
Dr. Kemmerer had performed the same service as adviser to the Philippine Commission and in South American countries. His prestige ought to assure the world that China would be modernized in everything from tax gathering to new railroad systems which would be on as harmonious a plan as the Capital Beautiful. The Commission did its duty with characteristic efficiency, and delivered its report for which it had been paid. Whether recommendations would be carried out was another affair—"a Chinese affair" as the old China hand would say.

How could they be when the employment of the Commission had brought no foreign loans to pay the cost? For the American bankers, who might be privately subscribing for educational and mission work in China, would make no subscriptions to help the Nationalist government. They had looked over the long list of foreign loans to China, on which no interest was being paid. They remembered the Consortium and all the good money that had been thrown after bad in trying to make China solvent. The new Nationalist government controlled only a part of the country. Japan had paid the interest on all her loans, liquidated them when they came due. Japan had sound national credit, China has none.

There were no floating home bonds in the provinces which were dominated by the enemy generals. Voluntary subscriptions to national issues had not been the habit of the Chinese who put their money back into family enterprises, although frequently they have to submit to forced loans from the governing group of the time.

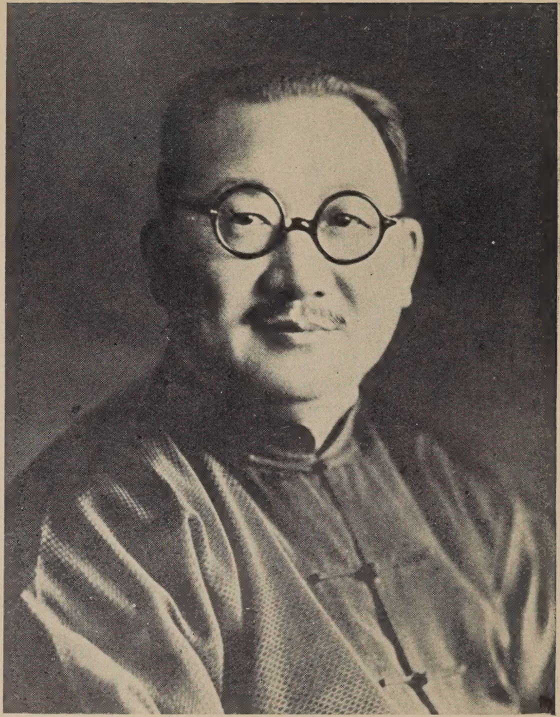
Soong's main source of income is the national customs taxes which had been increased by raising the tariff. There was also the salt-tax. This would bring a large income if the local officials did not find there was so little to spare after they had met their own necessities. Meanwhile Soong did float some home loans. How forced they were, I do not know. Meanwhile, by singular adroitness, he was always able to find funds enough to meet Chiang Kai-shek's most urgent demands in a pinch.

Chiang was in a very tight pinch at the time that I saw him. The view in Shanghai was that his day was over. He had as many lives as a cat but he would soon part with the last. North and south, the rival generals were taking the warpath against him. The loss of Canton, home city of his party, to an advancing enemy army seemed imminent. The Soviets were feeding the opposition with more than agitation, with funds and arms. The plots of Madame Sun Yat-sen and her fellow conspirators of the Kuominchun seemed to be



From Wide World Photos

CHIANG-KAI-SHEK, THE NATIONALIST GENERALISSIMO



From Wide World Photos

DR. H. H. KUNG, MINISTER OF INDUSTRY, B.A. OBERLIN, 1906, M.A. YALE, 1907, WHO BELONGS TO THE OLDEST FAMILY IN THE WORLD, THE 75TH GENERATION FROM CONFUCIUS

coming to a successful head. Some of Chiang's troops in the north turned tail; others mutinied.

But he had the interior line, provinces he held were in the middle of the country. He had the navy, such as it was; he had shipping. Transports, packed with his troops, appeared off Canton. They were ashore and on the march. They had airplanes. The invaders were outgeneraled, repulsed. Canton was accordingly again loyal as in the past to her hero.

In the north he took the field in person; he struck swiftly with his crack German-trained troops. They had the support of bombing planes under better aviators than his rivals. They were loyal to their drillmasters and their chief. Superior numbers broke before their regular skill and gameness.

Again the child of Ningpo, where they breed such a cunning people, who had seemed to be napping, had awakened with feline quickness, and again he had won. He was still in control of his five provinces, the enemy generals were back in their own provinces. There they would rest as they mulled over fresh plots. Even as their strength weakened with every mile of advance so would his if he sought to strike them in their distant lairs.

WAS I still in China? Was I seeing a mirage? Was this a phantom city in which I had alighted from the Nanking sleeper in a misty dawn?

Here westernization was achieved in orderly rows of luxury shops, modern office buildings and imposing stone bank buildings. Signs were horizontal, in foreign letters of foreign names. Not a pagoda roof, not a perpendicular Chinese sign was in sight. The well-paved streets were deserted. Business for the day had not yet begun.

At first the architecture seemed to be English. But there were also an American influence and a French influence. This city of Shanghai was polyglot occidental, a city in which more than one western nation had had a hand.

The hotel where the taxi left me was distinctly American, skyscraper model, outside and in.

"Have you a room with a bath?"

The question sounded strange after the interior of China.

"All rooms have baths."

I plunged in hurriedly lest the tub should disappear and I should find myself out of this young modern city and back in the leading hotel at ancient Nanking where I had dined the previous evening, and bats had been flying about the dining room.

After breakfast, when I stepped out of the hotel, the human swarm was hiving for the day's work as it does at the same hour in our own cities. The neatest-looking Chinese traffic policeman I had ever seen was directing motor traffic with the precision of the best-regulated of western metropolises.

But white men were rare in this city of western architecture. Even the peripatetic Japanese were rare. The business army of occupation was Chinese—merchants, compradors, clerks, chauffeurs, coolies, truckmen, telephone girls, and telegraph operators. The westerners are the generals in Shanghai, largest foreign city in China and greatest port of the East. Its total population of westerners—"excluding Russian refugees," as the saying goes—is about twenty thousand.

Each nationality, be it British, American, French, or Portuguese, is represented by all types from beachcomber to banker and bishop. Aside from all kinds of westerners there are all the kinds of Asiatics from Suez to Japan. Sons of Ham barter with sons of Bagdad.

There may be as many kinds in New York, Chicago, Paris, or London, but they are scattered in the mass of population. Comparatively the cosmopolitanism of other countries is a census abstraction. Shanghai is the world's metropolis of cosmopolitanism in practice. Here, on an eastern background, all the kinds are rubbing elbows. They cannot escape one another. They are on a squirrel-cage's wheel in a concentration camp of five thousand five hundred acres. The hope of fortune brought them to Shanghai and made them Shanghailanders. They dream of the day when, with fortunes won, they will go home, wherever that is between Warsaw and Paris and London and San Francisco.

Restless to go, they are also restless to return. Away from Shanghai they hear its call. Shanghai gets in their blood, China gets in their blood. This is a way that China has; and there is a saying that anything may happen in Shanghai and does frequently.

You would guess that westernization in the influence of example must stretch out into the suburbs, gradually growing fainter until you were in the China, unchanged for thousands of years, which I had seen on my inland journey. But the fact is, ten minutes in a taxi—if you are free of traffic jams—takes you out of the Concession, out of the West into the East. You are in the go-as-you-please press of the narrow streets of the Native City where everybody is Chinese except the curious tourist, or a white Shanghailander passing in his car. All the ways and thoughts are Chinese.

The public toothpuller operates before spectators without anæsthetic or septic fastidiousness. Ripe smells assail the nostrils. Craftsmen, disdaining machinery, are at work with the same primitive methods as in Confucius' time.

The line of the abrupt change is where the Foreign Concession ends and the Native City begins. In the Native City is Chinese rule; in the Concession, that of a European Municipal Council composed of five British, three Americans, two Japanese, and three Chinese. This is the simple statement of the meaning of extraterritoriality which is much bruited and about which I shall have more to say later.

How did it happen? How was it that the Chinese ever permitted the foreign devils to become masters of Shanghai and the other leading ports which are the inlets and outlets of trade?

The answer is money and religion; bullets against pikes; broadsides from men-of-war against stinkpots; machine loom against hand loom; the white man's audacious power against the stuffed shirt of oriental pomp; invention and enterprise of ambitious younger western generations against the stagnation of eastern ancestor worship.

As a high-powered young American salesman said, Columbus "certainly started something" when he sought a short route to the East, but found America on the way, thus leaving further progress toward his goal to later generations of navigators. Farther and farther, in the succeeding age of discovery sailed Spanish and Portuguese navigators, pursuing the horizon's rim, until they came to where it limited the range of the swarming junks of the China coast.

By 1517 the Portuguese were trading at Ningpo and Macao. Not until 1637 did the first British ship appear; and it was many years before another came. Distance and local conditions did not favor such ventures. By 1715 the outlook was good enough for the powerful British East India Company to take a hand; but there was little doing until fifty years later.

With the turn of the next century blue-nosed skippers of New England as well as red-cheeked skippers of Old England were tacking their ships up the river to Canton. Here, in the great city of southern China, was the market of the tea which the western world had learned to drink and of the silk whose crinkle western women found pleasant about their ankles.

The white traders brought no cargo except Mexican silver to pay for their purchases; for we produced nothing then that the Chinese would buy. Fast clippers raced homeward to arrive first with the new crops of tea and silk. Fortunes were made in a single voyage.

With one side doing all the selling and no buying, the situation was one which would make local rotary clubs, tariff commissions and chambers of commerce in our time see mercantile utopia at last achieved, and lead them to meet the foreign buyers at the pier with speeches of welcome from the mayor and massed bands. But the reception they received was, in modern terms, that of nefarious outsiders. In these white mariners and traders, with their seamed and weather-beaten faces, the mandarins saw their conception of the outer barbarians fulfilled.

"The great ministers of the Celestial Empire," said a viceroy, in answer to a petition, "are not permitted to have private intercourse by letter with outside barbarians. If the said barbarian throws in private letters, I, the Viceroy, will not at all receive or look at them. . . . How flaming bright are the Celestial Empire's great laws and ordinances! Under this whole bright heaven none dares disobey them."

After this preamble the viceroy came to the subject in hand. These barbarians must know that he knew that the "tea, the rhubarb, the silk of the inner dominions" were the sources by which their nations lived and maintained life. If the barbarians did not cease their obstinate demands, "the trade shall be immediately stopped and the commerce cut off."

It would probably be a warrantable hypothesis to say that this was political bluff for local consumption, to emphasize imperial and viceregal power. The Emperor received tribute from viceroys, and viceroys had their squeeze from the merchants who received the silks and tea from the coolies who packed them for hundreds of miles. The foreign devils did bring silver; and silver was bright and pleasant to the touch. So the barbarians were allowed to live ashore in their warehouses at Canton in a small area which they must not leave except by permission and on the payment of a fee. They were prisoners.

Farther north in immense China were other ports at great river mouths and market places at the ends of caravan routes. The barbarians were sailing up the long coast from Canton to harbors that were ice-free only in summer. The weather, or a viceregal glare of contempt, no more stayed them than Indian braves on western plains stayed the paleface settlers' advance.

There were people on the eastern seaboard of the United States who took a mandarin view of the western pioneers as having manners which made them socially unpresentable. As for the sailors, back from whaling voyages or ranging the China Sea, they swore and brought home parrots that swore; and on shore liberty, after long cruises, they told incredible tales and beat inn tables with horny fists as they called for another noggin of rum. Mothers dwelt in fear that sons should run away to sea.

"Very rough men, sailors and China traders," said Mrs. Prim of Boston and Springfield over her tea as she smoothed her silk frock; and so said the squire and his lady of England as they rode to church on Sunday morning. But fortunes that were the envy of all were being made by clipper ship owners who now sat in front pews.

At first, the governments, especially that of the United States, took little interest in protecting traders who made no markets for export. If they would go venturing in the unknown savage, or the semi-civilized, world (as western schoolbooks then called China) they must take their risks. Then another interest in China appeared; its appeal for contributions expected generous giving from the well-to-do who could afford to wear Chinese silks. Parliament and Congress heard from the Bishops. Preach the Gospel to all nations. The heathen, as the outer barbarians saw the people of the Celestial Empire, must receive the Christian faith of the outer barbarians.

Missionaries' prayers and apostolic preaching as well as traders' bargainings were being heard in China. The missionaries' lives must be protected. A western trader or sailor killed by a mob might be a detail, but the death of a missionary was a major incident. Responsible foreign governments must have a responsible

Chinese government with which to deal; there must be treaties to protect foreign residents in China and missionaries in their work.

China must come into the international family. She must receive and send ministers to carry on relations. And this meant that the kings and rulers of the outer barbarians expected to be considered as the equals of His Majesty of the Celestial Empire.

"Kowtow or no business done!" was the simplified form of the Celestial Emperor's pompous response. Compliance meant western nations would take their menial place with the ten thousand kingdoms subject to the peacock throne under the bright heaven.

"No kowtow and more business!" was the simplified meaning of the diplomatic language of the rulers of the barbarians. "Lives may be cheap in China, but we hold those of our people dear, and will protect them."

Warships appeared off the China coast. The "awful celestial thunderbolts" had been only bold words; disciplined fire from landing parties armed with modern rifles had an evident advantage over stinkpots. If the Emperor would save his face as the source of almighty power with his people he must not allow the news of defeat to travel too far. He made terms. Thus force inaugurated not only the majesty of foreign rulers but that of the white man individually in China.

The Chinese precedent set by assigning the barbarians as prisoners to the little island at Canton was now applied in satirical logic by the westerners. They should have concessions on shore at the ports, have them for their own, to live in under their own rule. Hence we have extraterritoriality.

There were many reasons why westerners would not submit to Chinese laws. One was that when a Chinese was killed in a brawl with foreign sailors, the local viceroy would demand that a foreign sailor, regardless of any proof of guilt, should be delivered up for execution. Thousands of years of pressure of population had simplified Chinese jurisprudence. When a crime was committed justice was satisfied by the police "getting" someone and then executing him.

Steam, shortening distances, inaugurated the present mechanistic age, whose gospel Europe would spread to new fields. It would find a market abroad for the goods which it manufactured from the raw material it bought abroad.

Other nations had pioneered the voyages of discovery by sail. Britain pioneered the voyages of development, in the succeeding epoch, with steam vessels built of iron instead of oak. With her command of the sea, her coal, iron, shipyards, and looms—the Britain of free trade which enabled cheaper production and cheaper carrying costs than her competitors—she naturally appeared in the greatest strength, spurred by commercial necessity as well as political ambition, at the gates of China. She was the heaviest sufferer from Chinese exactions; she had the most to gain by the wider opening of the gates.

Protests and negotiations having failed, while missionaries joined their voices to those of the traders for further protection, the situation had become so bad in 1842 that the British saw force as the only means of relief. Other foreign nations made a scandal of their ensuing action. It was called the Opium War on the ground that its object was to compel the admission of opium from the British Indian colony of India into China. But the documents show that opium was only an incident to the great issue which concerned the future of all trade with China and the rights of all foreigners in China. (Doubtless fortunes were made both by foreign merchants and Chinese merchants and officials in spreading opium consumption in China, which, itself, also grew opium. Bootlegging opium remains very profitable. Certain men in Shanghai are pointed out as having begun their fortunes in opium. One of these is conspicuous for his philanthropy.)

A prize of the British victory was the annexation of Hong Kong, the Gibraltar of southern China, as a British crown colony. Here, too, the British established free trade. Here all the Chinese and foreign merchants were on equal footing with the British. And so they were to be in the new ports opened to trade and henceforth to be known as the Treaty Ports where the outer barbarians might build their warehouses and homes on soil that was under their flag and their own rule. Not only were traders secure under their own laws, but the missionaries welcomed the advance in their behalf which protected their persons in proselytization in the interior.

John Tyler was then President of the United States. He was prompt to avail himself of the new breach that the British had made in Chinese exclusion; for all the other nations were to profit by the Opium War. Tyler sent stiff-necked Caleb Cushing as the American legate to China, escorted by a sloop- and frigate-of-war. After much negotiation and making the power of his supporting guns realized, he achieved better terms than the British. For the first time he defined in clear and unmistakable terms the application of extraterritoriality in a treaty which became a model for all other foreign nations.

Midway of the long coast of China the sea was tinted for miles out by the sediment of the great Yangtze River. Its source was far back in the foothills of Thibet. The sails of junks tacked back and forth across its vast flow. Canals as well as tributaries fed the traffic it bore from all the central provinces, an area which then had more population than France, Germany, and Italy, or the United States today.

A determining stroke in the British campaign of 1842 came when the British men-of-war reduced the antiquated forts at the mouth of the Yangtze and British redcoats landed and took the infantry positions ashore by storm. To tap the trade of the valley of the great arterial river the British would have a new foothold in addition to Foochow, Amoy, Ningpo and Canton to the south.

The other concessions had been set on the edge of large thriving Chinese cities. The new concession of Shanghai was near a miserable Chinese town on the marshy shore of the Whangpoo (tributary of the

Yangtze, near its mouth) without a hill in sight, steaming hot in summer and cold in winter. This time the mandarins thought that they had outwitted the barbarians. In those unhealthy swamps, where only hardy Chinese could barely live, the white man would perish. But the white man is tough when gold or adventure calls him to deserts or jungles. Even then he had a way of combating diseases and scourges which were fatal to natives.

The mandarins were puzzled to find that although the British had the power to take and hold what they demanded without pay they paid the owners for the land which they required for their settlement. This, the British explained, was their system which made them strong and permitted no man, Chinese or foreign, to be deprived of his property without recompense and due course of law.

Foolish as it was to the mandarins, the Chinese merchants were to learn to like it as superior to vice regal squeeze and confiscation. So the domineering, venturing, gambling white man—with his sailors to swear for him and his missionaries to pray for him—was to work the same wonders on the Whangpoo swamp land as he did on barren Manhattan Island or the mud flats where he built the linen factories and shipyards of Belfast.

It was the United States, as we know, which took the lead in opening Japan, athwart our trade route from Shanghai to our Pacific ports. Succeeding punitive and disciplinary actions, when the Chinese broke treaties or massacred missionaries or merchants, led to more and more foreign control and the opening of more ports to trade, until every important gateway of China had its foreign concessions.

In what we now call the gay nineties, when the closing period of the Victorian Age was rounding out an imperialistic epoch, before the Russo-Japanese War, the majesty of the white man reached its zenith in the Far East.

The force of the foreign Asiatic squadrons was back of the treaties that gave foreign control of the Chinese customs service and harbors and lights, in an honest administration, as relief from the old days of Chinese squeeze. All the white men, except boss mechanics, were of the white-collar class. A clerk who had not been used to having servants in his home country became a nabob. On his pay, so cheap was living and wages, he had an establishment of half a dozen "boys" and a racing pony.

The first things of importance which the traders had sold the natives in part payment for tea and silk were light and raiment.

Rockefeller sent the light from the Pennsylvania oil fields. The ranking American merchant of any port was the local representative of the Standard Oil Company.

And the coolie was wearing a new fabric which was cheaper than any for sale at home. The mills of Manchester and New England had found a market for their machine-made cotton goods. The fields of our South, which had then a monopoly of cotton growing, were supplying home and foreign mills with their raw material and also the cotton batting with which the natives of cold North China padded their coats in winter for warmth in place of furs and woolens. And the Chinese learned to smoke. Tobacco is still a leading import into China.

The outer barbarian took toll, too, and still takes it, in the carrying trade both for exports and imports; and in local shipping between the China ports and up the Chinese rivers. Among the names on the big buildings on the Bund in Shanghai are those of the pioneer British firms, and of the banking houses which gave China her first banking system, set the standard of exchange, and profited hugely thereby.

China was stable under the Manchu emperors except for localized riots and famines. The western merchants bargained with dignified Chinese merchants and, as collectors, talked about old Chinese porcelains and paintings over their tea. Both were making money, and that was the object of the alien in China and was what made present comfort and immortality secure for the Chinese.

Native merchant invited friend foreign merchant to gorges of Chinese dinners with libations of old Chinese wine, which lasted for three hours; and foreign friend responded with foreign dinners of eight courses and all the kinds of foreign wines on the list. Soft-footed Chinese boys did the buttling for "mlastas" whom other soft-footed boys valeted. The honesty of the Chinese merchant was then proverbial, as was the trickiness of the Japanese. In China the merchant had ever been the gentleman; in old Japan he had been at the bottom of the social pyramid.

Those were the great days to the old-timer of the China coast, the fabulous days of big profits and leisurely ways. The comprador, Chinese middleman, waxed rich. He set up in business for himself, competing with the foreign merchant. He bought real estate in the foreign concessions when he saw how it was rising in value. A square foot in Shanghai is today worth twenty, thirty or forty times a square foot in Nanking. Values drop on the same street across the border from the Concession in the Native City.

Chinese, learning English and foreign ways of accounting, and working cheaper, took the place of foreign clerks and mechanics. Competition among foreigners themselves became keener. Other oil companies, both American and British, now share the market with the Standard.

Gone is the Manchu era with its regulated squeeze. In place of its portly, elderly viceroys in queues and silk robes, nursing their long finger nails as they rode in litters, are the short-haired, fractious, foreign-educated rulers of the new China in the agony of a modernization through civil wars which some experts think may mean a permanent chaos. Where the old China merchant cunningly negotiated about tribute with the old viceroy he now faces the demand for tribute from the local army commander. He is held up by soldiers in uniform turned highway robbers; he is kidnapped for ransom.

Yet Chinese trade keeps on increasing. New needs expand consumption in China as well as elsewhere, if more slowly. New buildings rise in Shanghai, as well as in other treaty ports. It is the British flag that flies from most of the banks and business houses on the Bund, the boulevard that faces the river; for the British were the pioneers who staked the best claims in the early rush.

America is in the streets leading from the Bund. The National City Bank of New York has sumptuous quarters, as well as the British Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank and the Yokohama Specie Bank; and in all the ports, and in Mukden and in Harbin far up in Manchuria, it has busy branches making the most of the spreading power of post-war American capital and enterprise.

Where there was not one American to four British twenty-five years ago in Shanghai there are now approximately three thousand Americans to five thousand British. When an American company recently bought the Shanghai municipal light and power plant for $30,000,000, the British merchants approved, for it committed the investment of more American dollars in the westerner's common cause.

Japanese merchants took the same view. They too, as Shanghailanders, have the same interests at stake in investments and trade in the Concession and in their banks, export houses, shipping companies, and plants. Eager as they were for the abolition of extraterritoriality in Japan—making the same appeal as young China now makes—they hold that it is impracticable in China.

With their cheaper labor in Japan they are driving rival European and American cotton goods out of the market. Japanese capital owns Chinese mills which compete with Japanese. Rich Chinese residents of the Concession who own property there shared the apprehension of the foreign merchants lest the governments of England, France, and America should weaken about extraterritoriality. (Its abolition by a Chinese decree came after I was in Shanghai. I write of views at the time as they were reflected to me and shall later consider the decree itself.)

Young China, crying out against "imperialism," sees Shanghai as its chief stronghold. If Shanghai yields, then all the other Treaty Ports fall. Just as the viceroy of old saw the outer barbarians as maintaining life through trade with China, so the young Chinese see the wealth symbolized in the Concession as extorted by force from China. They think China's trade has made the western world rich.

It is not yet in Chinese logic to comprehend that the foreign merchants who built on a swamp this foreign city which drew the population of one of the largest Chinese cities to the banks of the Whangpoo are the true apostles of the modernization of the industrial age. A rich prize invited cupidity. All those foreign banks and business houses, all the foreign residences along Bubbling Well Road, would pass under Chinese rule. China would have back her own; the foreigner's strangle-hold would be off her gateways. The average coolie thought that he would be standing in line to receive his share of the profits which "imperialism" had alienated from him.

The Shanghailanders, with their property at stake, think that, although extraterritoriality must eventually go, the time is not yet. Its abolition would leave them subject to Chinese judges and administrators of the type that now rule the Native City. Their fears are warranted by the decisions of Chinese judges in the Mixed Court, where a defendant Chinese may take his case to a Chinese and a defendant foreigner to a foreign judge.

There is the Honk Dah Cotton Mill case. As agents, in 1919, Anderson, Meyer & Co., sold a large consignment of machinery to the Chinese owners on credit, with a lien on the property which was to be insured until final payments were made. Or, if payments were not made, the machinery was to revert to the sellers. No payment was made. Forty thousand dollars in lawyers' fees has failed to get satisfaction. Still, by the judgment of the Chinese courts, the Chinese mills keep possession of the machinery, which is in use.

By order of Chiang Kai-shek, President and Generalissimo of the Republic of China, the rich estate of the late Sheng Kung-pao was confiscated on the ground that it had been accumulated at public expense. A like case would be the confiscation of the Vanderbilt fortune on the ground that old Commodore Vanderbilt's railroad system had profited by rebates. A characteristic example of the Chinese view of equity was when a junk deliberately, against traffic rules, ran across the bow of a foreign steamer and was rammed.

The Chinese lawyer, who could not controvert the evidence, held that if the steamer had not been on the river the junk would not have been run down.

In view of the Hong Dah Cotton Mill case, it is not surprising that "cash and carry" is the rule of business in China. When a Chinese buys foreign products he must pay a quarter down on order and the rest on delivery. The most enthusiastic high-powered foreign salesmen are not attempting as yet to introduce the instalment system into China.

Yet hope, as in the days of the first traders, is still the life blood of Shanghai—hope as western imagination plays with the potentialities of the market of four hundred and fifty million people. China's trade with the United States is one-fiftieth of our total—but—but —then—

Dreams expand! There is the story of the early trader who figured the quantity of suspender buttons which would be consumed by China in a year if every Chinese bought one. But the Chinese do not wear suspenders.

And consider how cheap labor is! Mechanics average about seventy cents a day; day laborers about twenty-five; and factory girls about sixteen. Why should not foreign capital manufacture goods in China to compete with high-priced labor at home? But strikes, lower efficiency, and local squeeze and exactions have broken many such enterprises.

The foreigner's power is in his inventions, his initiative, his methods, and his new machinery. Beginning with the age of fast-sailing ships, he has brought all the latest developments from steam and the telegraph to radio to the East. A pioneer no less than the early traders is the salesman who ranges the China coast making a market for anything from talkies to cash registers.

In automobiles the United States easily leads. Automobiles will bring roads, and roads call for more automobiles, is the familiar selling talk which agents bring to China. There are only twenty thousand miles of roads in all China as yet. A large part is new, as road building is one of the passions of the new government.

The province of Kwangsi has one thousand five hundred miles of roads and only 550 cars. This will never do. All the rival American automobile agencies are conducting intensive campaigns in Kwangsi—dodging bandits the while. One-third of the twenty thousand motor vehicles in China are in Shanghai. But sell the idea to the natives! Get behind their poker faces with the news that it is time for China to get aboard the modern band wagon! Incoming steamers bring more high-powered salesmen, volunteers of fresh energy to hustle the East which wears the white man down. Outgoing steamers take back the vanquished, bemoaning heavy expense accounts.

Yet there is enough of hope fulfilled to keep hope lively in the city of all men. Consider tractors doing the work of the coolies, bearing packs and pushing wheel-barrows! Consider modern farm machinery at work in Chinese fields! Seventy per cent. of China's population is agricultural; in America, about half is. With food won by less effort there would be an increase of urban populations. Labor would turn to making everything from sanitary plumbing and paved streets to all manner of luxuries which would become necessities. Teeming China! What a market! If China ever does get going—well, the prospect of being in on the ground floor for the great event nurtures hope.

When I asked how many foreigners in Shanghai were worth a million dollars, the origin of one of the first two mentioned was Bagdad and of the other Bombay. The biggest estimate of millionaire westerners was three—fewer than there are in many cities of two hundred thousand at home. These had made their fortunes out of the rise of real estate in the Concession. The richest men in Shanghai are Chinese, who have also profited in Concession real estate.

Not so majestic as in Manchu days, the white man; and very far from majestic are the Russian refugees who now outnumber all the other foreign races in the Concession. I saw one Russian refugee land on the Bund after having beaten his way from northern Manchuria. This man without a country was barefooted, with bare hair sun-bleached. His ragged relic of breeches ended well above his knees. His bare breast, in the big V of his ragged shirt, whose sleeves ended at the armpits, was leather-tanned. All his belongings were in a frayed bit of Chinese matting the size of a handkerchief. But what did he care? This was Shanghai, the city of hope, the city of all men.

A ramrod-straight, emaciated column of a man over six feet tall, he strode on toward the Russian quarter. He could compete with coolies for a bowl of rice, in a land in which famine keeps population stationary, or he might find a job as guard to a rich Chinese, many of whom have Russian guards, with which they may dispense in Treaty Ports while extraterritoriality still holds, or in Darien under Japanese rule. Kidnapping of rich Chinese for ransom in the Native City is quite common news in the Shanghai papers.

Anyhow, it was better that this refugee was male than female. There is the story of the young Russian countess, lost to friends and family, who threw herself in the river. Some Chinese coolies fished her out, took her to their quarters, and worked their will on her. She escaped, and the next time her leap into the river was a success. But why should she drown herself, the cynical asked, when some rich Chinese merchant would be proud to have her as a mistress?

Shanghai is used to tragedies, as it is to the rise and fall of hopes with the fluctuations in the news of Chinese political intrigues and of generals turning peaceful or taking to the warpath. Shanghailanders' political concern is any kind of stable Chinese government. Out of all vicissitudes they extract a philosophy tinged with a buoyant fatalism that is born of their background.

There are groups within the big group. The Japanese keep very much to themselves. The Germans, driven out by the war, their property alienated, are fast recovering their trade. Necessity, rather than the "gift" which some think is responsible, may account for their success in "getting on" with the Chinese. Although German concessions have been yielded, they measurably share the benefits of extraterritoriality.

There are libraries, churches, race courses, and golf courses. Americans and British meet in the big Shanghai club, whose famous bar is now only the second longest in the world—first honors belonging to Sydney. Americans have their own club in town; also a new country club where the same kind of people you meet in the local country club at home dine, or have tea or cocktails on the broad veranda, looking out on the grass tennis courts to the tune of the rush of the water in the swimming pool.

There are rotary clubs, women's clubs, bridge clubs, welfare societies, and hot social rivalries. Those who are ill go to excellent western hospitals. Those who would dip into night life are offered a variety of Shanghai's cosmopolitanism which ranges over into the Native City, where the speak-easies have forbidden opium. Russian and other beautiful adventuresses are looking for men with well-stocked purses, and Chinese and lowly Russian women compete for the favors of the soldiers of the garrison and others of humbler means.

Modernized social China appears at the hotel dances in girls of the Chinese *beau monde* in bobbed hair and Paris gowns whose abbreviation shocks Chinese grandmothers who were brought up to wear pants. A local beauty contest for the New World Coney Island Exposition and Carnival was in progress when I was in Shanghai; and the last I knew Miss Yip Chin Chin and Miss Phœbe E. Wong were alternately leading. If all Chinese girls were thus modernized, what a market that would make for cosmetics and dress goods—at least until the copyist Chinese began manufacturing their own!

Round and round go the Shanghailanders, pioneers of commerce and westernization, in the business area where tall, bearded, turbaned Sikhs from India, guarding doorways, add their touch to cosmopolitanism. Round and round in games and social life in the five thousand five hundred acres, and out and back on the paved streets to where primitive China, the China where the girls still wear pants, begins on the flats! And the other Treaty Ports the length of the coast are cities of hope on the Shanghai pattern.

IX

CHRIST AND THE SOVIET

CANDOR about the Christian missions, the most ticklish of subjects, which a consul expresses in private, is not in order in a report to the State Department. It would mean reprobation of a sacrosanct calling which is related to self-sacrifice and martyrdom and backed by most powerful organizations.

However, I shall try to hold up the mirror, which is a writer's business, in the course of these re-impressions which are related to the first impressions and experiences under the very revealing conditions of the Boxer Rebellion thirty years ago. Otherwise, I should pass over one of the most powerful of all influences in creating present conditions in China, be they for good as a necessary stage in evolution as some progressives hold, or for bad as is the view of many old China hands who think China was much better off in Manchu days.

I may say at the outset that the last word I heard about missions was from a woman who was a fellow passenger on the homeward voyage.

"Thank Heaven there are no driveling missionaries on this steamer!" she said. "Outward bound, we had a mess of them who told the little children on board that if they did not love God better than their mothers there would be a terrible storm which would wreck the ship. The compensating note was that one child said, 'Let's have the storm! I'd like to see it.'"

These missionaries were Fundamentalists. The woman was a Modernist. She goes to church regularly at home; and so do many merchants in the Treaty Ports who express similar views about missions.

Set against the foregoing incident is another on a long Pacific voyage which I recall out of the past. On board were two women with whom respectable women refused to sit at table. But two missionary women, Fundamentalists, having in mind Christ's injunction about the first stone, volunteered to do so.

Before the days of steam the blue-nosed skipper who was in the "Chiny trade" sniffed and maybe "cussed" when mission collections were taken up in the churches at home. Why send people to convert John Chinaman who was no fool and had a pretty good religion of his own? Why not labor with home heathen even if this were less romantic but more practical?

The first Christian missionaries to China were the Catholic fathers who went overland across Asia before the discovery of America. The first Protestant missionary was the English Robert Morrison in 1807, when British trade with China was beginning to flourish. In 1842, after thirty-five years' labor, the Protestants had baptized six native converts. When the treaty of Nanking, after the British war on China, opened the pioneer Treaty Ports, a missionary rush began and a greater one followed after the treaty of Tientsin in 1860 which opened northern China.

Far in the back country the first white man natives ever saw was a missionary. He built his station, after the model of houses in his homeland, on a hill looking down on the roofs of the town where he preached the gospel of his sect.

The natives were puzzled about the numerous Christian sects. One held that salvation was through baptism; another that immersion was enough; another believed in predestination; another in everlasting hell fire; another in absolution for repentance. At one time there were as many as one hundred and forty-seven Christian sects evangelizing China.

Venerable viceroys, smiling into their capacious silken sleeves, might wonder what Father Confucius would say to this. China had only the sect of universal Confucianism, touched with the superstitions of Taoism and the vague unrealities of Buddhism. It was clear to venerable viceroys that lack of logic characterized the outer barbarians, who had no respect for their ancestors, if they had any ancestors worth mentioning: but then, ignorance was inevitable among such young peoples who were in the primitive, disorganized state of China of rival faiths and tribes four thousand years ago, before even the codification that pioneered the way for Confucius had begun.

Certainly the barbarians must be very rich to spend so much money on ships and armies and in paying the cost of missions. Venerable viceroys, so subtle themselves, might further wonder if the missionary might not be playing his part in the barbarian game to exploit China; and if the fact that the missionary and the trader belonged to factions that did not mix might not be "face" to cover chicane. But it was also clear that the champion of every one of the sects must be allowed to stand in the streets and preach his gospel. The crowd might call him foul names, but if he were harmed, then Peking might remove a viceroy.

Although the foreign apostle's was the gospel of peace, the answer to a blow struck at him was not a turning of the other cheek. The answer was broadsides from foreign men-of-war, which meant to Peking the loss of more national rights, and more indemnities to pay. For the missionary was a majestic white man no less than the admiral who strode the man-of-war's deck or the minister plenipotentiary of a foreign legation. His life was no less sacred than that of the trader by the command of an admiral or a minister who took his cue from his chiefs far over the seas. The barbarian's religion might have many rituals of salvation, but his government had a singular unity which was also a characteristic of young peoples who had not yet learned that the true source of continuity of ethics and the true philosophy of life were vested in the family.

The early Christian missionaries from Rome won kings and chieftains of the then semi-savage world of northern Europe to the faith. But the missionaries in China were not winning Chinese viceroys, who looked down upon the outer barbarians from the pinnacle of their lofty scholarship in the Chinese classics. The converts were coolies and mechanics, the poor and the humble, even as were the first Christian disciples in Roman days. By 1875 there were four hundred and seventy-three Protestant missionaries in China with a claim of one hundred and thirteen thousand converts and two hundred and fifty-four Catholics with four hundred and seven thousand converts. By 1890 the numbers had more than doubled.

In 1897, for the murder of German missionaries, Kaiser William took Tsingtao and established a protectorate over Shantung province. Britain took Weihaiwei. Russia had Port Arthur. The Japanese had their eyes on Amoy. In '98 America took the Philippines. The breakup of China into spheres under foreign control seemed inevitable. Kipling, bard of empire and of the white man's majesty, had written his exhortation to Americans to take up "The White Man's Burden" in the Philippines. The missionaries were never more certain of the ultimate Christianization of China.

But just what constituted a convert? There was much joking among the mandarins, in the foreign consulates and legations, and among the foreign merchants about "rice Christians." As I heard one Chinese express it:

"Me b'long all sides Jese Cli pidgin. Me Pliscopal, Blaptist, Clatholic, Plesbyterian. Get plenty rice. Mlission doctor he velly good—cure dam quick!"

At first in the manner of the early apostles, the missionaries simply preached faith and salvation. Then the early apostles' laying on of hands and miracles were duplicated by the magic of modern medicine and surgery. The western merchant excepted from his criticism the missionary doctor who faced the horrible diseases in the morning line at the mission dispensary.

Also the doctor's apostolic colleagues of the older churches were being selected by a new system. It was no longer enough for an uneducated man or woman to feel the "call," after conversion at a revival meeting. The candidate must have a college education; he must learn the official mandarin language and then a regional dialect. Evangelism in China became a carefully trained profession. The product was being adapted to the market. A selling organization was being developed. Christianity was exhibited as a good investment for the convert in increase of health and prosperity.

The mission schoolroom as well as a dispensary was established, neighbor to the auditorium which held the pulpit and organ. Reading, writing and arithmetic were being taught free to disciples. The missionaries were starting primary schools all over China.

When the Manchu dynasty passed, in 1911, the new era was capitalized as further argument for funds from home. Hope, ever hope, for missionary and merchant! China the republic seemed to assure prompt westernization and inductively, if not in scriptural faith, Christianization. There must be higher schools for molding the future leaders of the new China. Rising prosperity in America accelerated generosity in answer to a call so singularly appealing to the American faith in education as the solvent of all problems.

Magnificent universities, richly endowed by western mission funds, rose in Peking, Nanking, Shanghai, Canton and other centers. Their pagoda roofs sheltered modern classrooms and laboratories. Here, instead of the training in the Chinese classics, Chinese students were working for western degrees from B.A. to Ph.D. to equip themselves in science and political economy. American colleges were encouraged to sponsor sister colleges in China. There should be Smith and Vassar, and Harvard, Yale and Princeton.

Venerable viceroys who had been robbed of power, if not their heads, by the Revolution, were scandalized by this innovation which the republic had spawned. They recalled their own rigorous study in cramped quarters in contrast to the luxury of baths and dormitories which was alienating the young from the faith of their ancestors. They recalled their own examinations in the solitude of the reed cubicles in contrast with those at rows of desks where papers were written in a barbarian language in the surrender of the immemorial truths of noble learning to superficial alien prattle.

Greatest of all the new plants was the Peking Union Medical College which was built by the Rockefeller Foundation in Peking and which was not a mission enterprise. Its aim was in keeping with the Rockefeller idea that fought hookworm, malaria, and other tropical diseases and eliminated the scourge of yellow fever from the American continent. Better health means better minds and bodies, increase of production and consumption through improved intelligent self-interest, the selling of more cars, more oil, sugar, bread, and all things.

In all the world the Peking Union is unsurpassed in its equipment. It not only trains young Chinese, but calls students from afar to experiment and research in a field where the people are afflicted with an unsurpassed variety of diseases. One of its doctors spoke the ethics of his gospel of practical idealism when he said that all human beings are so much protoplasm, and be the skin black, red, white or yellow, biochemistry, and environment and training, are the means of producing equality. The Foundation is diminishing the allowance to the Union Medical College, for the Rockefeller method is to show the backward peoples the way, give them a start, and then let them develop self-reliance by carrying on for themselves.

"Conferences and conferences," said a Treaty-Port merchant. "The missionaries are always conferring."

The conferences are for indoctrination in salesmanship of the Christian idea; to achieve unity and to prevent overlapping of effort. Out of this need grew the Protestant Council of Churches, which has seventy per cent. of the sects in cooperation. The number of sects has been reduced to about one hundred.

There is a map of China which shows the allocation of sections of territory to the different sects which have agreed to keep to their own preserves. These include High and Low Church of England, "Wee Frees" and stalwart Presbyterians, the two branches of the English Methodists, and northern and southern American Methodists and Baptists and Lutherans.

The brethren of the China Inland Mission, who are from Scandinavia as well as England and America, remain free lances, ranging where they choose, preaching everlasting hell fire. They have no budget, no deficit or surplus. They divide the funds they get. Some of them live on as little as fifteen dollars a month, which is enough for them as it is enough to maintain a native. They dress in Chinese clothes, live in Chinese houses under local unsanitary conditions. For that, to them, is the way of true Christian humility and fellowship, the way of the early Christians.

Passing each other in the streets of remote villages where they are the only foreigners, appealing to the same consul in time of distress, are the Catholic and Protestant missionary. They have differences which are even more difficult of composing than those of the China Inland Mission and the Protestant Episcopal.

A traveller whom I met, after he had just come from the wilds of Indo-China, said that the first westerner he had seen for months was a French Catholic Father living alone at the extreme outpost of that frontier where vaguely China proper may be said to begin. He was a man of rare cultivation, a delightful companion, beloved of the natives, preaching his simple faith, without the aid of medical teaching.

His home country was the land of wine. He offered his guest wine of his own making from grapes that he had grown. This habit which the self-denying apostles of the Inland Mission, also preaching the simple faith as they saw it, disapproved as sinful, was only one of the confusing contradictions of the national habits as well as creeds and rituals of the missionaries to the Chinese whom they would convert.

The Catholics have the advantage of homogeneity in their apostolic appeal. They form one group while all the Protestants form another group. As the Chinese see the two groups, the Catholics believe more in faith and the Protestants more in medical and welfare service. Whatever the order of which the Catholic missionary is a member, whatever his nationality—American, German, Belgian, French, Italian—all orders and all nationalities respond to the central authority of Rome in a common policy and common requirements for salvation. But their protection, no less than that of all the Protestant creeds, has been in the gun power which made the white man majestic.

Before the World War America, itself, was nominally construed by Rome a mission field. Since then, as the result of the new power that has come to us as the legacy of victory, the American Catholic Church in China has increased its authority from Rome and brought fresh energy and enterprise to Catholic missions, schools, and medical and welfare service in keeping with the American cult. The Catholic missions own as much property as the Protestant in China.

Another Catholic sect has disappeared altogether from the field. To the "rice" Christian the Greek Catholic, taking its authority from the Czar, was the most generous of all missionaries. "Give plenty rice and big Gleek Cross!"

The average Protestant missionary of the "regulars" receives eight hundred dollars a year aside from free quarters and outfit. If married, six hundred or seven hundred a year is added for his wife and one hundred and fifty for each child under eight years, two hundred for each child from eight to fifteen, and three hundred from fifteen to twenty. The children go to schools and colleges maintained by the missions. Counting free medical and dental care and allowances, the total is between two thousand and four thousand a year, about the average income of a clergyman at home.

In summer many missionaries find relief from the monotony of their posts at summer resorts where they meet other missionaries to exchange ideas. Every sixth year is spent at home on leave. There duty is mixed with holidaying. The man or woman missionary goes from church to church telling the story of service in China to get contributions. Such is the basis of the powerful organization built on personal contact and appeal.

After the ninety years since evangelization began in earnest with the opening of the ports, the Catholics claim about two million, four hundred thousand converts and the Protestants about nine hundred thousand. At that ratio one out of every one hundred and forty Chinese in the four hundred and fifty millions is registered as Christian.

But these figures do not refer to actual communicants. They are the extreme claims. More moderate estimates make the total of Chinese Christians, Catholic and Protestant, one million; and some estimates say there is no real proof that there are five hundred thousand or even half that number. For this is one of the most ticklish aspects of a ticklish subject.

So far as I could learn, the total of sums spent on missions and allied institutions in China is not less than fifty millions annually. Figuring Chinese families as averaging six members, and that a family can live on two hundred dollars a year, this means that mission funds would support nearer two millions than a million Chinese. All the clerks in mission headquarters, all the servants in mission households and many employed in all mission building, repair, and upkeep, as well as the paid native evangelists and pastors, are Christians.

On his part, the skeptical Treaty-Port merchant will tell you that it is in the nature of a Chinese to be a Christian for a good job in a land where the struggle for life is so intense.

And what influence does his life among the natives in his station have upon the missionary isolated from his own kind? Ask the "career" men of the diplomatic and consular service, who, after high education at home and passing rigid examinations, are sent to learn the Chinese language and to be stationed in China until retirement. They are the expert link of government relations with China; and they have more western companionship than the missionaries.

"Our home chiefs seem to find us useful," said one, "but to find that we get 'queer.' I suppose we do. Who wouldn't, living in China all the time?" That absorptive planetary mass of China!

I recall a talk long ago with a charming white-haired old lady who had fifty years of mission work in an interior province, seven hundred miles from the nearest port. Upon her return to retirement she went the prescribed round of the churches in a farewell appeal. But it was not long before she was again making another farewell round, telling how she would never see her friends again as she was going back far up the Yangtze on a wheel-barrow to die among her converts.

"You see I went to live with my sister," she told me, "and we were so poor we had to do all our own work. I longed for my boys at the station who do everything for you from cooking, dusting and making the beds to polishing your shoes. Life at home seemed so narrow. I was homesick for China."

Aside from quibbles as to how a real convert is certified, what part has the great missionary movement of the restless white man had in making China share his restlessness? What part in producing the new fractious China of today, with its warring generals in chaotic simulation of westernism?

Here I turn back to the Boxer Rebellion of 1900 to lengthen perspective for even a faint comprehension of the present Chinese puzzle. Then not the students but the coolie mass in their hatred of the "foreign devils" rose as suddenly as a hurricane in blind mob rage. Japanese and American and Allied European troops had to be summoned to relieve the Peking legations from siege and threat of massacre.

In that crisis the missionaries were much like other human beings. Some were timid and confused, others brave. Two hundred and seventy lost their lives. Early Christian annals hold no more thrilling story than the defense of their Peking cathedral by the

Catholic fathers and their converts. In the legation trenches, Dr. Gamewell, a Methodist, won the respect of all scoffers at missionaries by a courage and initiative which would have delighted the soul of praying Stonewall Jackson.

When it came to meting out punishment for the Boxer outrages, there were missionaries who quoted scripture that disagreed with the injunction to turn the other cheek. They would have an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. There are many kinds of missionaries.

Punishment there was, and indemnities, and mandarins humiliated in obeisance; but the army officers who had been on the march to Peking made a significant comment. With all their effort, so expensive because of the distance of the American and European bases, the Allies' column had traced only a thin moving line along river and railroad for only a little way into China—the thrust of a finger into a human ocean. Controlling their spheres of influence in a broken-up China against Chinese passive resistance did not look so inviting to the great nations whose armed power could reach only the range of field guns which had no roads for their movement.

After every massacre and war and reprisal in China, mission funds flowed more freely. Early in this century began the era of great expansion in building schools and colleges to which I have already referred. Then, four or five years after the World War, a new missionary movement in competition with the Christian appeared in China.

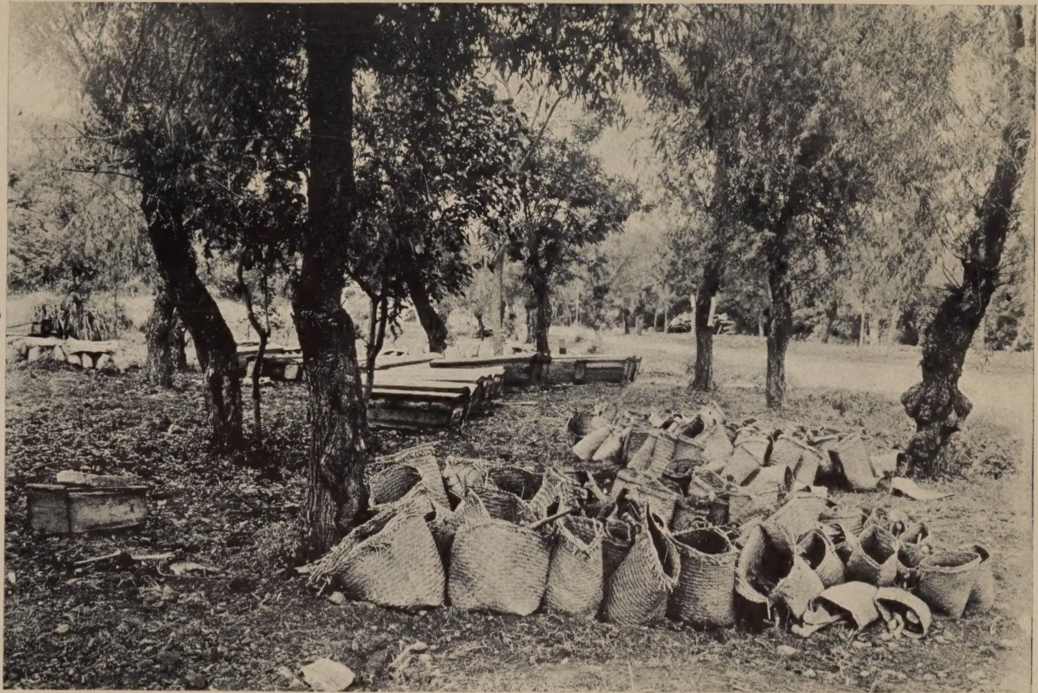
In place of the easy-going Russian priest of old, distributing his crosses and bowls of rice, were the indefatigable apostles of the Soviet creed of Lenin which held religion to be "the opium of the people." Their cry was to put the foreigners out, capitalists and missionaries alike. Do away with the imperialistic "unequal treaties" (extraterritoriality) which gave them self-rule in the Treaty Ports.

China for the Chinese! The new revolution which the Soviets nursed, the army they had helped to drill, the organization they had helped to make, swept northward, led by Chiang Kai-shek. British soldiers and American Marines were summoned to the defense of Shanghai. In their hot hour of paying off grudges the revolutionists did not distinguish between missionary and merchant. All were parasitic exponents of foreign imperialism. Eight thousand missionaries found refuge in the Treaty Ports. Five hundred stuck to their stations.

"Ridiculous that they should," said one of the organizing mission secretaries to me. But I sounded the views of a lean Catholic priest and a lean Protestant—type to type, these two—who refused to retreat.

Did the officer desert his garrison in the hour of danger? Was the apostle to leave his converts to face the storm alone? The blood of the martyr was the seed of the church. Should a man who preached eternal life through faith refuse the proof of his faith to those whom he had taught to share it in spiritual trust? Yes, there are many kinds of missionaries, as there are of converts.

In the revolution of 1927, under Chiang Kai-shek,



BONES OF SACRED ANCESTORS EXHUMED FROM SACRED GRAVES BY YOUNG CHINA TO MAKE ROOM FOR A NEW ROAD

which took more Christian lives than all previous wars and riots, there were converts who died rather than deny their faith. In contrast to their martyrdom, I have heard Chinese say, "I was a Christian in a mission school to learn English." I heard of one who said, "I was a Christian, but now I work for the B.A.T." (British-American Tobacco Company.)

So the mixed harvest of the missionary program was being reaped. Many missionaries had played into the hands of the Soviet evangels by sympathizing with the democracy of the movement which turned on them as first victims of its triumph.

The intellectual leaders of the Revolution were of the student class who had been educated on western lines to become the molders and leaders of the new China. As I have already noted Sun Yat-sen, father of the Revolution, had gone to a mission school, but had ceased to be a practicing Christian. Many well-to-do young Chinese had been abroad to college, mostly to America, some to England. Bright graduates of mission schools were directed to colleges of the denominations of their sponsors, which often gave them scholarships. They were scattered the length of America in colleges large and small, not many in any one college but a considerable total in all. They were expected to return as native evangels in the Christianization and westernization of China.

Compared to the Japanese they spoke English more fluently, seemed more human. It was easier to "get through" to them in our sense than to the Japanese; the barrier between the occidental and oriental mind was less felt in contact. They are individualists, as we are. A Chinese may be a brilliant talker, a Japanese rarely is.

I found that the Chinese students' keenest memory of their American college days was that they had nearly starved to death on the student diet. This was not because they found American food unpalatable. The trouble was that we did not serve enough. A Chinese is a master hand at eating any kind of food. He eats for the joy of eating; he eats to a capacity that suggests a rubber stomach. This explains why one of the first buildings in the Capital Beautiful at Nanking was to be a banquet hall seating a thousand persons.

"How I looked forward to it!" said a graduate of Cornell who had had a postgraduate course at Columbia. "Once a week a party of Chinese students used to go to a joint in the Bronx where we would get all the shellfish we could hold, cooked Chinese fashion with plenty of pork. We washed it down with synthetic Chinese wine. It was such an effort to climb the stairs of the L that we used to blow ourselves to a taxicab. It always amazed us how the American college football players could play so hard when they had so little to eat."

In a number of cases Chinese students married co-eds, or town girls, who returned to life in a Chinese family where inability to speak the language left them unable to answer a mother-in-law whose word is law. The children of these unions are born to a half-world in the Treaty Ports, recognized by neither race while the husbands have slipped back into Chinese habits.

In the hour of his success Chiang Kai-shek dismissed the Soviet officers and advisers. But his government was on the Soviet and Fascist model. He was autocratic head of a party, the Kuomintang, as Mussolini is of the Fascists, and Stalin, in place of the dead Lenin, of the Bolshevists.

The Christian-educated intelligentsia among his following largely forsook their church connections. The first revolutionary demand of the students of Yale in China, which received 80 per cent. of its funds from America was for lower tuition and no Sunday chapel. Kuomintang bosses must find jobs for the hungry henchmen of the party. Today, by law, all schools and colleges built with foreign funds must have Chinese presidents. Peking Union Medical College has the Chinese Minister of Health as President.

Former foreign heads of institutions might remain as advisers, their salaries paid from home. Foreign funds were still welcome. Weren't they rightfully China's perquisite? Hadn't all foreign wealth been taken from China by the merchants of the Treaty Ports? The logic of young China is sometimes as puzzling to the westerner these days as the inconsistencies of the Christian sects were to the mandarins of the past.

Meanwhile, mission forces have not yet been recruited back to their prerevolution strength. In recent times the aim had been more Chinese churches under native conduct, an increase of paid Chinese evangelists. Many of the churches have been closed or destroyed. Public opinion has cowed the congregations. Bandits hold up missionaries as well as merchants.

Not only have the mission colleges Chinese heads, but some of their religious exercises have been eliminated in many instances; and whether they have or not, devotional homage to Sun Yat-sen, the canonized father of the revolution, must be paid. His picture is conspicuously placed in every mission school and college, flanked with Chinese flags; and the American flag is often absent even in institutions built and financed by American money.

The Soviets, although officially banned by Chiang Kai-shek, need not be idle as to propaganda. They made capital of the situation even when the Russo-Chinese break in Manchuria in the summer of 1929 compelled their minister and consuls to leave China.

For Chiang, do not forget, controlled only five provinces. The generals of the others wanted money and arms, especially airplanes. Soviet agents could urge on in Chiang's own territory the cry, led by the widow of Sun Yat-sen, that the principles of her canonized apostle husband were being betrayed by Chiang as the leader of the Kuomintang Right.

The Communist Left, plotting in Chiang's own capital, inciting mutiny among Chiang's soldiers, could strike hands with the new Kuominchun, or People's Party, which the generals of the outs were forming. The Soviet troops were driving the Chinese troops back in Manchuria. When, at the close of 1929 Chiang's German-trained regulars were triumphant, the mission boards breathed more freely for a space; but news kept coming in of the capture and murder of mission workers at outlying stations. The Soviets had not lost apostolic patience or ceased plotting. Antichrist against Christ! Soviet gospel against mission gospel; Chinese against Chinese under the banner of "China for the Chinese!"

Countering the Soviet influence, and yet inevitably playing into its hand, is the Japanese. Too strong a China is to the interest of neither Japan nor Russia, who, however, face each other in Manchuria where Japan's destiny is pitted against Russia's passion for an outlet to the sea.

After a century of evangelization all the Chinese have heard the Christian gospel. The question is often asked up and down the China coast if the time has not come for Christian missionaries to be withdrawn, if the Chinese should not be left to work out their own fate in the self-reliance that makes for dependable strength.

This is not the missionary's view. He must not allow his faith to be dimmed, his own apostolic patience to waver against that of the enemy. He sees the late revolution as another stage in China's "evolution"; he has wide sources as through his organization he is in touch with all sections.

What should he do out of China? In China is the occupation for which he was trained, his livelihood, his cause, the source of the honor in which he is held. A generation of missionary sons and daughters have grown up. They learned Chinese as children. Many are advisers to Chinese presidents of mission educational institutions. No less than veteran Shanghailanders they feel the call of China.

They insist that the Chinese still need their presence and are more and more leaning on their advice. Having helped China along to her present stage of westernization, they would not desert her in the most trying hour of her "evolution."

"Shall we leave China to a Soviet fate?" they ask, in strong appeal to western repugnance to Sovietism and all its works. To this you hear the answer, "The presence of the Christian missionaries, whom the people see as exponents of hated imperialism, is a favorite argument in inciting the growth of communistic sentiment, hampering sound and conservative evolution."

Anyhow, the situation has made strange bed-fellows. The two factions of western influence in China are mixing, at least in a formal manner. In Shanghai, a group of missionary leaders and leading foreign merchants hold regular meetings to counsel together. A common plight has at last made them realize a common interest.

"We give 'em straight talk," said one of the merchants, "and we find they aren't so mealy-mouthed, either. They don't answer with prayer, and some come back straight from the shoulder. Missionaries are changing. Some of them have become pretty good business men. They want to protect their property in China just as much as we do."

A fact-finding commission might be sent to canvass the whole missionary situation in China. It should be composed of eminent home clergymen, business men who are good churchmen and impartial, expert educators, economists and welfare workers.

X CREATORS AND COPYISTS

Not once in my talks with all manner of men in China and Japan did anyone call to mind the most significant fact in the relations of the West and the East. I found no mention of it in the most exhaustive of books, in official reports, or the minutes of official conferences. It is so bred into international consciousness that it is unexpressed and also unrecognized. Yet every sound conclusion must begin with it as a premise; it is the guiding principle of any broad outlook on the future.

China has been in active touch with the West for a hundred years, and Japan for seventy-five. This is the period of the rise of the mechanistic age in which we live, and whose adoption meant westernization for the East. The steam railroad is little more than a hundred years old. Electric lighting, the telephone, and modern preventive medicine have come since the opening of the Treaty Ports in 1842. For three generations the missions have been spreading western education, and for three generations Japanese and Chinese students (and East Indian even longer) have been studying abroad with western laboratories and manufacturing plants open to them.

The first thirty years of the present century have seen as rapid scientific and mechanical progress as the last thirty of the nineteenth. In our colleges both Chinese and Japanese students, and the Indian, too, have kept pace with western students in formal scholarships in western curricula. They have been graduated with honors; they have won doctorates. Indeed, western students have been often reminded by their instructors that by schoolroom standards eastern were the peers of western youth.

Those who quarrel with the character of the present western civilization will not deny that it is creative. We go from one triumph to another. Yesterday's labor-saving devices are old fashioned tomorrow; today's laboratory wonder makes yesterday's obsolete; invention succeeds invention—but with such statements as these Europe and America are familiar. Their iteration in America from the platform has taken the place of Fourth of July oratory.

How recent are many of the greatest advances, to which we are now habituated, was evident in the Russo-Japanese War. Neither army had planes, automobile transport, or wireless, and there was then no water-power plant in Japan. But Japan, so completely modernized in organization, was using weapons, both by sea and land, entirely of foreign creation.

And here is the significant fact. With full access to the age's achievements, all the billion people from the coast of Japan to the Mediterranean have made, with one exception, no single great creative contribution to the scientific and mechanical progress of the last fifty years. The late Dr. Hideyo Noguchi, American trained, working in the Rockefeller Institute in New York, discovered the yellow fever germ and had other distinguished achievements to his credit. Their patience makes the Japanese good at bacteriology and research experiment.

A Chinese doctor at the Peking Union Medical College is said to have added something to the knowledge of asthma. In my journey through Japan and Manchuria I asked in vain for some Japanese invention which had been adopted by the western world. At the time, the Graf Zeppelin was making her first round-the-world trip, and trans-Atlantic telephony and the talking screen had just become facts.

The white man may have to yield extraterritoriality but in one respect he is still majestic; and as majestic when he is introducing the electric cooker and the motor plough in the East as when he was introducing the sewing machine. If the isolation of Japan and China of Columbus' days had prevailed what would be the present state of the East?

In Shanghai, under alien rule, the Chinese cabinet ministers have offices as well as in Nanking under Nationalist rule. It was in a modern bank building on the Bund, the Bank of China, which he would make what the Bank of France is to France and the Bank of England is to England, that I met T. V. Soong, who, as Secretary of the Treasury, struggles for funds for Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's war chest is an exception to the rule of other cabinet ministers and revolutionary leaders who were educated abroad. Unlike them he seems as westernized on a Chinese background as on a western.

"He knows," the foreign merchants of Shanghai agree; he talks their language. Some of them said that he would be an able Finance Minister of any country. "But how long will he last?" they ask.

At least, he has achieved the stages of evolution between the old-fashioned viceroy and modern man of affairs. An able Finance Minister is as indispensable to the stabilization of China as a military leader who will be able to impose order upon the land. China's debt is not large, much smaller for her resources than that of the United States or any other great power. But even within the five provinces, with over one hundred million people, which the Nationalists control, the bandits were collecting the taxes which should go into his treasury; and in distant provinces at least three or four million people would die of famine during the coming winter. The Nationalist government's income is about a quarter of a billion dollars, with a heavy deficit.

How much was Soong making for himself? Various estimates were heard. It was still inconceivable to the Shanghailanders, foreign and Chinese, that the Soong dynasty should not profit. Chinese merchants would have lost respect for T. V. if he failed his family when he had such manifest opportunities.

Meanwhile, as the most practical of Chinese Cabinet Ministers labored with so practical a task, two different cabinet ministers were both taking charge of commercial aviation with no funds to pay for planes; and, meanwhile, young Chinese intelligentsia were issuing decrees about sanitation, woman suffrage, and all manner of things which, according to the lessons they had learned in western colleges, would give China an ideal government. Put the decree or regulation on paper, and the thing was done just as the Capital Beautiful and the magnificent railroad systems were built.

One day a proclamation announces the abolition of press censorship; the next, the correspondents find that it is still on, and that the fellow who abolished it did so without consulting his superiors just because he thought that it was a noble idea. Already he has forgotten this essay in composing another.

He belongs to an industrious people and must be kept busy if not as an "in," as an "out" plotting against the "ins" because the "ins" have done nothing for the masses. In common with many politicians of other lands he is all for the working classes if he does not have to do manual labor himself. This is beneath him even when it is running a machine.

One of the big American electric companies, aiming to break down the social prejudice of the Chinese against manual labor of any kind, is starting technically educated young Chinese at the bottom in greasy overalls as young Americans begin. Should this innovation spread into a vogue it would be the most potent of factors in actual Chinese westernization through independence of western industrial "imperialism."

The Chinese would learn how to use a machine with respect; the meaning of upkeep and maintenance. At present when he buys a motor bus, a tractor, or any kind of western machine, his one idea is to get all the profit he can out of it without any thought of repair and care.

In the old days, when viceroys had begun their careers as survivors of the rigorous examinations in the classics, no viceroy might rule his native province. Now the generals rule in their localities whether they are of Chiang's party or not. The old rulers took their sense of superiority from their surpassing classical scholarship. But conceit is equally universal among the young leaders who were trained in mission or western colleges to emulate westernism which the mandarins of the past despised.

The new mandarins hold much the same view toward foreigners as that of the viceroy whom I have quoted held toward the early trader. Their western manners do not hide the conviction that being so superior a race to the Japanese they need not follow Japanese methods to achieve westernization.

Foreigners are partly responsible for this conceit. Mission instructors and even professors in western colleges have shared the historic view of the higher personal worth of the Chinese compared to the Japanese.

"The Chinese is infinitely the better man," as the merchants up and down the China coast used to say thirty years ago.

They foresaw then that once China began westernization her achievement would far surpass that of the Japanese. Old China hands who today, in their irritation with Chinese chaos and official truculency, sometimes express the wish that the Japanese Army might be allowed a free hand to teach the Chinese politicians and generals a lesson, are, no less than the missionaries, harvesting some of the seed of their own sowing.

Educators and others who have visited China as government guests, or on commissions to show China the way to westernization, have scattered compliments. They have fallen under the spell of the old porcelains, jades and paintings and the unctuous servants in old Peking. But the art which they acclaim, and which is the glory of Chinese historic culture, belongs to a dead era. The creative period has passed into one of degeneracy and imitation.

Foreign instructors in China also fell under the spell of village life, the hoary inheritance of wisdom from Confucius, who had "said it all" before the Greek philosophers, and of vast spaces so thickly occupied by so industrious a people. They discovered that China had had a great civilization; that the Chinese had invented gunpowder.

I recall the enthusiasm of one young professor, fresh from America, who pointed out to me that a Chinese student of fifteen was making as good drawing of specimens under a microscope as the best of boys of the same age in England or America. Why not? He had the inheritance from an ancient artistic race.

In the Russo-Japanese War I found frequently that a Japanese soldier with whom I could not talk would make a competent drawing of landmarks which would guide me on my way. An Italian soldier would have been more likely to have had the same gift than an

American or English soldier. But would the young Chinese who drew so well contribute anything toward scientific progress? Would it occur to him to try to improve the microscope or to invent some labor-saving device applicable in his own home or village?

But he wanted the abolition of extraterritoriality; he wanted an end of foreign imperialism; that there should be no longer foreign rule in any part of his land. Doubtless, he was sure that it ought to come by decree immediately because he made a good drawing. Had not extraterritoriality been abolished in Japan, and were not the Japanese inferior to the Chinese?

The most harmful of all foreign influences has been that of paid advisers and propagandists. When a westerner in China cannot earn a living in any other way in China, and cannot overcome "The Call of the East," he usually manages to get an adviser's job with some faction in return for his supposed influence abroad, usually the promise to get a foreign loan.

Nothing is more characteristic of the difference between the two peoples than the way the Japanese and the Chinese proceeded to gain the abolition of extraterritoriality. For five years, without any official demand or public agitation, the Japanese study-boys sounded the world's foreign offices as to requirements while they proceeded to adapt Japanese laws accordingly. Then, when they were winning the war with Russia, they brought the subject to an issue by a dignified request backed with evidence.

Had not Japan kept faith with all treaty obligations? Had she not a responsible government? Had not the travel of foreigners been safe for many years in every part of Japan? Were not her laws just and her judges trained? Was she not entitled to the same rights as other nations in the family of nations? There was no denying the moral or material strength of her position, for she had fulfilled all the conditions.

But when China has had the conditions stated to her and time has been given for adjustment, they were still unfulfilled, according to the statements of the British, French, and American governments in August, 1929.

This was a blow to C. T. Wang, the Nationalist Foreign Minister, who had made the abolition of extraterritoriality the cardinal feature of his policy. Wang's Shanghai office is in an old Victorian mansion, once the home of a rich merchant, which has spacious grounds. This agreeable graduate of Yale speaks excellent English more fluently than any Japanese ambassador I have met. No less than Soong he seems to have achieved the evolution from the Chinese diplomat of Manchu days to that of the modern school; but the legation people think that he does not talk the language of wisdom in which Japanese are so expert that this is sometimes a source of irritation of another kind to western diplomats.

Wang's main argument for the abolition of extraterritoriality, which he expressed to me so plausibly, is that foreign nations' authority over their subjects extends only as far as the guns of their men-of-war can fire. The naval gun cannot follow the merchant or the missionary into the interior. China has now a modern army of her own to keep order and protect westerners.

But Wang was begging the facts. The white man has lost the majesty of prestige; but he holds in greater strength than ever, thanks to his scientific and inventive progress, the power that won him prestige. When his broadsides opened the ports it was true that his gun-blasts could not reach the interior. He has now a weapon relatively stronger than any that day against stinkpots. The airplane can bear bombs, either explosive or gas, from the coast to the most remote provinces. Their use in punitive discipline as a reminder that the white man's life is sacred, be he missionary or trader, would be quite in keeping with the methods of the past, and no more cruel or outrageous than the loosing of salvos of naval shells on a crowded port.

But this is no longer in good form. No longer is *Civis Romanus Sum* the guiding principle of nations in using armed force in reprisal for an outrage on the meanest of citizens in a foreign land. Scores of missionaries are killed without a single shot fired at a port.

A new world opinion has risen on the subject. It was this to which Japan appealed for the abolition of Treaty Ports. The supreme expression of it was in the cry of the Allies (be its origin idealism or political policy) for the self-determination of peoples, which lost Prussian Poland to Germany and dismembered the Austrian Empire, and, defeating its own aims, established the Danzig corridor and Italian rule over German-speaking Tyrol.

Old China hands, and old India hands, and the Dutch in Java, and the Japanese in Korea, see self-determination as having done much mischief in the minds of the child peoples. But there was another influence which contributed its part to weaken the white man's majesty.

The great western Powers, which had so often acted together in preserving their common majesty, whatever their private quarrels, were fighting one another in savage bitterness in the World War while propaganda of either side pictured the peoples of the other as of an indecent and demon brood. The once mighty German Emperor who sent his legions to China to punish the Chinese Boxers was described as a murderer by other white nations who humbled him as the enemy of civilization. All this was most enlightening to the foreign-educated Chinese intelligentsia who were now applying western logic to western aberrations. They saw the Chinese doctrine that the spoils belong to the victor being practiced by white men in Treaty Ports. The property of Germans in China was taken over by the victors.

Extraterritoriality, that cardinal doctrine of westernism, had become a stake in the game of the white man's war. Where once common force had defended it as the common stake of all, now the force of the victor took it away from the vanquished. Germany lost her concessions in the Treaty Ports. As an ally China shared the spoils with the western victors over a western enemy.

Mighty Russia had suffered even a worse fate than mighty Germany in the white man's war in which both sides had called in the assistance of Asiatics. International caste had been broken by the bloody rift between the factions of the superior international caste. Only Britain, France, and America remained of the great western nations formerly powerful in China, with Japan in higher place as the Asiatic member of the family.

Smaller nations gave up extraterritoriality as too difficult for them to maintain. This was a lever against the big nations. And behind the rulers of the great powers was that rising sentiment for fair play for all peoples to which the Chinese intelligentsia could appeal as men who spoke the western languages, had western education and knew western ways. In talking with a Soong, or a Wang, who could deny that the ancient people whom they led should have their gateways freed from foreign control?

The governments of America, France, and Britain, having refused the recession of extraterritoriality, Foreign Minister Wang played a final card. The Nationalist Government itself abolished extraterritoriality by decree from January 1st, 1930. At the time missionaries were still being murdered in the interior and property destroyed. Banditry was flourishing thirty miles from Nanking. The officials of three-fourths of the land refused obedience to the Nationalist Government. Practically none of the conditions which Japan had met had been fulfilled by China.

The decree went into effect after I left Shanghai.

At present writing we await the results. "Present writing" is a phrase that is always advisable in any account of the fluid situation in China. I have given a background that may be helpful in reading future news from China.

The Nationalists have taken the responsibility of proving they are capable of keeping the laws of nations. The westerners in China who believe that they are—a small group of the missionaries, idealists, and paid advisers—may have the opportunity of a test when they have to go to a Chinese court. For the time being Wang is leaving the Municipal Council to rule Shanghai as of yore. How long will this last? And should the Chinese authorities seek to take actual possession, against the will of the three great western powers and Japan, what then?

Should the local garrisons of western soldiers and marines defend their ground, what then? The question stretches far into the future. Its answer is now pledged in either a responsible China or the Treaty Ports being a stake between the warring Chinese factions.

The Japanese have aircraft carriers only two days' sail away. The British always have an aircraft carrier in Chinese waters. Foreign cruisers are always at anchor in the harbors, foreign garrisons are on guard. In a sudden change of world sentiment China may yet have another punitive lesson as the Powers act together, restoring the white man's majesty, strengthening the Japanese majesty by the methods of old applied by the latest western arms.

The average old China hand is quite sure that this will be the case, or else the white man who remains will be a poor suppliant on the edge of anarchy.

"All through Asia," said one old China hand who expresses a common view, "the mistake of the white man has been compromise. India is the flagrant example. The French will have one soon in Indo-China. America has her own object-lesson in the Philippines. Japan, playing a white man's part, means not to have one in Korea. She sticks to the old principle, the one that opened up the East. The superior race should prevail. Its part must be really majestic, it must rule or it must get out. The easterners resolve all things back to force, and nowhere so much as in China where physical force governs the fierce struggle of individuals for existence. By force alone can we hold it—and that, to my mind, for the good of the natives and ourselves. And that's that, hard-boiled as I can make it, real survival-of-the-fittest stuff."

Again I was in Canton the great southern city of China where the second revolution, led by Sun Yat-sen and Chiang Kai-shek, began. There was still the same swarming amphibious population of the countless thousands of people who spend their lives on boats. The paddle wheels of "walkee-walkee" boats were still propelled by coolies on a treadmill in the days of chugging power boats. There were the same old junks with ancient smooth-bore cannon to protect them from pirates when piracy had never been more flagrant. The river was the river as the tourists have known it for fifty years.

A very quiet retreat was the little island, the Shamien, so close to the bank where the outer barbarians first had their warehouses and sanctuary. The foreign buildings are old now; the trees the pioneers set out have grown old. Many buildings seem half deserted. Few westerners are coming and going in that little world which must have been so busy in the flush days of the tea trade before there was a British railroad to Hong Kong Bay.

Spacious the houses, gardens and walks, which the British built on their artificial island of the Shamien with its granite walls, spacious in keeping with the white man's majesty in the dawning Victorian era. On the other side of the river on pleasant, healthy, high ground, which the majesty of white power, then established, could command by diplomatic request, are the buildings of the mission university of the succeeding post-Victorian era which helped to spread the doctrine of a China emancipated from western "imperialism."

From the lonely British hotel of the Shamien you look across the narrow bridge over the artificial canal to a six story Chinese hotel in Canton city, itself, where westernization has reached the most advanced stage in any native city; for this was the starting point of the Revolutionists who are now in power in Nanking. Asphalt streets have been cut through congested sections with the ruthlessness and absence of compensation to property owners which was the precedent for Nanking's boulevard. They are noticeably clean, strangely clean for Chinese streets.

There were more motor-buses than I had seen in any other Chinese city, and all crowded. The Canton motor-bus franchise story is too characteristic not to be repeated as I heard it. When the foreign company, which paid a million dollars for the franchise, brought its buses to begin operations, the local authorities said they were too heavy. They would break up the new streets; tracks must be laid for them. So the tracks were laid; but by the time they were completed still another lot of officials was in power.

When the company was required to electrify the tracks, it gave up the fight. Its buses rest in a warehouse while a new concessionaire operates a second franchise with small buses which pay as high a royalty to the present lot of officials as the traffic will bear. Canton's recent rulers have surely held their own against the wiles of western imperialism.

As I was spinning in an automobile over Canton's new streets and suburban roads I passed a gang of coolies moving by hand labor a gigantic slab of stone on rollers. They were making about the distance of a good golf drive a day, and they had come far from the quarry. When, a few days previously Chiang Kai-shek's troops had landed against the unsuccessful attack by the Chang Fa-kuei's "Ironsides" and the city was placed under martial law, those coolies did not cease their patient snail pilgrimage toward the summit of a commanding hill which looked down on all the surrounding country. The stone was to be the base of the new Cantonese shrine of Sun Yat-sen.

If Chiang's troops were put out of Canton, the winners would also want the shrine built. The very generals openly attacking Chiang, as well as those trimming to be on the victorious side, were raising shrines in the remote distances to the deified father of nationalism. That was one thought that kept haunting me through all the confusion of information, and its paradoxes, as I travelled in China.

The other thought which was even more potent, was the picture of the coolies exhuming the bones from the graves to make the new road in Nanking which was no isolated instance but proceeding far and wide under rival generals. This represented the greatest human change in the Far East during the twenty-five years of my absence; a change that struck deeper than China putting on clothes of a western cut; a change that struck to the heart of the habits and ethics of four thousand years' inheritance.

One thing to be borne in mind is that Japan's first efforts at westernization appeared no less awkward than China's of the present time to westerners in the Far East. Did the little fellows think that they could make an army and navy; that because they wove beautiful brocades on their handlooms they could weave cotton piece-goods on machine looms? Skepticism continued up to the time of the Russo-Japanese War. But the Japanese kept on learning. They now have enough of the samurai spirit in business to realize that straight dealing helps to get credit from a western merchant.

Japan had intensive patriotism and a natural sense of integration which China must create. Where railroad and telegraphs had only short distances to span in Japan they had continental distances to span in China. The islanders were near the sea; the mass of Chinese far from the sea. The Japanese saw foreign domination as a near danger; the mass of Chinese accepted their mass as sure protection.

When you mention the chaos and the inconsistencies of the present situation to a Soong or a Wang, or any of the intelligentsia who were educated at mission schools or in foreign colleges they have the same answer. They have read their American history. They remind the American that our ten years following the Revolution were as hard a battle as the winning of independence from the mother country.

"Give China time," said one of the soundest of the young intelligentsia I met. "Where you had three million people on your eastern seacoast in your revolution we have more than four hundred million in an area larger than the United States. You lacked money. We need it direly. If Soong is not our Alexander Hamilton we will find one. Chiang Kai-shek has the right idea, first of all a regular army which will compel order. He may be only pioneering for some stern successor who will carry out the mission he set for himself.

"One thing in our favor is that we have no inherited aristocracy. Men rise to honor and fortune in China by their own efforts as in America. It has always been so with us. This singularly fits us to adopt republican institutions. The spirit of Sun Yat-sen will not die.

Sun rose from the common people like your Abraham Lincoln and so did Chiang like your Grant. Give us time!"

"Yes, I have heard that before," says the old China hand. "These youngsters can talk like angels one minute, and are bumptious in their conceit the next. They need not worry about having time. They will take it. The test is results. All I know is that China is China, and I see no signs that it will soon be anything else."

XI

IN THE PHILIPPINES

The pioneer trader, who sought the tea and silks of Cathay in the Canton market, pointed his ship from afar toward an island mountain. Behind that he was safe from storms after his long voyage. His concern then was only to escape pirates and tack up the river to his destination.

This island mountain of Hong Kong land-locks a deep capacious bay where sea routes meet from the Panama Canal to Suez, from Arctic to Antarctic. Here anchor the ships of all nations, the ships of nations whose flags are rarely seen in the harbors of Liverpool, Hamburg, or New York.

When the British took the island in their war on China in 1842, not only the practiced eye of land or naval gunner—seeing in the barren heights what no Chinese viceroy ever saw—but human instinct itself favored its occupation as a place of refuge under British rule from Chinese pirates and mandarin exactions. Later, the neighboring Kowloon peninsula was annexed, making the dominion of the bay securely British.

In 1842 there was not a level space broad enough for a baseball field on the beaches that indenture the island's precipitous coastline. Its rocky sides had been denuded of all scrub that would make firewood. It was a desert overlooking the area of the densest population in the world.

The crowded masses of the Chinese mainland had no interest in the island except some fishermen's huts and pirate retreats. Since then they have migrated until Hong Kong is an immense Chinese city whose residents profit under British rule.

Hong Kong is a natural wonder that man has made an artificial wonder. Travellers remember it as they remember the Taj Mahal, Parthenon, Coliseum, Chartres, Pyramids, or Niagara. From the business section, on the shore front, a graded automobile road circles upward past the golf courses and race course at the water's edge; past the villas of British merchants and officials and rich Chinese, and tennis courts and gardens set on shelves cut out of the rock, to the peak of the mountain.

Gnarled little pines, with sprawling short branches, the kind that will grow in the meager layers of soil between rocks, have been set out in the barer portions of the ascents. Hardly a day passes that some Chinese, who is caught purloining a little firewood, is not haled into court for pulling up these pine tree sets.

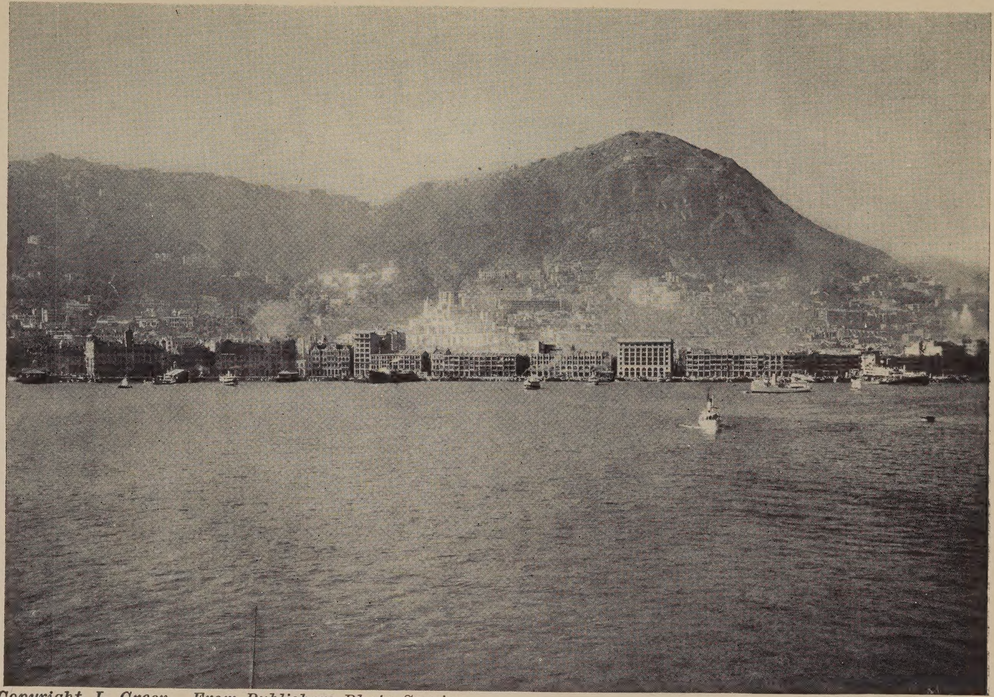
At night you look down from "the Peak" on the panorama of lights of the ships at anchor and the myriad firefly lights of the native boats between the circling shore lights—a free display in illumination that has no rival in the world except the skyscrapers of New York and the North River. It is from five to ten degrees cooler on the Peak, where the white man sleeps, than on the lowlands where the Chinese millions steam in the humid summer.

Trade brought the British to Hong Kong. Trade keeps them in residence. When fortunes are won they return to England. Trade builds more villas. From the Peak of that Gibraltar of the East, which has an area of only twenty-nine square miles, the Briton has been wont to look out as lord of the seas he surveys.

Westward the British flag flies over Singapore, Rangoon, Calcutta, and Bombay; and across the Indian Ocean at Aden, guarding the British Red Sea and the British Suez Canal whose Mediterranean entrance is guarded by the British Island of Malta; and, finally, over the Gibraltar of the West at the Atlantic gateway to the Mediterranean, seven thousand miles from Hong Kong.

From all the region from Persia to China, south of the Himalayas, except through Siam and French Cochin-China, men or goods seeking the sea must pass over a British pier. All this Britain won by wisdom and sea-power; and has held, and must hold still, by wisdom and sea-power. And ship-borne men and goods from the eastern coast of the American continent go to the Pacific through the Panama Canal, seven thousand miles from Hong Kong, which must also be held by wisdom and sea-power.

The nearest British port to the eastern Gibraltar on the route to the western Gibraltar is Singapore on the Straits of Malacca, which protects British Borneo, rich in rubber, and the sea-routes to the British commonwealths of Australasia. Here is the much discussed



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HONG KONG ISLAND, BRITAIN'S GIBRALTAR OF THE FAR EAST

"Singapore base" which was planned to be up to date for naval and air forces.

Military counsels saw it imperative as Britain's Asiatic bulwark of defense supporting the Hong Kong outpost. The Baldwin government favored continuing its construction to completion; the MacDonald government was against it, but hesitant when it heard the outcry from Australasia. The Labor Party, which rules Australia, did not agree with the Labor Party which ruled the British Empire. On this subject there are no pacifists in either Australia or New Zealand. The Singapore base is to Australasia what the fortress of Verdun is to France. If it is lost, Australasia's seven million people face a sea route clear for the sixty-five millions of Japan.

And looking north to the Chinese mainland, the resident of the Peak, behind the island's batteries which protect the bay's shipyards and repair plants, is concerned with no immediate threat to his security by China's uncounted mass of human beings in the throes of an attempt at westernization whose result no one can foresee. But looking eastward across the Pacific there are no British bases from the Mediterranean across the Pacific until the Canadian shore. Between Hong Kong and Canada are the Japanese chain of islands.

On April 27th, 1898, Commodore George Dewey with his American Asiatic squadron of light cruisers, set sail from Hong Kong. We were at war with Spain in the "Remember the Maine!" elation. Six hundred miles south of Hong Kong were the Philippine Islands, a Spanish colony, off the world's trade routes in tropic isolation.

In his youth Dewey had been a lieutenant under Farragut who said, "Damn the torpedoes!" in Mobile Bay. The pupil of the great master discounted the risk of mines in the channel, and of fire from the land batteries, when, at dawn, on May 1st, 1898, he steamed into Manila Bay as the prelude to the cool and methodical—"Fire, when you are ready, Gridley!"—demolition of the Spanish squadron off Cavite with infinitesimal damage to his own ships.

Officers of Dewey's squadron thought they were marooned in an eastern "side-show" while the main show was with Sampson's squadron of battleships and armored cruisers in the Atlantic. But, with the war spirit running high and no action on the Atlantic, as the Spanish eluded Sampson, the first news of victory was flashed out of the mysterious East on the other side of the world from the main theater of operations. Overnight a naval officer, unknown to the public, had won the imperious fame which only war can give, and this touched with the romantic glamor of the surroundings of his triumph. Boys were named George and girls named Georgiana and Dewina.

The Commodore had seen his part as doing his duty by striking the enemy where he was in reach. He had no idea, in his simple sailor logic, that we would consider keeping the Philippines. If we wished to inaugurate colonial expansion then so much in vogue among the European Powers, why not nearer home in Mexico and Central America? But he was to follow his government's policy, as became a military subordinate to the civil power, in its bow to destiny.

When, after his victory, he stated the military fact that the city of Manila was under his guns, and its occupation a matter of troops for garrisoning, the cry rose at home that he should not be left alone in that distant harbor where, as he stated, he was perfectly secure unless the Spaniards sent a stronger naval force which could overcome him. An army expedition was dispatched to his support.

We had made war with Spain to free Cuba from Spanish tyranny. Had the Philippines been included as a part of our task? When we had been fighting to succor one foundling should we desert another which events had left on the national doorstep?

The chronicle runs that that ardent high tariff champion, President McKinley, received little response to mention of his favorite subject on a western speech-making trip; but his audience "rose" to references to the Philippines. Dissent seemed to be pronounced when he put the question, "Shall we haul down the flag?" This held an appeal far more potent in the nineties than thirty years later. Since 1898 our garrisons of occupation have hauled it down several times, in Mexico, in San Domingo, and as far away as the banks of the Rhine.

Cuba we must free, as our war-cry had committed us to this. But Porto Rico had not been mentioned in the promise; and we annexed this island guarding our control of the Caribbean. The Philippines also were not included in the promise.

President McKinley sent word to our delegates at the Paris Peace Conference that we should keep the flag flying in the Philippines. As it was flying over so small a part of them at the time of the armistice, instead of asking Spain for an indemnity, we paid Spain twenty million dollars "boot" for title to the islands. What we saw as our generosity was misconstrued by some Europeans as a purchase of human beings, which was further evidence that the "dollar chasers" thought that there was nothing that money could not buy. Home "anti-Imperialists" emphasized this view.

Aside from our altruism certain other factors may have had an influence in our acceptance of destiny's portion so very far from home.

At that time Japan had not yet won her position of power by beating Russia. Seven years were to elapse before extraterritoriality was abolished from her Treaty Ports. China was still fast asleep, undisturbed by the premonition of the Boxer Rebellion. Its break-up was in prospect as a division of the spoils in the colonial race of the European powers for the dominion of the Pacific.

The Philippines would be an Asiatic base to protect our trade interest in the vast prospective market of China. Forward Americans were talking of the Pacific as an "American lake"—a memory which might bring a smile to some of the Japanese delegates to the recent Naval Limitations Conference in London.

Among other things we bought with the twenty million dollars was a native rebellion. Emilio Aguinaldo, the insurgent Filipino leader who had come to terms with the Spaniards and retired from the field after his first effort, was back in the Islands on the war path against us, the American deliverers, asserting that the American Consul at Singapore had promised him independence.

Having relieved the Philippines of Spanish rule, we had to establish our own rule in order to give the natives the blessings we had in mind for them. This required two years. At the peak, as many as seventy thousand American soldiers in the Islands were combing the jungle for our "little brown brother" who had turned hornet guerilla. I was with them on many of their "hikes."

President McKinley's "Benevolent Assimilation" for the Philippines was then as famous a presidential phrase as "Watchful Waiting" or "Noble Experiment" of later days. We would inject the Filipinos with a, b, c's and the virus and vaccines of medical science. Once they had popular education they would learn how to govern themselves. Reports as to the primitive life of the Filipinos encouraged us with the prospect of the great market that was coming when we introduced them to everything from bicycles to modern cooking ranges. One stove merchant I remember was particularly enthusiastic.

To carry out our mission we had the rare good fortune to send in the prime of his vigor William H. Taft, later President and Chief Justice of the United States. Primary school teachers were being dispatched to him at the same time as soldiers to the commanding general. On the heels of our advancing battalions we set up local self-government in the villages while the school teachers summoned the children for their a, b, c's; and our Public Health Service began its labors.

It was an innovation in colonial rule before the autonomous and independence movements had begun in India and Egypt. But we did not think of it as colonial rule, remember. Our aim was to teach self-rule. Veterans of the British colonial service saw us as quixotic. The Dutch autocrats of Java saw us as crazy, and spreading a doctrine in the eastern world as reprehensible as the Bolshevism of a later epoch.

Democracy in the Orient! The Filipinos were Malay. No Malay race ever had a nation even under a sultan or a rajah. Other races had ever ruled them.

Always I had looked forward to revisiting the Islands to see how the experiment had worked out. The opportunity came twenty-nine years after I had left Manila.

When the traveller sails southward from Hong Kong he leaves the temperate zone behind him. All China is practically within its energizing bounds as are all the United States and Europe and the home islands of Japan. In autumn, after the parboiling, cruelly humid heat of summer, Hong Kong residents look forward to the season of sports in cooler air. Chinese coolies begin stepping livelier at their manual labor.

The climatic difference between Hong Kong and

Manila in winter is about the same as between Savannah and Panama. You cannot walk vigorously for five minutes at any time of the year even in the rainy season in the Philippine lowlands without bursting into perspiration. The year around the thermometer ranges between 75 and 85 degrees Fahrenheit. There is a saying that it is the tropic zone which should be called temperate because it has so little change of temperature.

We struck the same heat wall I had remembered of old when we came into the lee of Luzon, the same sun flashed its brazen rise on the bay. But the fishing boats in the bay did not look to be native as in the old days. I found that the Japanese were doing the fishing there in sight of our new pier, the longest in the East.

The clouds of white clothes with brown faces, young men and women, and their banners of welcome on the gallery of the pier told us what an important passenger we had on board. He was the native dean of one of the colleges. We also had a young man who had been sent to America to study music as the recipient of a scholarship from the Philippine Government. He was to be the subject of an investigation, I was told, on the ground of conduct indicating more preoccupation with night clubs than with becoming the world's greatest violinist.

All the customs inspectors were native, dapper, neat and proud of their jobs. There was such a swarm of native news reporters and photographers as would greet a visiting European Prime Minister in New York Harbor.

And the newspapers with their very American headlines after the sedate British sheets of Hong Kong! Manila has more newspapers than Chicago or New York, excluding foreign language dailies. They have their columnists and pages of photographs and run our comic strips. They teem with politics and personalities and have a free hand with scandals. The big public scandal of the moment involved a post-office official in stealing stamps.

America might look at its likeness done in brown in the tropics from lively press and politics to the impressive new university buildings and the capitol for the houses of Congress.

If Mr. Taft, in his later years, had returned to Manila, he would have needed a guide lest he lose his way. In place of the dirty old canals, with their green scum, are well-paved streets. The moat around the old walled city, where big water pythons were at home, is replaced by a golf course.

The Luneta, where people used to ride in their traps around and around the band-stand promenade, watching the sunset, has been broadened to a wide green plaza. It continues on in the new Dewey Boulevard on made ground along the water front behind the new breakwater; and people come in cars there now to see the sunset. Fashion's homes front on the Boulevard; and also the Polo Club, where they do play polo, although it is so hot, or former Governor General Forbes' gift of the land for the club expires.

The big Army and Navy Club—not limited to the two military services—with its broad verandahs and swimming pool, and the big hotel, with its broad verandahs, its dancing floor, and jazz orchestra, look out on the rows of palm trees set in a green carpet and across the bay. The servants speak not pidgin English but school-book English such as the Yankee schoolma'ams, who deprecated slang, taught them; and the English of those who are working their way through college, American fashion, makes the speech of some of the club members seem very colloquial.

Manila is the most beautiful port in the East. It is worth while going there to see the sunsets which are unequaled in their splendor. But American tourists rarely appear. Manila is off the route from Hawaii to Japan and China—and, oh, they do say it is hot, and not so picturesque, being American.

"Some difference from the days when we chased Aggie and his Gugus on bacon and beans," say the old-timers who helped suppress the rebellion.

Aggie is Aguinaldo who still has no grey in his pompadoured black hair. It was quite a moment when I met him in his office in Manila surrounded by the busts and photographs of his generals when he was the native Napoleon. He and the old-timers march in the Decoration Day processions together. What do these young fellows know about life? Aguinaldo's son was for a time at West Point, where he roomed with the son of his captor, Frederick Funston.

And what was this—to change the subject—on the dining table beside the menu? What was this being poured publicly into a glass at the clubs and the hotel?

Whither were going the men who did not wait to be served at the tables? Following them, you found feet resting on a brass rail. One feature of the Americanization of the nineties has not been arrested in its progress. In want of any enforcement act from Washington the Filipino Congress interprets the Eighteenth Amendment with a local license act. A local concoction called "a million dollar cocktail" is recommended to make the sunsets even more splendid.

Changing the subject back to general conditions in Manila itself, the experiment appears to have succeeded. When you are free of the traffic congestion in the narrow streets of the old Spanish city—in no home city is it worse—as you spin out into the country on fine asphalt roads this conclusion is confirmed by first impressions.

New town halls are the visual and superficial evidence that the people have learned to govern themselves; the schoolhouses that they are being educated. Pupils were going and coming with books under their arms. When some of our own girls are going barelegged the Filipino high school girls have taken to stockings in the land of eternal summer. But when they return to the parental home in their high heels, where mother and father are barefoot, they usually climb the bamboo ladder of one of the line of nipa huts in a village that is otherwise much the same as of old.

Mother did not take to the kitchen stove. She still cooks in the open in a pot. There is no call for steam radiators, no worry about coal bills in a climate which does not energize people to effort for clothes, shelter, and heat to protect them from the cold. Life in the tropics must remain tropical in houses where there is no need of closing doors or windows.

The peasant, called the "simple *Tao*," cuts the bamboo for his house from the nearest grove—he does not even need nails—and roofs it with the leaves of the nipa palm. He has his meat supply in the scavenger pigs which range under the bamboo stilts that lift his home above the pools of water in the rainy season. For fruit he can pick bananas from a tree in his yard all the year.

Out of the rice planting and harvesting season he has not one chore except to take his *caribao* (water buffalo), his beast of burden, for its daily wallow in a waterhole. Otherwise, he spends hours preening his game cock which he carries under his arm when he calls on his friends to compare the points of their birds. Some Americans say that cock fighting is on the decrease; those who disagree ask you to note the movement of the white figures on the roads to the mains on Sunday afternoon. America has not the authority, under native autonomy, to interfere with the popular sport. Any attempt at its suppression would arouse more serious hostility than to try to enforce Prohibition.

The Tao, if his bird continues to win, increases his bets with his profits which may all be lost in a few seconds after the fight begins as the adversary's steel spur lays his bird low. His dream is of a champion which will sweep the provincial field and continue its triumphs in the metropolitan pits. Then he might even have a cheap American automobile. For he has the urge for American luxuries which battles with the inherent lassitude of the tropics.

If he is not adept at training cocks, or his inclination, and particularly his wife's, does not run to this form of gambling, he has to earn money by labor if his daughter would have silk stockings or high-heeled shoes or his son go to college; or if he would enjoy a ride in the motor-buses which fly over the metal of the new highways. The Philippines, with twelve million population, an increase of four million since our occupation, have more motor vehicles than all China.

It is Madame Tao who really holds the purse-strings of the Filipino family. She is spoken of as the better man of the two. It is she who takes the produce to market and does the bargaining. Her erect carriage is the same as of old for the same reason. I recall an American officer, back in the days of pacification, who said that when he returned home he should have his two little daughters bear burdens on their heads so that they should have such beautiful shoulders as the Filipino women. I wonder if even his army discipline prevailed in this case.

Now and then in remote towns and villages you see native children with tawny hair; and then you see the man they call father who is a former American soldier who fell into native ways. There are old-timers of another type. Far from falling into native ways they are as distinctively American as when they arrived, and those among them who are veterans of the Army of Pacification in the days of "The Empire" consider themselves the elect.

These old-timers have been the pioneers of development in everything from cocoanut growing to the introduction of American machinery in the Philippines and Filipino products at home. They have trained some of the natives to labor in factories, and to understand the continuity of labor, and taught them American business methods.

It was not usually the spell of the tropics that led them to remain in the Islands but the prospect they saw of gaining a fortune. Their "pile" made, they would return. A few have won fortunes, and some of these have returned; but many who have small fortunes and a comfortable little business or agency are now, whether under the spell or not, bound to the Islands in earning their livelihood. They shiver at the thought of home snowstorms and dry steam heat. They are too old to change climates.

"I go home only when the company which I represent calls me," said one former army officer who has done well. "I like to be where my pores will function. I like my shower and to get into fresh whites in the evening. I like the windows open all the year round, and to sit on my verandah watching the sunsets—and I don't have to bootleg my drinks."

The old-timers' circles of friends are in the Islands. Servants are cheap, their voices soft. They do everything for you except to breathe. A fastidious American housewife insists that all her "boys" shall go barefoot, insuring a noiseless approach on the hardwood floors that glisten with daily polishing.

You may be sure that the old-timers do not welcome the sentiments of the visiting American Congressman who tells the Filipinos that they are fit for complete independence. All that many of the old-timers have in the world is in the Philippines. This they wrought for themselves under the flag which they would not have hauled down.

We took over the Philippines about the same time that the Japanese took over Korea. Any comparison between the two must be those of people in the tropic and temperate zones, but has the pointed application that if we leave the Philippines to their own devices their fate may be that of Korea. Leaving education and freedom for later consideration let us continue on the subject of material prosperity.

The Japanese have built good roads and buildings out of Korean taxes as we have out of Filipino, but in later years all public works in the Philippines have been paid for by the free will of the Filipino legislature which initiates all appropriations. Surely the Philippines have not been as relatively profitable to us as Korea to Japan. Korea has been a large factor in the Japanese home economic outlook and the Philippines a very small one in the American.

Has our liberal rule brought as much of an increase in the standard of living to the average Filipino as the autocratic rule of the Japanese has to the average Korean, exclusive of what the Japanese have done for their own enterprises in Korea from government-owned railroads to private factories and banks? There can be only one answer. It is more. At the same time we have held to our original promise of developing the Islands for the natives and not exploiting them for ourselves. We have held the Islands in trust for the Filipinos.

All our officials' wages are paid by an American customs allowance. The Filipinos pay only their own. Our army spends fifteen million dollars a year in the Philippines; and the cost of that and naval defense is free to the Islands. We waive forty-two million dollars customs dues on Philippine exports to the United States, and the Philippines waive thirteen millions on our exports to the Philippines. Two per cent. of our total exports go to the Philippines and seventy per cent. of Philippine exports to the United States.

Smallest of the increases in export except tobacco since our occupation has been that of the old staple of hemp of which the Islands had once almost a monopoly. Substitutes from other lands and the backward methods of stripping by the natives are accountable for failure to keep pace. The Dutch have been ousting Philippine tobacco from eastern markets; and we now consume eighty per cent. of Philippine tobacco exports.

Thanks to our free market sugar has now become the principal export, and copra and cocoanut oil second. Since our occupation the exports of sugar have been multiplied by twenty, cocoanut oil by a hundred and straw hats by ten and many other less important products by from ten to twenty. Thousands of Filipino women have been given occupation in embroidering linen and the native piña cloth which go into the homes of the rich American market for napery to the amount of ten million dollars a year.

From us the Filipinos buy manufactured cotton and silk, machinery cars, steel products of all kinds and are consuming eight hundred and eighty-nine thousand dollars' worth of soap against thirty thousand dollars worth when we came, and buying a bale of toothbrushes where they used to buy one.

Old Spanish residents own more real estate than Americans. They have profited by its rise. The Spanish still control tobacco manufacture, but their business methods are old fashioned in our view. The Chinese have a hand with the British in the hemp trade. Three-fourths of the retail business is done by the Chinese who are increasingly heavy holders of real estate. The Japanese not only control the fishing, but are migrating to Mindanao Island as farmers, where their superior skill and industry gain good rewards.

Graduates of Filipino schools and colleges are inclined to look down on mechanics and industry as coolie labor. What is the use of working for an academic degree if you still have to be a Tao?

"How can we have any economic future until we have political independence?" the young collegians ask.

While the United States imports annually approximately two billions dollars' worth of tropical and semitropical products with the demand ever increasing, it makes little use of the only tropical soil under its flag.

Whether we mean to give up this source or not it is certain that we are not developing it. The basic reason is that capital hesitates to invest on account of the political uncertainty. We need rubber, but the limitation of single ownership to twenty-five hundred acres prevents large plantations with the attendant piers, roads, tractors, and equipment of the huge plants in Borneo and other countries. A tentative effort at co-operative associations of small plantations is being tried, in the hope of arousing the interest of labor which will allow competition with other countries where labor conditions are more favorable to the employer.

There is no question of the wealth of the native forests which was much heralded at the outset of our occupation. Arthur F. Fisher, the director of the Bureau of Forestry, has struggled manfully on. He is increasing the consumption of Filipino woods in the United States and is making a large market in Japan.

The Philippines need not only more capital for development, but energetic young American business men who will carry on in future as successors of the old-timers. Few of the young men, who do come, remain. They are discouraged by the political uncertainty, and the tropical philosophy of the Tao who said:

"Why should I work so hard? Why should I work regular hours? Why in a factory? Why should I have this progress when I am content as I am?"

In health and welfare we have kept faith. The doctors have done their work well. When I first knew the

Philippines not only smallpox but leprosy walked abroad. The last cholera epidemic, in 1901-'02, took one hundred thousand lives. Beri-beri and other tropical disease have been eliminated. American occupation has lowered the death-rate from forty to seventeen in a thousand. Excellent hospitals now care for the ill. There are free dispensaries.

General Leonard Wood fathered the isolation of the lepers on Cullion Island, and now the victims, in the early stages of the disease, rejoice in the treatment that means cure, and the advanced cases in arrestation of its ravages. The fund for their care subscribed in the United States has passed a million dollars and is on its way to two millions.

But no statue to General Wood has risen in gratitude. There is no statue to Dewey, to McKinley, to Wilson, or to any American leader. Rare is the town of any size which has not a statue to José Rizal, the young martyr to the first effort for independence in the Spanish days. One Filipino orator spoke of George Washington as the José Rizal of America.

"You promised it!" is the cry of the native agitators for independence. The extent of the promise—and our wording has been careful—was that we should prepare the Philippines for self-rule at such time as we thought that they were worthy of it.

The Islands already had provincial self-rule when the Organic Act, or the Jones Act, established the Filipino Congress in 1916. Secretary of War, Newton D. Baker, made it clear to Governor-General Francis

Burton Harrison that he was to keep strictly within the limitations of the Act. Harrison's optimism amounted to faith. The new Congress established the Philippine National Bank. In the period of war inflation it loaned money to friends and on unsound enterprises. In the period of deflation the peso, unit of local currency, dropped to a discount.

Harrison served in the oratorical era when Sergio Osmeña and Manuel Quezon rose to power as the leaders of Congress, heading the agitation of all the youth coming out of the colleges and seeing politics as their life occupation and independence its goal. Osmeña and Quezon dominated the native Council which Harrison formed to aid him with native advice. The old-timers saw that evil days had come. American teachers and officials were being rapidly discharged. Administration was slackening. There was much talk of corruption. And if there were corruption the native leaders pointed for their example to reports of American corruption in our newspapers and to the war profiteering influence of the period.

When General Leonard Wood came as Governor he took a strong hand. The old-timers welcomed him as the rescuer. The power of the Council was over; Osmeña and Quezon were listened to, but their advice was not final. Wood proceeded to show that the Governor-General still had both authority and influence in his veto-power; that the Organic Act was not without teeth.

Meanwhile Osmeña and Quezon sent propagandists to backfire Wood in the lobbies of our national capital. The Filipino Congress was spending half a million dollars a year on the Commission working for independence in Washington. President Coolidge was asked by the Commission to authorize a plebiscite on independence in the Philippines. Coolidge would have none of that. It was evident that the answer would be Yes so strong was the control of Osmeña and Quezon of the Tao who voted as he was told.

Osmeña and Quezon are still the native leaders. I saw them in the lobbies of the Congress, their admiring followers awaiting their orders. First Osmeña and then Quezon is on top in their rivalry. One month they may be at sword's points, the next in amity. Native reporters follow them, hanging on their words to interpret the latest political stratagems. News photographers snap them at every turn. Their normal careers are as lively as those of two Presidential candidates in the height of a home campaign.

Osmeña is half Chinese, cultivated, agreeable, personable in any company, urbane in gaining his ends in negotiation. When he says of a new Governor-General, "He is so charming that he makes me do what he wants me to against my will," it is time for the Governor to be on guard. Quezon is half-Spanish, gay, companionable, electric, a facile orator, out-voicing Osmeña in the demand for independence which both picture as the flaming desire of the simple Tao.

At length after Wood, with Vice-Governor Eugene A. Gilmore acting in the interim, came Colonel Henry L. Stimson as Governor-General. He had not quite the grand manner which so fitted Wood for colonial administration; he was a little too industrious, a little too cold, not quite social enough to please the Filipinos who learned that he also knew how to say No.

When home papers spoke of his choice as Secretary of State as promotion the Filipinos felt the allusion to be a slight to the importance of the archipelago. Then there was another interim in which Vice-Governor Gilmore was acting. Then came Dwight F. Davis. His promotion from a Cabinet portfolio to be Governor-General was some compensation for wounded susceptibilities. It is important that any man we send as Governor should have high political prestige and high social position at home. Here enters the influence of race feeling, of brown toward white.

Davis filled both requirements. Also he had been a soldier, he was the sportsman who gave the Davis Cup; and he proved that age had not staled his game so much but that he could hold his own against the best tennis player in the Philippines. As all the native leaders and the reporters looked him over—for a bright tropic light beats on the Governor-General's chair—the press hailed the Governor-General's smile as of good augury, as they began to wonder how strong a No was behind that.

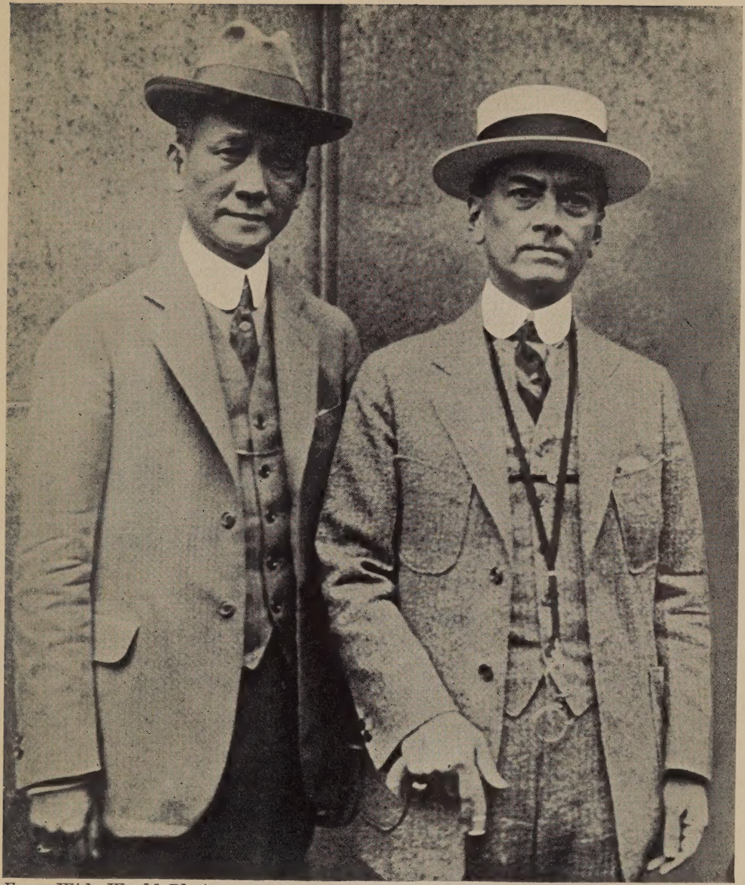
In their sensitiveness to the color-line the natives see slights where none are meant. In our colleges at home, far from there being any discrimination, the natives are "pets"; but they may construe a professor's failure to give them passing marks as racial partiality. Their leaders, visiting America, are dined at the White

House and by Cabinet Secretaries and Senators, yet they feel they do not receive adequate attention just because they are Filipinos. The natives who fail of invitation to a party given by an American in the Philippines, when other Filipinos are present, feel that color is the cause of the neglect.

"Wouldn't you want your independence if you were a Filipino?" a native Cabinet Minister asked me. "Would you want always to be regarded as the inferior race ruled by a superior?" All harp on that unanswerably human view; and the visiting ear that hears much of it is that of the visiting Congressman.

Although they may belong to the exclusive Polo Club, Filipinos complain that they are not admitted to the Army and Navy Club, whose membership is actually largely civilian. The answer to this is that there is no room unless an addition is built. For this funds will not be forthcoming, say the members, until it is certain that we are not soon to evacuate the Philippines.

Officers of the Philippine Scouts, who are such dapper well-drilled soldiers, are on the regular list of promotions. One had just been made a Lieutenant-Colonel. They and their wives are a part of the social life of the posts. I saw them in army officers' houses. They attend Army and Navy receptions and dances. But if there is a private party to which no Filipinos are invited, that is an offense. Filipinos should be at all parties. All of them love parties, a thing inherent in their happy nature as well as in the inheritance of Spanish *fiestas*. Meanwhile the other Americans in the



From Wide World Photos

THE FILIPINO POLITICAL LEADERS, SERGIO OSMEÑA (*left*) AND MANUEL QUEZON (*right*)

Philippines also find that it is characteristic of the military services to live very much by themselves.

"Of course it depends partly on what kind of Filipinos they are," said a Colonel's wife, "just as it depends upon what kind American army wives are. I have had complaints from some American officers' wives that I was making pets of the Filipinos. Being a hostess in the Islands sometimes requires a good deal of tact."

While American soldiers are usually bachelors and discouraged from marrying, the Filipino soldiers who are invariably married have quarters provided by our government for their wives.

All the social pressure centers on the old Spanish Palace at Malacañang on the banks of the River Pasig which is the Governor-General's residence. A Governor-General can not well live on his pay, although Wood nearly managed it. Both Stimson and Davis were blessed with private fortunes which they spent liberally in serving the richest country in the world.

The most difficult requirement for a Governor-General is that he should be able to eat six square meals a day when he is on tour and is expected to have an appetite for a banquet at any hour. And he must travel much over that wide-flung archipelago or he will deeply offend provincial susceptibilities. The question for him is not "When do we eat?" but "Must we eat again?" Joyous native hospitality never errs in lack of bounty. Taft's noble gastronomic effort, in the early days, is not the least of tributes to his patriotic service.

Not in Roosevelt's time in the White House, or even in that of the present administration in Washington, was there such open house as there is at Malacañang. There must be a limit to the number that may dine even in that vast dining room of Spanish colonial grandeur. But all the world and his wife may come to the receptions; and all the world does on steaming hot nights when proper attention to all may be trying to a Governor-General who is not yet acclimatized, but who can not resist the social flare of the Filipinos.

The old-timers say that a petty Filipino official ranks higher at Malacañang than men who fought to win the Islands and who have contributed to their prosperity. As they sit on the piazza of the Army and Navy Club, minus invitations, they feel they are entitled to one refuge which is their very own.

"Look at our schools!" say the Filipino leaders as they argue for independence. Only in Japan of the Asiatic countries is there anything like so much popular education; but this does not mean that it is so universal as in Japan or anything like as universal as at home. The Filipino Congress spends a fourth of its annual budget, which is forty million dollars for the twelve million people, on education. The American view that education assures ability for self-government was taken at its face value. Character is another matter. Education, to the Filipino, is aristocracy. It opens the way to office and favors.

Vice-Governor Gilmore, interim Governor and wheel horse of administration until his recent resignation, was in charge of public instruction. That veteran, Luther B. Bewlay, one of the pioneer teachers, is the Superintendent of Schools.

"Look at our health service!"

A part of the Vice-Governor's duties is also the control of public health and quarantine. This concerns the health of the Americans as well as the natives and the prevention of disease from entering the Islands.

An American auditor has his hand on finance. Education, health and finance—these are three vital factors!

There are now less than five hundred American officials in the Islands—one per cent. of the total. Nearly four hundred of these are teachers, or employed in the Bureau of Education. The others are scattered in many branches, science, public works, agriculture, constabulary, and in the national university. The numbers are rapidly diminishing by retirement. In another five years all the teachers will probably have gone.

Five out of six heads of the executive departments are Filipinos, as are four out of the nine Supreme Court Judges with the Chief Justice, a Filipino. All but two of the Judges of the First Instance are Filipinos. And over all the restraining power is the Governor-General's veto and the Supreme Court of the United States.

But the Filipino leaders keep on crying "More!" They know their United States, as they demand more favors from Washington, and more offices—which is quite human and American, as they have learned from studying American ways.

"More!" The Filipino flag flies below the American on the staff on the Luneta and on all other staffs in the Islands. More! It should fly above the American. More! There should be only the Filipino flag. But we have reached the stage where now "more" means independence or, as President Coolidge said, we should have responsibility without authority.

Ethically, we have kept our promises in the Philippines. Ethically, in our American language, we have made good. But veterans of the British colonial service still wonder if we are not quixotic and have not helped to spread pernicious doctrine in the East, as they feared; while the Dutch, in their tropical hot-house of Java, still think we are crazy.

If independence came all the offices would be filled by Filipinos. They would have their legations and consuls abroad. The new roads would be all theirs, and theirs all the commissions in the army. They might even have a navy. It is a dazzling prospect to the young college graduates looking for places.

Baguio would be theirs, Baguio, that resort built by the Americans in the mountains of Benguet, six hours' spin by motor from Manila, where you sit before a wood fire at night, and sleep under blanket. Filipino generals would command Camps Stotsenberg and McKinley, those fine Army Posts and their golf courses, clubs and swimming pools, would be for the new ruling race. Osmeña, or Quezon, would be President, surrounded by his court. The native would be top-dog, all racial discrimination over, the Promised Land won. That is, all racial discrimination except against the backward tribes of the Islands with its many tribes and dialects.

Meanwhile, life goes on. The Americans look forward to their week ends, or a holiday, at Baguio, as they dine at eight-fifteen or eight-thirty, after exercise and a bath. It is cooler, then, or they feel cooler. Life that seems not worth enduring in the heat of the day becomes pleasant.

"But always the same heat," as one young American said. "You never can take a deep breath except out of an oven, never one of energizing fresh cool air. When there is no boiling sun we steam in the rainy season. You are never really cool. You only imagine you are. You just fool yourself. If you stay long enough in the Islands you are lost. No spell of the tropics, not even a million-dollar cocktail to make the sunset more glorious, can hold me back from Prohibition land. And what are we going to do with the Islands? Who knows? Who cares back home?"

To Washington no news from the faraway Islands has been good news. They have been the all-but-forgotten islands. We have been reminded of their existence when they threatened to make us trouble. This tropic archipelago at the end of the long tentacle hardly has the likeness of the tail of the dog; for the dog, however big he is and however small his tail, must know when it is being wagged. In this case a sharp pinch alone carries the nerve signal.

When the World War brought us into closer relation with European politics, as some diversion from the preoccupation of our immense and complicated home concerns, our interest in Asiatic relations did not increase. European were world politics to us until Congressional tariff-making was awakened to the competition of Philippine sugar, vegetable oils, and tobacco in the home market.

It is characteristic of youth that it likes to be noticed. The brown brother was piqued at lack of attention from the big brother whom he was unconsciously emulating and copying in manners and customs from school strikes and crime waves to methods of political campaigning. He found that the only way to compel attention was to threaten trouble, which many of our home blocs have found influential in our own national legislation. So he threatened trouble; he pinched the tail, and made the big dog look around to find the cause of the bite at that extremity clear across the Pacific.

The alarming threat has always been insurgency that would take to the long grass and the jungle again. That possibility brought up the very unpleasant memory of the prolonged and costly guerilla chases which had ended all the glamor of Dewey's romantic victory for the Washington administration and the United States Treasury. The prospect of a rebellion on its hands, and all the capital the party out of power would make out of it, was enough to stir any Administration to find palliatives. Osmeña and Quezon were accordingly dignified by receiving attention as leaders. They are still consulted, I understand, in the appointment of a Governor-General to make sure that the chosen one shall be agreeable to them.

There is no danger of a rebellion. Osmeña and Quezon would hardly take to the long grass when military action would turn the leadership over to younger men. The Philippine Constabulary is loyal. The masses of people would not rise. There would be few soldiers for an insurgent army. In any event, airplanes, with their bombs and machine guns, would relieve the doughboys of their hard hikes. It is an unpleasant subject, but the best way is to bring the bogy into the open and dispose of it through reference to the advantage that aviation has given to strong nations which have to undertake the pacification of untrained and poorly armed insurgent peoples.

The business of each Governor-General we have sent has been, in the sense of practical Washington politics, to keep the natives quiet. It is hard to get an eminent and suitable man to go as Governor-General after he has heard the accounts of the tribulations of the office. The strain of the work and of the climate is heavy. A Presidential use of the word duty has influenced acceptance of the place. For this reason Taft, Harrison, Wright, Wood, Stimson, Davis, have served.

One source of complaint is the short periods Governor-Generals have remained. Every Governor, even including Harrison, has had to be as practised in negatives as in gastronomy. The great No is to the independence clamor. For the Governor is not there to agree with that, let alone grant it, but only to carry out the Organic Act.

This is something that certain visiting Congressmen fail to realize. They find the Filipinos more susceptible to flattery than their home constituents. They find that the Filipinos like to be told they are fit for independence; they ladle out the compliments as guests at the Filipino entertainments which are so gay and prolonged. They make it appear that independence will be arranged as soon as they return.

The veteran influential Congressional leaders rarely go to the Philippines. It is usually the smaller man, the junketeer, who takes the trans-Pacific holiday, expansive in the glory of being an M.C. Consuls and ministers attend on him, and arrange for him to meet important people.

I have in mind one who represents a certain type as surely as an able hard-working legislator represents another. He volunteered speeches at small dinners, on steamers, on all occasions. He was the great man, the M.C., and certain that he was the wit and life of all parties. He might be a Dry at home, but he was not on this trip. He liked his drink and his food plentiful. He told the Japanese they were the most progressive people in the world; the Chinese that they were making a wonderful republic that would be an example to all nations; and the Filipinos from eleven P.M to one A.M., as the party grew warm, that they were building a great distinctive civilization.

But as his ship approached nearer and nearer the United States his stature diminished until, when he was back in his seat in Congress, he had resumed his normal size and, we hope, some sense of proportion. Other Congressmen may travel quietly, seeking not banquets and a chance to make speeches, but to gather real information. Not enough of them go abroad. Their conclusions, as they listen to all the Governor-General and all the veteran officials and the Filipino leaders have to say and keep their counsel, are the most valuable of all in solving the Philippine problem.

Not by too much flattery—there is just a right dose as experience has proven—but by the inductive method must the Governor-General and his advisers achieve their ends. The native leaders are not told what to do. Suggestions are put in such a way that the leader thinks it is his own, and so blaze it as his in an interview or proclamation.

It is a very conscious mentality, that of the educated Filipino, resentful of criticism, but enjoying a display of superiority. When I said to a young Filipino college graduate that the sunsets in Manila Bay were the most beautiful in the world, he replied patronizingly, "But perhaps you have not seen sunsets in other countries." He would have me know, that although I was an American of the boasted superior race, I might not know as much as I thought that I knew.

The Filipinos had four centuries of engrafted, or rather, autocratically laid on, Spanish civilization in their island home to the south of the old indigenous Japanese civilization and the still older indigenous Chinese civilization. They are a race looking at the morning sun, with the appeal of youth, and very likeable, and more Americanized than they think they are. The advance they have achieved they like to think is strictly Filipino, in no wise American, just as other races like to think the same about themselves. This accounts for their lack of gratitude, and their complaints that the Americans are claiming all the credit for the progress which they see as strictly of their own making.

And the Governor-General and his advisers can learn the public opinion of the masses only through Osmeña and Quezon and a few leaders. For English is not as yet the language of the masses. Only the few who have been through high school can speak it at all well. Even college graduates turn from English or Spanish back to their provincial dialects when they are from the same province. The American official within their hearing cannot tell what they are talking about.

The British, French and Dutch, in their colonial experience, have trained career men who learn the native languages. We who were applying a new system would not incorporate this feature in our program; or develop any career service, as that would indicate permanent occupation of the Islands in the colonial sense. So we have no medium which puts our officials in actual touch with mass native opinion.

The situation is the same as if that local Congressman could not make himself understood to the mass of his constituents when he made a speech. He could not ask them questions. He must depend entirely upon a few professional district leaders, and these of the opposite party, to learn whether or not he had any friends on the farms and in factories who thought he was serving them well and did not think so kindly of the district leaders.

We did not go to the Philippines to overstock them with politicians, or to make politics the leading business, although we are not free from this sort of thing at home. As I take it, the herculean effort of the giant Taft, in his marvelous patience and human fellowship, and of all his successors, thinking in the terms of real democratic purpose, was to better the conditions of Mr. and Mrs. Tao who are the masses and to see that they had justice. What would Mr. and Mrs. Tao think of independence if they knew what it meant?

When I took a walk through a town with two members of the Filipino Cabinet, I tried in vain to get them to interpret for me in talks with the townspeople and the women in the market on market day. But my guides kept hurrying me on. In a sort of superior and aristocratic hauteur they said that these people were not interesting. They preferred to return to the house and continue their argument for independence and to dwell on the future League of Asiatic Nations and their objection to race discrimination.

I asked them if independence were granted what they would do about the Mohammedan Moros of Mindanao and the Sulu archipelago? The Mohammedans hate all the Christianized tribes. And what about the Negritos and the other backward races of the mountain districts? The answer of one of the Cabinet Ministers, with which the other promptly agreed, was:

"They are inferior races. As a superior race we should have to rule them for their own good. Perhaps we should give them local autonomy under a Governor our President appointed. I do not think that education would be of much service to them. They would not know how to use it."

Some American old-timers express their views more briefly. They say "Extermination!"

It is Mr. and Mrs. Tao who bow and smile when the Governor-General's car passes. If that "independence" would insure more rice to the acre, lighter taxes, lower prices for the things they buy and higher prices for the things they sell and more rides in motor-buses, and more silk stockings for daughter, they would be all for it.

But if it meant the Americans were going! Mr. and Mrs. Tao, whether they live in a cocoanut grove facing the Pacific or in an inland village, if they are middle aged, can remember—and if they are young their elders have told them—of the days of the Spanish extortion, when every Filipino had to step aside to let the humblest of the majestic white men pass; the days when smallpox and leprosy walked the streets; when there were no good roads; when there were no schools and no cooperative sugar centrals. If they understood that independence meant not getting more out of the Americans who came from the fabulously rich land—where as one old Tao once said to me all the people had to do when they were short of money was to cut another slice out of a mountain of gold—but that the Americans would give no more, I do not think they would want us to go.

And I am told that the local political leader tells Mr. and Mrs. Tao that independence is the password to all kinds of new good things. These Mr. and Mrs. Tao shall have if they will leave all to him as a college-wise educated man who knows the Americans are very easy and just how to make them generous. This is human enough to be understood by our own congressmen who also want the votes of their constituents.

Suppose that there were no American flag even under the Filipino on the Luneta flagstaff! Suppose that it was lowered from every pole in the Islands, the last American official had departed, the last soldier walked up an American gangway! And our last word was:

"Now you must do it on your own! We can never come in answer to your call for defense across the wide Pacific. You will have to shift for yourselves, find new markets for your sugar, tobacco, vegetable oils, copra, desiccated cocoanut, hemp, hats and embroidery."

Osmeña and Quezon talked to me of a guarantee from the League of Nations; or from China and Japan which would make them a member of the fraternity of Asiatic nations, while Europe would be another fraternity and the American hemisphere another. Or the leaders have intimated they might restrain popular eagerness and thus compromise on a Dominion status.

Thus the Philippines would be in the relation to us of Canada to the British Empire. They would be a nation with their own ministers and consuls abroad, all the offices theirs, while, perhaps, we sent a Governor-General who would be only a figurehead with no authority except to give dinners at his own or Uncle Sam's expense.

Another plan which would-be candidates for the office favor is an elective native Governor-General. He should have an American adviser who would not have any veto authority or occupy the Malacañang Palace. For his defense, or that of a powerless Governor-General, our Navy should at least be at the service of the Philippines.

It had never occurred to the leaders, knowing our generosity that, in any event, we would not continue to keep our markets open. The independence movement was already dying down—"Stagnant Freedom Drive!" according to the headlines—when I was in Manila. And a certain apprehension was developing. It was in response to another effect of our training. Some of the younger Filipinos who are going into business instead of politics were becoming economic-minded. What if our Congress, which was tariff making, should actually revoke the preference for Philippine sugar?

Then came most unaccountable news from America, all out of keeping with tradition. As the independence movement was waning in the Philippines, our Congress began talking independence. It was said that a majority might favor it; for this was a sure way to end competition of Philippine with home products. The second foundling which was not in the reckoning, but which the destiny of the war with Spain had left on our doorstep, was thirty years of age, more than old enough to vote, and might now shift for himself in keeping with the precepts of American self-reliance.

The native leaders pretended to welcome the prospect. All the new offices to be filled were beckoning; and financial freedom from that auditor and all the terms of the Organic Act. But the leaders were also hearing very emphatically from local vested interests which were facing what independence meant to them.

"Independence would spell ruin," said a planter who had come penniless to the Philippines as a soldier of Spain, in the old days, and now owns big fields of cane which would not be worth crushing if the American market were closed. Ruin! All exporters, all American, Spanish, Filipino, and Chinese property holders were equally explicit. It was realized how small relatively was the American property interest; how just property laws had not interfered with enterprise of all aliens as well as natives.

This shock came when the Islands seemed on the threshold of rapid development; and of a most prosperous future if continuity of occupation were assured. It was useless for Osmeña and Quezon to say that the Chinese would learn to use sugar; and that new markets would be developed in both China and Japan.

Practical men knew better and said so. They asked what would happen to the peso, backed by American gold, which was the one medium of exchange in the Far East that never fluctuated? What of the funds that the Philippine government borrowed on the strength of the United States credit at three per cent.? What rate of interest would the Philippine republic have to pay?

But still the politicians could say that it would all work out that the Filipinos would get "more." They always had out of every agitation. Osmeña and Quezon and their followers were lashed to the independence movement. They had rare faith as political theorists in their view that markets would be found. With the power and patronage of which they had dreamed seeming within their grasp, they declared the freedom ideal was above mere dross; that self-rule was worth economic sacrifice and even suffering. But which would be President? Which would be master? Osmeña or Quezon? This opened up a new problem that turned the thoughts of their followers inward.

The Filipinos are probably as fit for independence as they will be fifty years hence. They have self-government except in those vital restraining factors which might lead to the internecine warfare of leaders for power, to general corruption and financial chaos. Once they had independence with its responsibility, native Cabinet heads might no longer pass the buck when besieged by rival factions and rival petitioners for favors. They could no longer say, "That will have to go to the Governor-General," or "The Governor-General will not permit it." The President of the Republic would have to be the buck-receiver.

If we set the Islands adrift there would be no democratic rule, but very probably the rule of the autocrat who had the native army behind him, be it Osmeña or Quezon or more likely a Mussolinian officer of the Philippine Scouts. Even that, however, would be Filipino and not alien rule.

But how long would independence last? How soon would the Philippines have an international crisis which allowed a northern neighbor an opening? Here is a rich land, remember, with an easy going and happy people tilling only twenty per cent. of their arable soil and importing twenty-five million dollars' worth of foodstuffs annually. Two and three days' sail away are a land where millions are dying of famine this year and also an expanding military nation which must have food to feed its increasing population.

Industrially, the Filipinos can not compete with the Chinese. Against Japan they are as helpless as Cuba against the United States. There is much truth in the old-timers' saying that in a few years "The Chinese and Japanese would have the valleys and the Filipinos would be on the hills and in the treetops." It is not unlikely that the Chinese would be working in sight of Japanese sentries.

It is not our armed strength but our prestige that now defends the Philippines as a part of our domain, under our flag, as a member of one of the richest and most powerful national families to which the Filipino people are bound by the Americanization they have achieved.

Within sight of the most northerly island is Japanese Formosa. Between Hawaii and the archipelago are the Marianne, Caroline, and other Japanese islands as an extension of the Japanese island chain from Kamchatka. Scores of the myriad islands of the archipelago, which is the southern ground of the wide range of the Japanese fishing fleet, the Japanese could transform quickly into air or submarine bases, if they needed them—and they would not need them.

At Corregidor Island, guarding the entrance to Manila Bay, we have a regiment of artillery in charge of our heavy guns. Corregidor could be easily besieged by landing forces which we could not meet with a full regiment of infantry. Our naval strength in the East is a few light cruisers, gunboats, and destroyers. There is not even a tug-boat capable of towing our big floating dry dock from undefended Subic Bay to Manila Bay—which is no secret in the world's naval bureaus.

Until the United States has built a superiority of eight-inch gun cruisers, Japan could sweep our commerce from the Pacific as we concentrated our Navy on Hawaii. She could sweep British commerce from the Asiatic seas if Britain should have interference in dispatching her cruiser squadrons through the Suez Canal to the East. Her parity in submarines assures her local defense. This is not making a militaristic argument, but stating an indisputable fact.

Nor is it suggesting that Japan would make war to get the Philippines; but she has the iron, the coal, vast quantities of oil in storage and a granary in Manchuria which she could impress for ample foodstuffs, to make her so self-sustaining for war purposes that she would give the world such a surprise as Germany gave it by her endurance. Japan looks fifty years ahead while other nations look five or ten years ahead.

The decision which we have to make about the Philippines transcends any competition of Philippine products with our own in the forming of a tariff schedule. It is a decision about the world's future.

Look at the map showing the position of Britain and Japan and the sea distances to Hong Kong, the Philippines and Australia! It makes words unnecessary. It explains why an old China hand said, "If the United States leaves the Philippines, I hope that the first squadron to reach Manila Bay will be British."

The fate of French China and Dutch Java, as well as of the British power and our position in the East, is bound up with our decision, which must either be complete evacuation, or evacuation except for a naval base, or retention of the Islands indefinitely as a whole. With a naval base in the Islands and superior cruiser power our hold of the Philippines can be made secure. If we completely evacuate them we can bring no force to bear in the Far East; we shall not have even a talking point of force—but we shall be clear of responsibility. We shall have kept faith with self-determination.

Nothing seems more factiously unwise than the attitude of Americans and the British toward each other on the China coast. There is much mutual criticism which seems the product of sharp trade competition and the jealousy which may be too articulate between two peoples who speak the same language. Either is going it alone, in its policy, and so is France.

Aside from the bond of the common language—leave that out of the reckoning!—there is the common seaborne interest which should lead Britain and America to strike hands, although they were of entirely different breed and institutions, just as a matter of sound world policy and business. The French, for the sake of their eastern policy, should welcome the partnership. The Japanese are always intently watching Anglo-American relations. If they could only be certain that in a great crisis the two English-speaking peoples would not make common cause!

United, with their eastern bases to serve them, the British and American fleets are impregnable to attack in the Far East. Their majesty will prevail by sea without the aid of troops in any future cataclysm which may have its origin in the area where a billion people are increasingly restless. For China will not slip back to the lethargy of the Manchus; and in northern Manchuria the pressure of the Japanese, the Chinese and Russians, as the three races meet, must mean serious conflict.

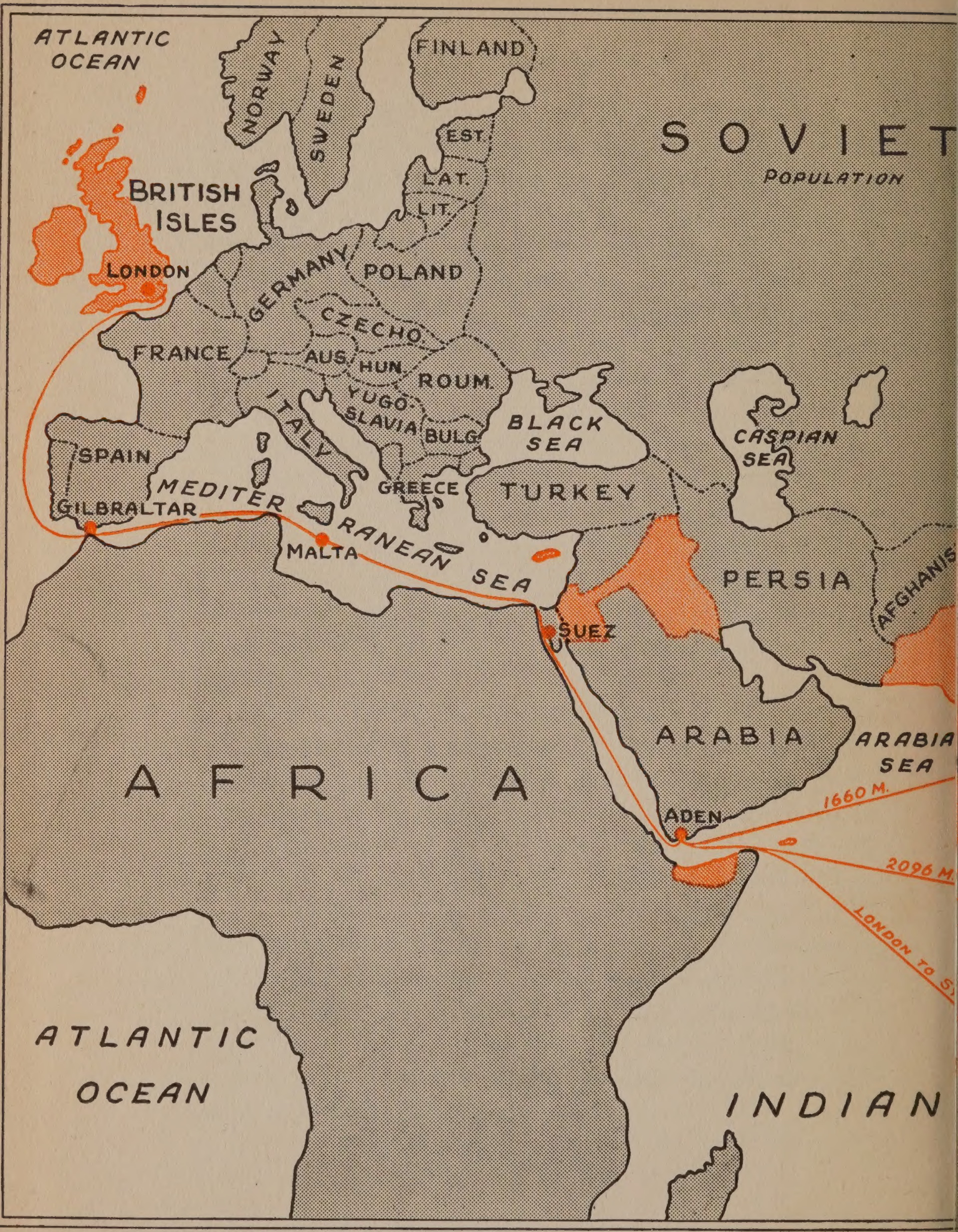
What would be the future of the East if it were left to itself and western creativeness no longer provided it with the latest inventions and discoveries whether in arms or in the mechanics of peace?

Suppose we did still supply these, but Europe and America withdrew from all its posts in the East! Suppose the way to Australia were clear! Australia is in the temperate zone. The Japanese are a temperate zone people. Australia will support a population as large as that of Japan.

And suppose that Japan had a free hand in China before China becomes really nationalized, if she ever does. I am not so convinced as I was that the land, which such small numbers of soldiers have ruled, might not fall under the dominion of Japanese legions stage by stage; or Japan would stop with the China ports in extending her sea power. She might be at Rangoon, Colombo and Bombay and Saigon. Certainly she could take north China as her first bite under present conditions. Should Chinese nationalization be realized Japan's golden hour for imperial action will have passed.

Opportunism must control her policy. This is not invoking the Yellow Peril bogy of waves from the East overflowing to Europe. That is absurd within present vision. The question is if the West is to retreat from the East. And if we tell the Filipinos we are going to remain indefinitely they will accept the decision. Our indecision is unfair to them and to ourselves.

Homeward bound, as our ship entered the Straits of Shimonoseki I saw, steaming through a returning fleet of fishing vessels which had been in distant seas, two squadrons of Japanese destroyers which passed us in methodical and suggestive precision. They were the protectors of the hunters for food for seabound Japan . . . Later, as we steamed out of Yokohama harbor in the late afternoon, Fuji displayed herself for two hours in the most wonderful and indescribable mood of my recollection. Therefore, I am to see Japan again. If that is not to be for another twenty-five years, what will have been the changes in the East in the meantime and also in the map of the world?


ATLANTIC OCEAN
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CASPIAN SEA
SPAIN
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
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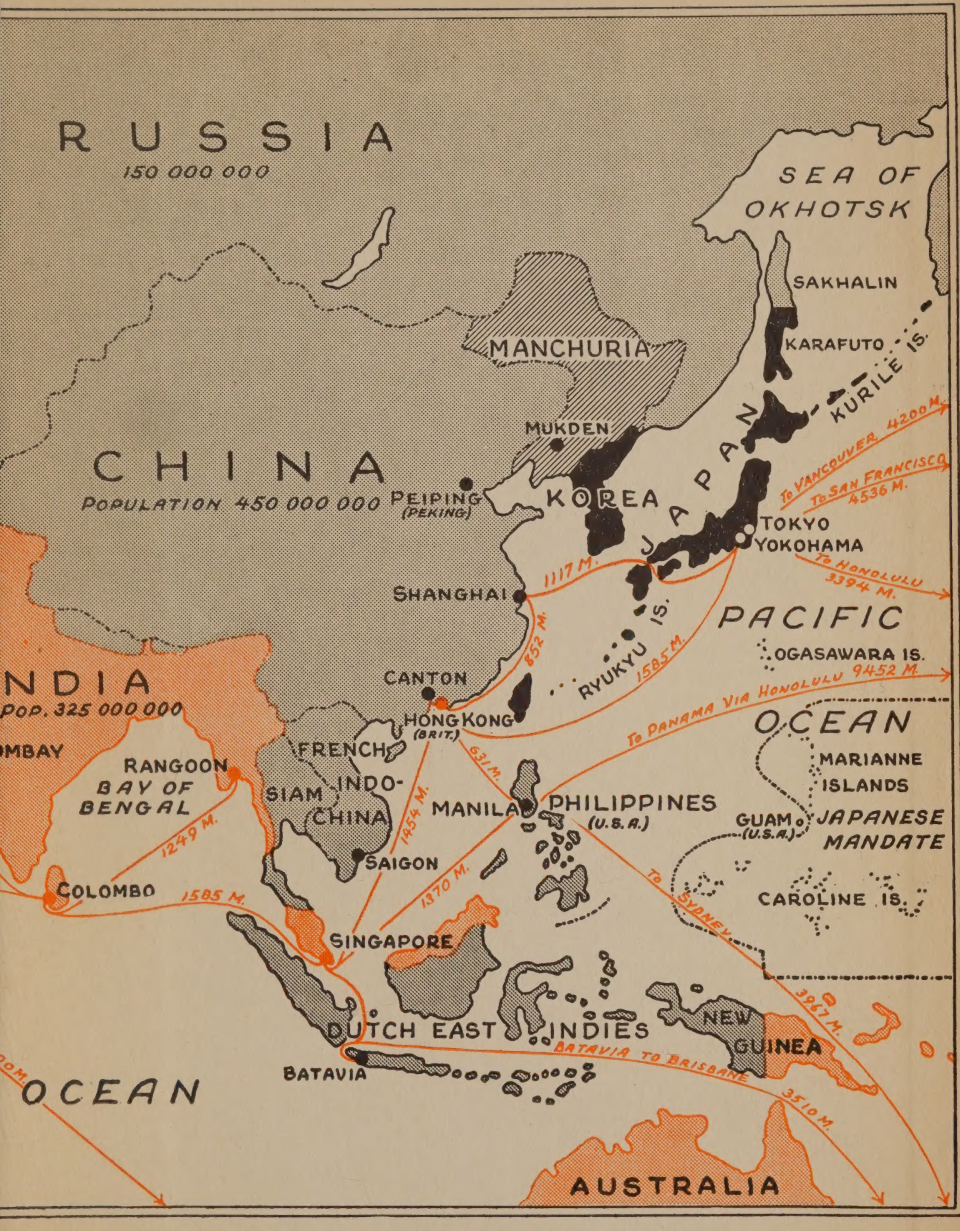
ATLANTIC OCEAN
INDIAN

Possessions of the British Empire a
(British possessions a


RUSSIA
150 000 000
SEA OF OKHOTSK
SAKHALIN
KARAFUTO
KURILE IS.
MANCHURIA
MUKDEN
CHINA
POPULATION 450 000 000
PEIPING (PEKING)
KOREA
JAPAN
To VANCOUVER 4200 M.
To SAN FRANCISCO 4536 M.
TOKYO
YOKOHAMA
To HONOLULU 3394 M.
1117 M.
SHANGHAI
852 M.
RYUKYU IS.
1585 M.
PACIFIC
OGASAWARA IS.
To PANAMA VIA HONOLULU 9452 M.
OCEAN
CANTON
HONG KONG (BRIT.)
NDIA
Pop. 325 000 000
MBAY
RANGOON
BAY OF BENGAL
FRENCH INDO-CHINA
SIAM
631 M.
1454 M.
MANILA
PHILIPPINES (U.S.A.)
MARIANNE ISLANDS
GUAM (U.S.A.)
JAPANESE MANDATE
1249 M.
SAIGON
1370 M.
COLOMBO
1585 M.
To SYDNEY
CAROLINE IS.
SINGAPORE
DUTCH EAST INDIES
NEW GUINEA
3967 M.
BATAVIA
BATAVIA TO BRISBANE
3510 M.
OM.
OCEAN
AUSTRALIA

Japanese Empire in the Far East
; Japanese, in black)

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